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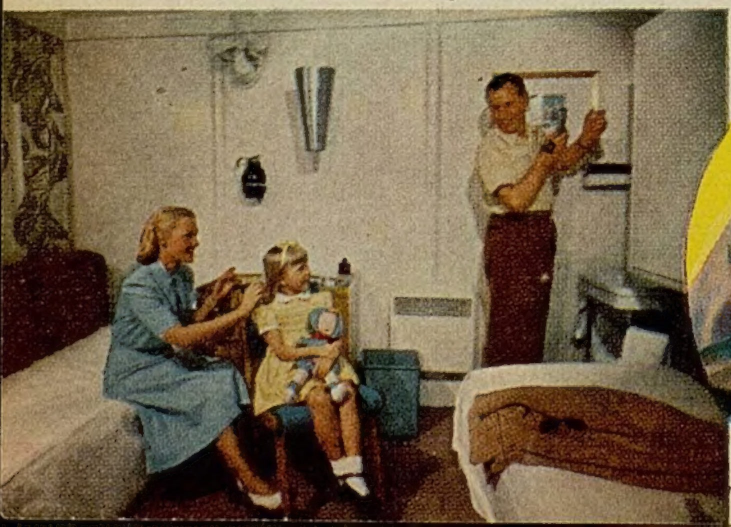

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

◆ As we noted previously, this is Liberty's twenty-fifth anniversary year. We would be remiss if we did not note the precise month Liberty turned twenty-five. It is this very and, we trust, merry month of May.

This is a good time to take account of ourselves.

Back in May of 1924, when Captain Patterson and Colonel McCormick established Liberty, they had the conviction that there was a need in this country for a lively, down-to-earth magazine for the much-maligned average American and his family. The Sweeneys, they termed them.

The Captain and the Colonel did not stick with Liberty, but they did, in their own province of newspaperdom, establish the country's two greatest newspapers for the Sweeneys—the Chicago Tribune and the New York Daily News.

It fell to other hands to carry on the task of creating a Liberty magazine in this worth-while tradition—a magazine which, more than any other, would be grass-roots American—a magazine open to forthright and democratic debate but free from the cloying, alien philosophies intent on undermining our freedom.

Liberty will continue to be 100 per cent American. This will make us unpopular with the parlor pinks and intellectuals, of course—but we don't like them, either. We continue to subscribe to the sentiments of Stephen Decatur which appeared on Liberty's first editorial page:

"Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."

◆ On this anniversary we thank the millions of Liberty readers who have stuck with us through the years. No magazine has more loyal readers. No readers are quicker to praise and—to blame. We will continue to put their interests first.

We want to thank, too, those advertisers who have been with us for the better part of a quarter of a century—such as the Scholl Manufacturing Company and Boyle-Midway, Inc., for example. Frankly, we wish there were more of them, but we cherish all the more those who have so tangibly demonstrated their faith in us.

Hope you are all with us twenty-

(Continued on page 6)

Liberty

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

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Lee Pasquin, Managing Editor; **J. Walter Flynn**, Art Director
Stacy V. Jones, Washington; **Elizabeth Wilson**, Pacific Coast Editor
John B. Danby, Associate Editor; **Elsie Christie**, Books
Beulah Karney, Food; **Otto Kurth**, Art Associate
Lawrence Lariar, Cartoons; **Gertrude Wilkinson**, Home Editor
Nanette Kutner, Contributing Editor

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VOX POP

Liberty

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Great Story

Norman, Okla.—My subscription to Liberty had expired and I had not meant to renew it—not that I do not like it, but I just have more than I can read—but you sent me a copy of the March issue anyway. In it I read the article by Fulton Oursler, Why I Know There Is a God. Just for that, I am renewing my subscription.—*Mrs. S. B. Dandridge.*

Who's Who

Augusta, Ga.—In How to Break Into Fort Knox (March) there is a mention of Mrs. Ross. Who is Mrs. Ross?—*John B. Tyler.*

Nellie Tayloe Ross is Director of the Mint. We regret that mention of Mrs. Ross was inadvertently deleted from the article.—Vox Pop Editor.

Pups Put It Over

Bangor, Maine—After having had about a dozen of my children (I am a teacher) say, "Have you seen the front of the February Liberty?" I hied me down to my favorite newsstand. There they were—those two adorable pups! Well, "I bought me one!"—*Josephine W. Gray.*

Socko! We're Down

Lubbock, Texas—I bought the new Liberty and read it. Disregarding price, I'll still take the February issue. This new Liberty—larger, yes; like a quart of milk mixed with a quart of water.—*Lawrence Stone.*

Make It Twenty?

Burbank, Calif.—I wish to submit ten good reasons why I buy Liberty:

1. I can read it in bed.
2. I can turn to Vox Pop pages and find out what is right and wrong.
3. It has a snappy editorial staff.
4. It has a peppy bunch of authors.
5. Size of magazine good.
6. Type and pictures plain.
7. Fine sport news.
8. Plenty of murders.
9. Cover tops.
10. It is worth ten cents of any John Gump's money.—*H. H. Hough.*

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Puzzle 438 5/1/49

Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD

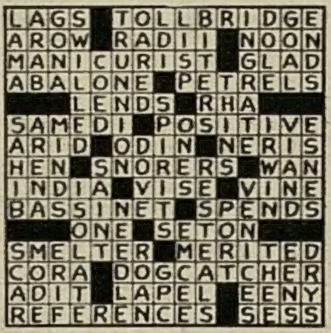
By TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Hard, yet sugary, it's set jaws wagging all over America (two words)
10 Meadow razzberries
14 Garlic-scented toga-toter
15 She's a shananagramatic *roan*
16 Tossin' tomato
17 Betwixt and between
18 Quite a Ladd, eh?
19 Caesar's income (and outgo) tax day
20 What Jack Benny has installed in his Maxwell—makes it tick
21 What the slipshod slip on unless they're shod after the bath
22 Upstanding thing about Sir Francis Drake
23 If you feel yourself slipping, try this
25 They do the work, the boss gets the credit—and cash (abbr.)
27 Some day the this will be on Winchell
29 Open your big mouth and let it out
32 Faithfully hers
36 Bert, the Big Buffoon
38 "Alas, poor ——, I knew him well!" cried the eye doctor
39 Men in underwear find them hard to get over
41 You'll have to open your trap to do this
43 Political football
44 What the glazier's daughter sure was
46 Windows of the soul
47 Wild West command
48 Skipper next to God
50 Pig Latin
53 Oil Capital of the World—sez it!
57 Seagoing rocking chair
60 Aphrodite's boy friend
62 Born Latin
64 Tenor in panties
65 It's made with the feet and goes to the head
66 Gent who can lead you to the wood nymphs
67 Guy who can see where his next $1 is coming from
68 Corny, isn't it!
69 He made a Pyle of friends
70 What Eternal Woman takes before going out
71 Ferocious flower

VERTICAL

1 Stuffy, isn't it?
2 DiMaggio's favorite author
3 Make the breath come in long (or short) pants à la Tallulah
4 Gets littler and littler
5 St. Joan of Hollywood
6 World's mitiest flyer
7 This giant was big and he could hit, but he had no savvy
8 Curtain behind the Iron Curtain
9 Horse feathers
10 Devil dust
11 No. 1 on the Metropolitan Hit Parade
12 Participants in gorilla warfare
13 They bought the spaghetti for Caesar
24 It washed the Pyramids
26 Ring manufacturers
28 If you do this, you'll get in a scrape
30 It's still in the service
31 This must be heaven—my mother-in-laws never come from there
32 The Hot Corner (two words)
33 Slick trick
34 Major with several stars
35 Noodle stuffers
37 It can turn two into one
40 Lou, the Laughable Loon
42 Expression used when seeing slick tricks
45 Wave catcher
49 No. 1 cause of Communism
51 Looks like a boob
52 Sky Hunter
54 They made a killing movie about her
55 Bee bopp
56 Part that tells you what you see on television is as bad as it looks
58 Bullbutter
59 What he wanted to take till payday (two words)
61 What ittie kiddies are urged to dough to
63 Saw, commonly misused in Brooklyn (cf. "I —— him when he done it!")



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M	A	N	I	C	U	R	I	S	T	■	G	L	A	D
A	B	A	L	O	N	E	■	P	E	T	R	E	L	S
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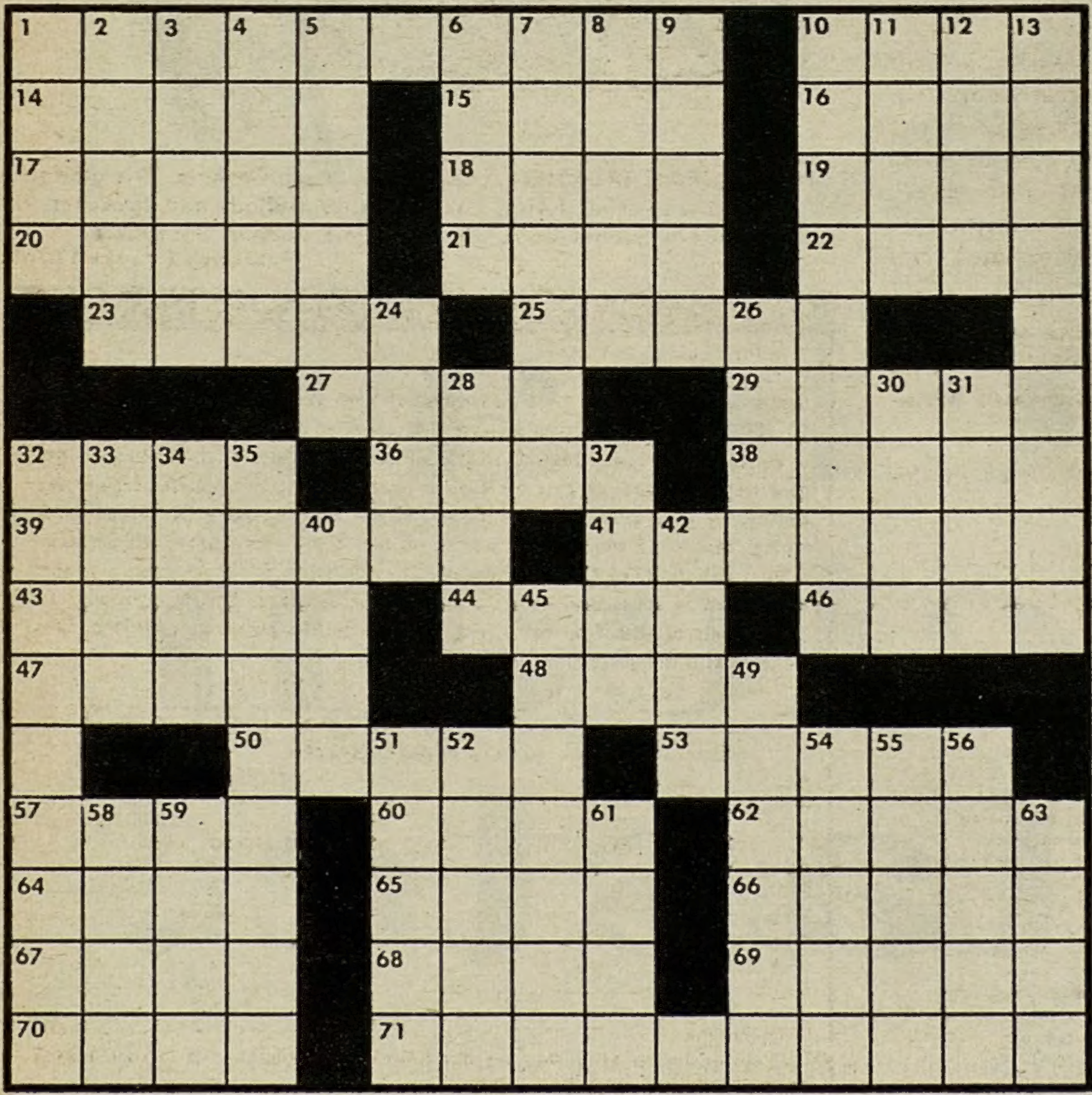
April Answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

(Continued from page 4)

five years hence. We'll be around.

◆ We forgot a couple of thank-yous in this space last month. One to Charlie and Virginia Farrell (remember him in Seventh Heaven?) for showing us a wonderful time at their fabulous Racquet Club in Palm Springs, California, where movie stars can relax without being ogled (except when editors are around). Ought to say a word, too, for the Sportsman's Lodge out San Fernando Valley way, where they do have the best Caesar salads. We work, too. Back in New York, we persuaded Elliott Roosevelt to give his side of the controversial stories now appearing about F. D. R.'s health (see page 18). In Washington, we spent an enlightening hour with General Harry Vaughan, the President's military aide, who, we are convinced, ought to strike back at some of his unfair critics too. While in the capital, we attended a Presidential press conference and came away with the conviction that the President has never looked so well or seemed so self-assured and poised. The man in the White House, fortified by the vote he piled up, has a firm and confident hand on the wheel of the ship of state.

◆ There are big things coming up in the June Liberty. Ed Cunningham, famed "Yank" reporter of war days, travels with a former "Yank" photographer to Britain — there to report on what has happened to the G.I. installations, familiar places and people five years after D Day. He'll follow this up in succeeding issues with glimpses of the Continent, North Africa, Near East, and the Pacific. This will be one of the most exciting series Liberty has ever published. As for next month's piece, every man who was shipped to Britain will want to read Ed Cunningham's report, in familiar "Yank" style.

In the same issue, Steven Casey Williams writes a scorcher on Eva Perón, playgirl of the Western World. Elizabeth Wilson contributes a profile—what a profile!—of Jane Russell. William Saroyan offers a distinguished short short story. In addition, the June Liberty features the concluding part of the condensation of A. J. Cronin's great novel, SHANNON'S WAY, and there are many other big stories and articles, not forgetting the Liberty Home section and Pastime. Lots of good reading here—more than ever before. It's a big twenty cents' worth. On sale at your newsstand about May 20. Hope to have you all with us at that time.—*D. B.*

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by Victor Canning

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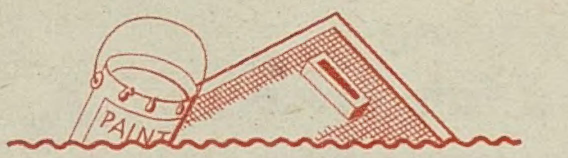
Liberty SHORT CUTS TO BETTER LIVING

EDITED By NANETTE KUTNER

◆ With Mother's Day coming, what better contributor of a Short Cut than Dorothy Stickney, creator of the original Mother Day role in Life with Father, and continuing it in the Broadway play sequel, Life with Mother? Said Miss Stickney, "I guess my Short Cut is a little like Tom Sawyer whitewashing that fence. I started an afghan from left-over wool, then I ran out of left-overs. So I asked each of my friends to knit me a square. I called it my Friendship Afghan, and it certainly was finished in double-quick time."

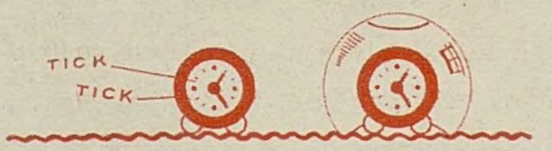
PAINTING SCREENS This spring when you paint the screens, use a blackboard eraser (dime-store kind) instead of a brush. Dip eraser bottom lightly in paint, rub in all directions until wires are covered. Turn screen over; repeat. Result: no drip, no clogging, no paint waste.—*Mrs. Constance V. Johnson, Birmingham, Ala.*



INSERTING SCREENS To insert obstinate screens, try a can opener (the type that makes a three-cornered hole). Insert screen on one side, pulling the other side in with can-opener point.—*Mary A. Roosen, West Hartford, Conn.*

DARK STRAW HATS To clean *dark* straw hats use cold cream (cleansing). Rub on with fingertips, wipe off with rag or dark sock top.—*Mrs. Wayland Callaway, Sr., Rossville, Ga.*

CLOCK SILENCER Should the ticking of the clock disturb you, place a glass bowl over it. You won't hear the clock ticking, but you'll still see its face.—*Mrs. Joe Rush, Minneapolis, Minn.*

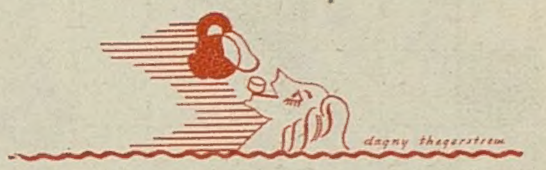


RECORDS We buy used ones which are not too worn. By washing with warm water, Ivory soap plus a vegetable brush, scratchy noises disappear. But don't remove labels during washing.—*Mrs. Forest Burke, Sandusky, Ohio.*

HEAVY WASH When hanging out my wash, I avoid carrying the basket by placing it in my small daughter's express wagon just outside our basement door.—*Mrs. Alta B. Greene, Rockford, Ill.*

SCREEN DECORATION Living in cramped quarters (with icebox in the parlor) I successfully decorated the screen around the refrigerator with family snapshots Scotch-taped at all angles.—*Mrs. Clarine Boles, Chicago, Ill.*

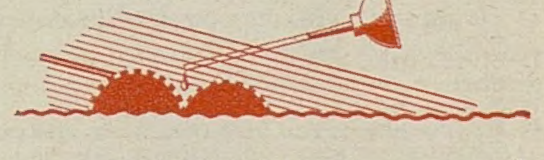
SWALLOWING PILLS If water taken with a pill is placed in a cream pitcher, the position of the mouth over lipped container prevents throat muscles from contracting, thus allowing patient to swallow pill easily.—*Mrs. Charles Dean, Amery, Wis.*



CAR SEAT For a small child, nail to the legs of one of those little raffia chairs a piece of plywood, with about six inches extending so that it can be slipped under the car seat. The child can see what's going on and be in no danger of tumbling.—*Mrs. Grace Strother, Stockton, Calif.*

NAIL FILE If you break a fingernail and are minus a file, use emery portion of a match folder.—*Mrs. M. Hansen, San Francisco, Calif.*

OILING MACHINERY To oil the hard-to-reach place on your electric equipment, place a drinking straw over the tip end of oilcan spout.—*Michael T. Sebring, Manhattan, Kans.*



NO SPILT MILK Put rubber band around drinking glass near top, another near bottom. Then glass won't slip through baby's fingers.—*Mrs. C. Carr, Oak Park, Ill.*

DRYING LINOLEUM To dry linoleum quickly, run vacuum over it.—*Mrs. Frank Roby, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

TOOL PROTECTOR To keep tools from rusting, put a dozen moth balls in the box; they absorb the moisture. —*Mrs. Martin J. Herman, Miami, Fla.*

For each Short Cut published, Liberty will pay $15. Short Cuts must be from your own experience or observation, and the source given. Only acceptances are acknowledged. Address contributions to Short Cut Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York City 19, N. Y.

Liberty

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical
Cockeyed Quizword

By TED SHANE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8						
9						
10			■	11		
■	12		■	13		
14			■	15		
	■	■	■	■	■	
16	17	18	■	19	20	
21			■	22		■
23			■	24		25
26			27			
28						
29						

ACROSS

1 This kind of battle's a **trial, Ma!**
8 **Team "T"** has pair of **I's** to copy
9 **A target** for high-class scullers to use pull in
10 Eht drawkcab one
11 Waiters **pit** wits with Scotch **diners** for one
12 Meat cutter with a degree (abbr.)
13 Shrimp, with out-of-this-world sauciness
14 Your wife's brother Horace is one
15 Its members ran around with George Washington and Tom Jefferson (abbr.)
16 Often seen with a pack of buts
19 Ancient container of **gab** (fem.)
21 If you miss it, you'll hit the ground with an awful thud
22 Former upstanding occupant of the Avenue of the Americas (abbr.)
23 A boy for Sali
24 Any way you look at it, it's a laugh
26 Sporty **nit-wit** blows **horn** (cheapjack, eh?)
28 **I, A. A. Cone,** hail from an archipelago
29 Formerly shown by young for old, now a specter

DOWN

1 **Emir** is stuck in the mud
2 **Ned** and **Sam** make payments for sins
3 **Go, Sir R.,** and face hardships!
4 Feminine of **Ito,** or a confused **ait!**
5 Needled **Ted Att,** the knitwit!
6 **Ali, tat** something for Hunny!
7 Oldsters **flop** at jumpy game—all the **rage** with kids!
14 "Union forever!" he cried as he **got tiara** off Queen Capital
17 **Feel IC?** Warm up with hot tamale babe!
18 Fish **sees in** catch-alls
19 **Gob,** scram **ENE!**
20 **I, Clara,** am in a Conqueror of Rome
25 There's a **tang** in a little stinger
27 Take a chance, **pah!**

A	N	G	O	R	A	S
D	E	E	P	E	S	T
I	M	M	E	N	S	E
T	O	■	N	E	A	P
■	■	L	E	W	I	S
S	C	A	R	■	L	O
T	U	G	■	P	E	N
A	N	■	L	A	D	S
N	A	G	A	S	■	■
D	R	E	D	■	A	M
A	D	E	L	I	N	E
R	E	S	E	N	T	S
D	R	E	S	S	E	S

April Answer

YES, THERE IS A CATHOLIC ATTITUDE

...on Big Business...on the Worker...on Fascism...on Race and Color.

"But," you may ask, "what do you mean by a 'Catholic Attitude'?" After all, what has religion got to do with Industry and Labor, Wages and Profits?"

Just this much, friend. Religion is more than a Sunday morning affair—it affects every moment of your daily life. Life is made up of actions, one right after the other—and these actions are either good or bad. Religion gives us the moral standards to judge whether these actions are right or wrong!

It is a question of right or wrong—it concerns religion—if an employer deprives his laborers of their just wages... if a selfish group "corners" the market and works hardships on others...if a union calls a strike that will cripple the whole country's economy.

This is where the Catholic Attitude comes in. The Catholic Church would be failing its duty if it did not apply the law of God to the many problems that beset today's world.

When Christ lived among men, they learned from Him the Christian attitude toward the social questions with which they were faced. He refused to meddle in mere politics, but He was careful to tell rulers not to exceed their authority. He warned Pilate that he had no right to commit injustice for the sake of expediency. He rebuked hypocrites who took advantage of widows and orphans. He pointed out the right use of money and the moral obligations of the wealthy.

Of course, Christ said nothing about Communism, Trade Unions, or Capitalism. These questions did not then exist. But certainly to us they are every bit as important as those on which He spoke to the men of His day. And His voice is needed now to speak with the same authority for the solution of our difficulties.

Christ established His Church to teach all men to observe all that He had commanded—to direct them in the religion of every-day life.

It is for this reason we find the Apostles criticizing the intolerance of their fellow-countrymen and proclaiming the equality of the Gentile converts. We see St. Paul writing in great detail of the obligations of masters and servants, of husbands and wives. From St. Peter we learn about taxpaying and the obedience we owe to civil authorities. The Catholic Church continues this tradition today by expressing its attitude on the basically moral problems of modern society.

You will find it well worth your while to investigate the Catholic Attitude on matters that vitally concern us all: on Industry and Labor...Race and Color... Liberalism, Democracy and Communism.

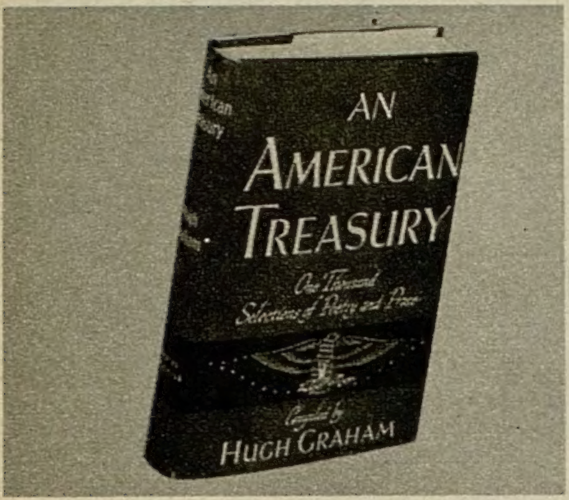
Write today for a free pamphlet explaining the Catholic Attitude on these and similar questions. Ask for your copy of Pamphlet No. 10—L.

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
Religious Information Bureau
4422 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS 8, MO.

Liberty SHOPS FOR THE VACATIONER

Underwrite a money's-worth vacation for the family by starting with tailored-to-fit equipment

By EILEEN BURKE

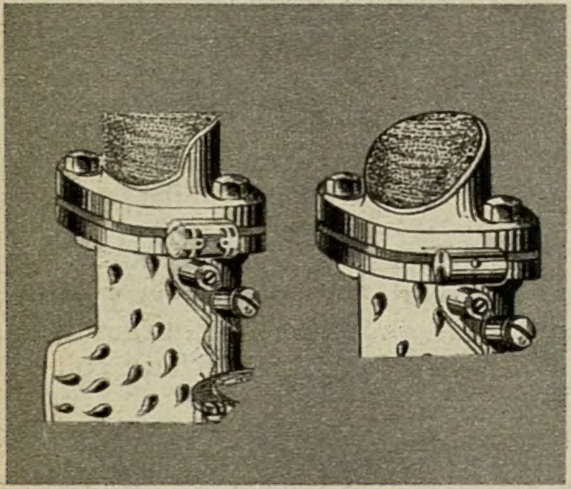


Books belong on vacations, too. New novel of the Peoples Book Club is The Golden Salamander; enrollment bonus is American Treasury, at $1.87 each. Details, Box 6750A, Chicago 80, Ill.

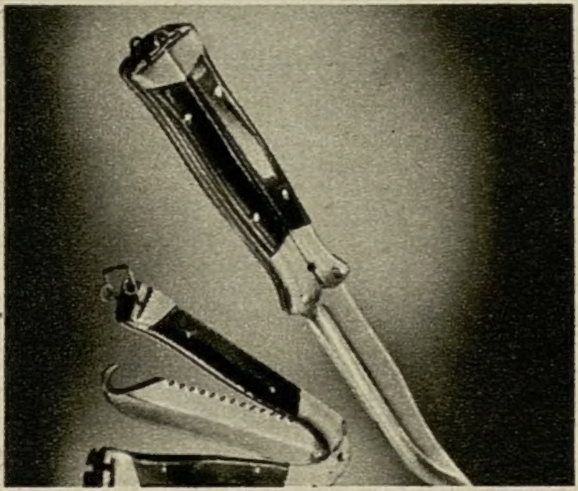
An Arkansas Traveler Sportsman aluminum boat is good for many summers. Is available in 12- and 14-foot, or 14-foot custom models, $225 up. Details, Southwest Mfg. Co., Little Rock, Ark.

MERIX
DRY-CRISP

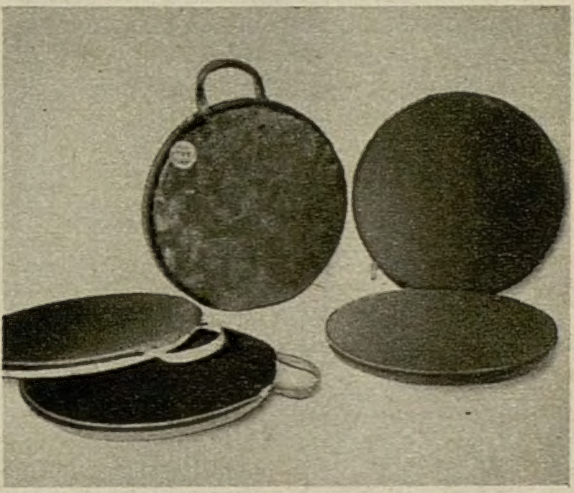
Keep sports equipment in ready-to-play condition with Dry-Crisp, new anti-moisture chemical. Protects food and household goods, too. Department stores, 3¾ oz., 79 cents; 7½ oz., $1.50.



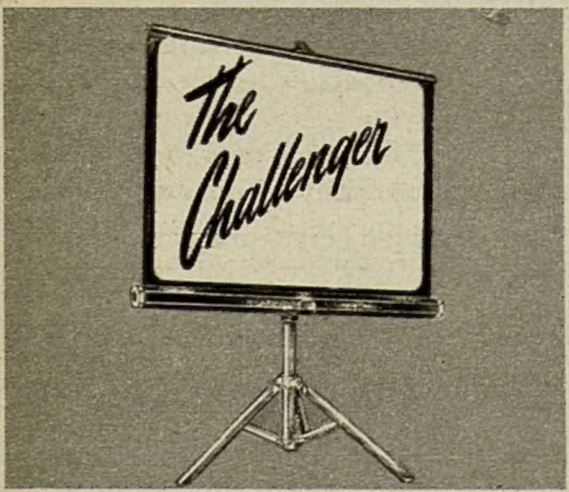
If you're hesitating about a motor trip because an overrich mixture cuts your gasoline mileage, investigate the Vacumatic. Fits all cars. For details, Vacumatic Co., Dept. 1507, Wauwatosa, Wis.



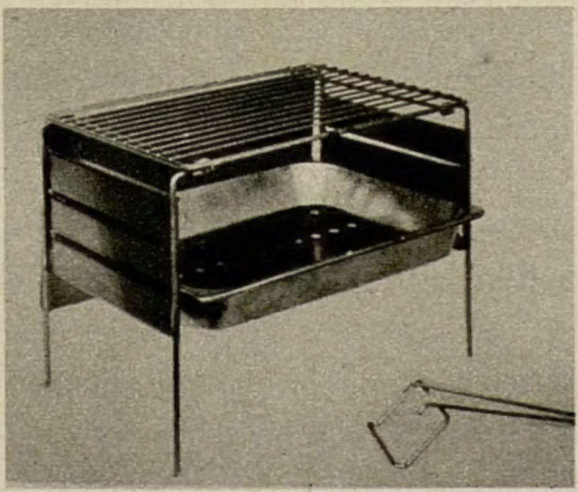
Safe, sturdy, and efficient Saf-T-Sheath hunting or fishing knives have Tenite-trimmed metal handles which fold back cleverly to double as a sheath. Hardware and sporting-goods stores, each $2.95.



The rubber-foam Twin Sport Seat unzips partly for a hinged back-and-seat; unzips completely for two cushions. In imitation leather and water-repellent duck. Department stores, $6.95.



Recall vacation highlights on movies and slides with the Da-Lite Beaded projection screen. Sets up in ten seconds; down in five. Central Camera Co., 230 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.; $17.50 up.



Win fame as an outdoor chef. Pack along a Hi-Lo folding stove on your next picnic. With 4-way heat control, wind guard, wire grill, fire pan. Hardware and sporting-goods stores, $4.95.

For you fishermen — a Featherweight Floater minnow bucket keeps water cool and minnows alive. Rights itself automatically. Rustproof aluminum. Department and sporting-goods stores, $3.25.

All prices are approximate.

Liberty

WASHINGTON

BY STACY V. JONES

FOREST VACATIONS One of the 150 national forests of which you are part owner lies probably within a few hours' drive of your home.

The national forests are open to everybody, but charges are made for the use of a few of the larger camp and picnic sites. There are also fees for firewood, bathing lockers, etc.

The Forest Service, Washington 25, D. C., will send you for the asking an illustrated booklet, National-Forest Vacations. With the list and map it contains, you can pick the nearest national forest and either drive to it or write the Forest Supervisor there for a detailed folder.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. You can register a trade-mark in about a year and a half, for a filing fee of $25 plus your lawyer's bill, provided of course somebody hasn't already registered the same or a similar mark. It will be good for 20 years, renewable for another 20, if it's then being used in interstate commerce.

You aren't required to hire a lawyer to get federal registration, but it's advisable. The United States Trade-Mark Association, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y., can suggest an attorney if you don't know of one.

The mark must be used on goods in interstate commerce before application is filed. As there are 35,000 cases awaiting action, yours won't be reached for examination for from nine to twelve months.

A letter to the U. S. Patent Office (Trade-Mark Operations), Washington 25, D. C., will bring you full information. Ask for Rules of Practice in Trade-Mark Cases.

WHAT EVERY PARENT SHOULD KNOW The Children's Bureau has produced another excellent book in its series aimed at educating parents, and you can get your copy for the asking. The latest is Your Child from Six to Twelve.

Most of the 140-page text concerns behavior in this television age, rather than freckles and mumps. It helps explain dawdling, whining, sulking, tattling, cheating, lying, stealing, and running away, and the reasons for a youngster's efforts to escape reality. Simply written, it deals understandingly with such subjects as the indulgent grandma and the comic book, quiets parental fears over sex play, and emphasizes the child's need for security and respect. There is a section on diseases and accidents also.

Single copies will be sent to parents without charge by the Children's Bureau, Federal Security Agency, Washington 25, D. C. You can also get a single copy of any of eight other books and pamphlets: Prenatal Care, Infant Care, Your Child from One to Six, Guiding the Adolescent, Breast Feeding, Foods Your Children Need, For the Children's Bookshelf, and So You're Expecting a Baby.

PLANTING? The Government Printing Office has made up a package of ten booklets on vegetable and flower gardening and the care of lawns, which it will send you for a dollar. Address Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C., and ask for the Spring Planting Packet (but don't expect any seeds).

Perennial favorites at the GPO are books on hobbies. The Superintendent of Documents will mail you a free folder, What Is Your Hobby? which lists 30 manuals and pamphlets, most costing from a dime to a dollar.

Another free folder, Home Owners and Home Builders, lists 33 publications on the house and grounds.

WATCHDOG One place in Washington where your letters are carefully read is the Federal Trade Commission's Office.

A single week's grist of FTC action included complaints or orders concerning "cigars" that contained paper, a "railroad watch" not up to standards, a movie filmed in "African jungles" which actually were in Hollywood, and garments misbranded as to wool and rayon content. Complaint letters are kept confidential.

OVERSEAS GIFTS If you want to send help abroad, the State Department can suggest appropriate private agencies, 40 of which are registered with its Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid.

Individual packages may be sent through CARE (50 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y., if it doesn't have an office in your town), or through the parcel post. Ask your postmaster about regulations.

Address the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, State Department, Washington 25, D. C. Many of the 40 organizations also belong to the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service, Inc., 130 East 22d Street, New York 10, N. Y., which directs collections into the most useful channels. ◆ ◆

ACT YOUNG
THINK YOUNG
FEEL YOUNG

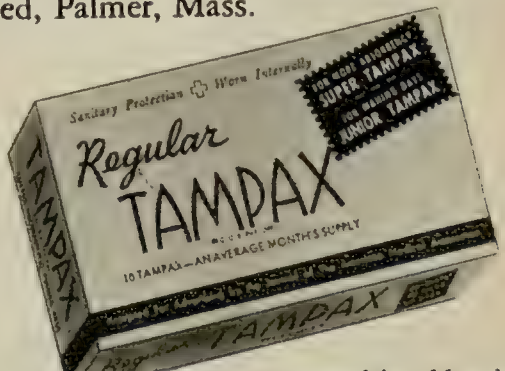
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Are you too conservative? Do you resent changes in manner and methods which younger women are adopting? Why not *go along* with these women and girls instead of resisting the new ideas?... Take the case of the *Tampax* "internal" method for monthly sanitary protection. This compact, efficient product is very popular in the leading women's colleges. Why should *you* hang back? Watch the college girls and learn!

• • •

Tampax has so many good points it's hard to know where to begin. Invented by a doctor for "internal absorption," Tampax is only one-ninth the bulk of the external kind. Of course you can discard belts, pins and outside pads. No odor—no disposal problems. Tampax *cannot* cause a single bulge or wrinkle under a dress.

Made of pure surgical absorbent cotton, Tampax is daintily inserted by patented one-time-use applicators. You cannot even feel it when in place. Can be worn in tub or shower. Average month's supply slips into purse. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior.... Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

WAIT TILL YOU MEET . . . THE GREAT SINNER!

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Directed by ROBERT SIODMAK • Produced by GOTTFRIED REINHARDT
Screen Play by Ladislas Fodor and Christopher Isherwood • Story by Ladislas Fodor and Rene Fueloep-Miller • An M-G-M Picture

VOL. 26, NO. 5. ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ Liberty ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ MAY 1949

Photo by Kurt Schelling-Transfilm

THE TRUTH ABOUT MARIHUANA

What happens when a person smokes marihuana? Does he want to float through keyholes and dive out of skyscraper windows? Here's what doctors, government officials, and smokers say about the controversial weed

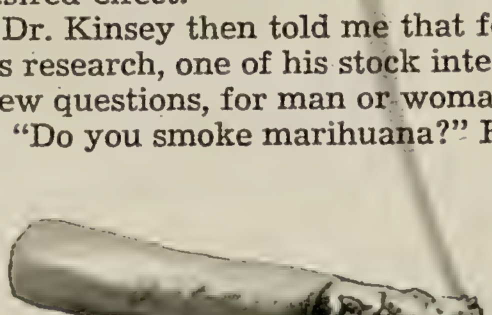
By NANETTE KUTNER

READING TIME 10 MINUTES It was Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, author of the much-talked-about best seller, Sexual Behavior in the Human Male, who first told me that "marihuana is not a drug."

He went on to elucidate: "If you had ever seen a morphine or Heroin addict when the drug is taken away, you would understand what I mean. A narcotic addict frantic for his dope is a terrible sight to watch. With marihuana there is an absence of those distressing abstinence symptoms and no increase in the dosage is required to repeat its desired effect."

Dr. Kinsey then told me that for his research, one of his stock interview questions, for man or woman, is, "Do you smoke marihuana?" He asks this because he wants to determine what effect marihuana smoking has on a person's sex life. So far his findings reveal that "marihuana releases inhibitions, but that's about all. An individual smoking it may *imagine* marihuana increases his sexual prowess. It does not do so."

Dr. Kinsey admitted that a person intoxicated with marihuana is impossible to interview "because in that state he is unreliable."



(Continued on page 71)

100 FATHOMS

By H. VERNOR DIXON

Illustrated by Edward M. Stevenson

"We've met many times. Sometimes at night, sometimes at the bottom of the sea, and other times in just the smile of a woman walking by on the street"

READING TIME 39 MINUTES This tall blond fellow came into the bar, looked around the place as though he didn't like it much, and then started through the tables toward the bartender. He was good-looking—you might even say handsome; he wore expensively tailored clothes, and he walked like a fullback or a tennis star, with kind of a swivel to his hips, as he swung through the tables. But you could see he knew he was good. He wore his assurance pinned to his lapel.

He spoke to the bartender, the two of them looked in my direction, and then this fellow came over to stand before my table. He looked down at me and asked, more a statement than a question, "Mike Mallory?"

I took a swallow of beer out of the bottle, then shoved it aside and nodded. I said, "Process servers come well dressed these days."

He frowned at me and then he grinned and shook his head. "I am Carl Hall," he said, as if that explained everything. He pulled a chair to the other side of the table and sat down, saying, "Perhaps you know of me. The Hall name has been very much in the papers lately."

I shook my head. "No. I never heard it before."

That seemed to throw him, but after a moment he said, "The latest bit of publicity concerned the death of my grandfather, Thomas Hall."

"The shipbuilder?"

"Yes. You must have read about the explosion of his yacht last week."

"I haven't been paying much attention to the newspapers. Too many problems of my own."

"So I've heard."

"How?"

"By asking questions. You were a deep-sea diver with the navy. After the war you went into the salvage business with a certain Mr. Anthony Morelli. He cleaned you down to your shirt."

"Including the cuff links, mister. Tony knew all the tricks. When he got through with our partnership arrangement he owned everything, and here I sit nursing a bottle of beer. But why are you interested?"

"I need a diver. A good one. I understand you're very good." He leaned his elbows on the table and placed his fingertips together. "I need a good man so badly," he said, "I'm willing to pay one thousand dollars a dive. Does that interest you?"

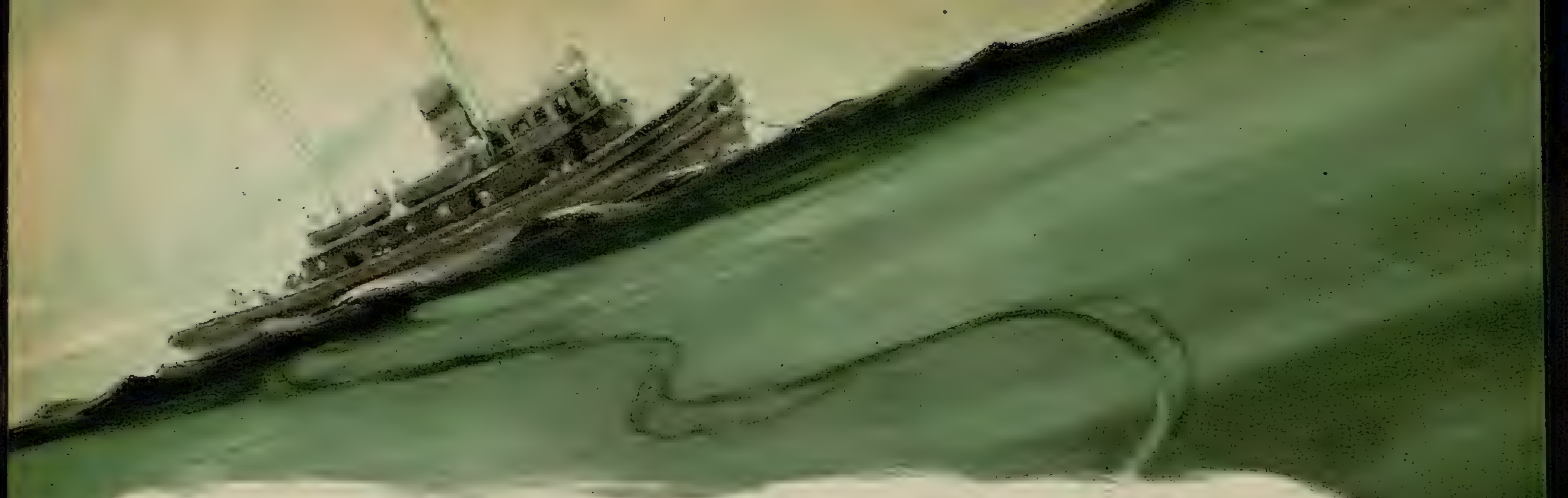
For a moment I thought he was joking, but he was watching me too intently. He was serious. "So," I said, "what's the catch? I'll dive for less than that and you know it. So will any diver. There's an extra hazard."

"Yes, there is. I wish to recover my grandfather's body. It's down at the bottom of a lot of deep water. He was on his way from Los Angeles to San Francisco, about opposite Santa Cruz, when the explosion occurred. Evidently a fuel tank exploded and blew a hole in the side. The yacht went down almost instantly. No one else was lost, but my grandfather is still aboard."

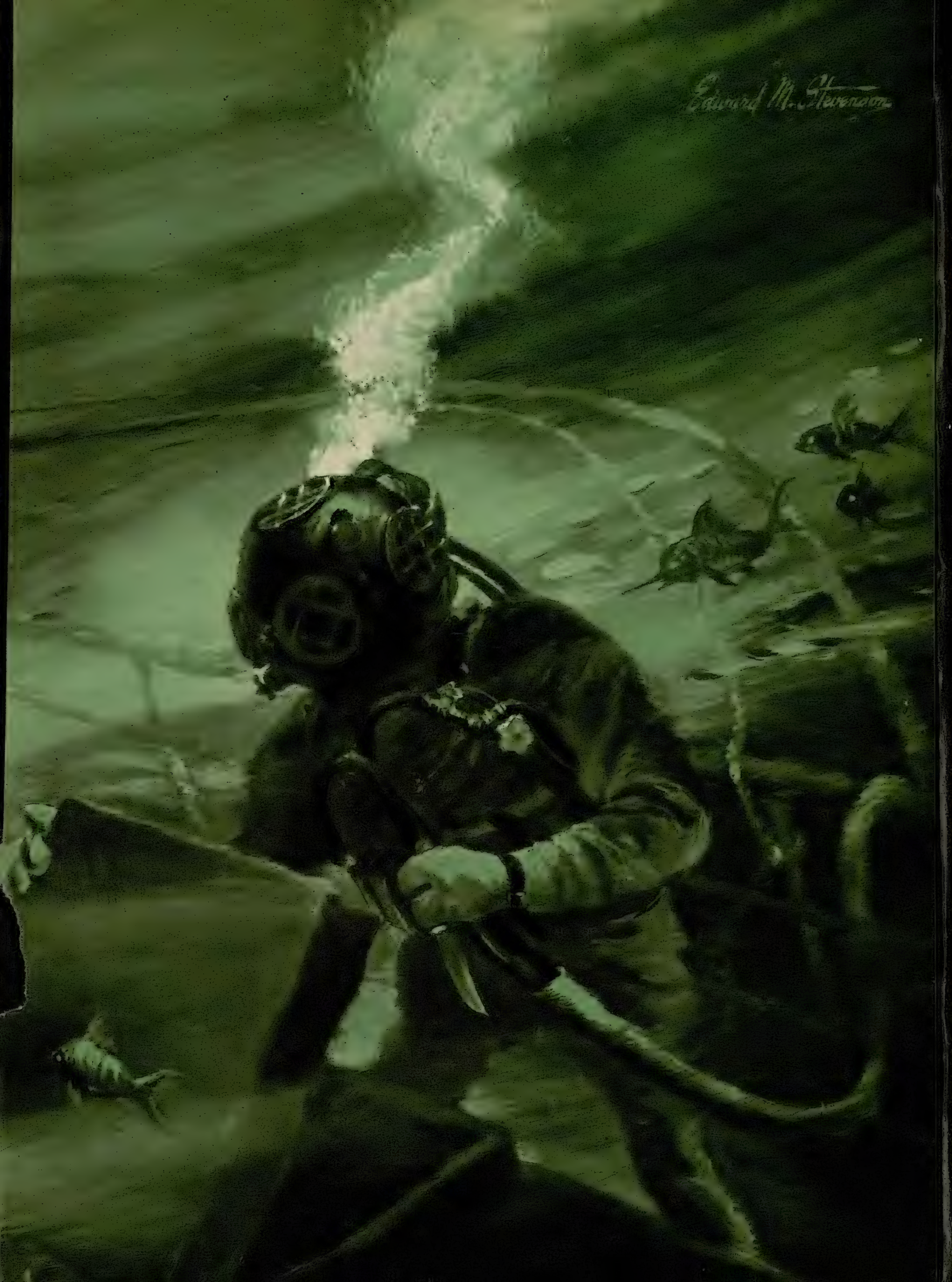
"Whereabouts in the boat?"

"Well, from what we have been able to learn, he was down in

(Contd. on page 58)



I closed the hatch again, so a body trapped inside would not float out and away.▸▸▸


Edward M. Stevenson

what uncle

Whether you're a worker or boss, you'll want to have the latest dope on what the government will and will not do to head off a business slowdown

READING TIME 13 MINUTES If another depression like that of the 1930s strikes us, the Truman administration will attack it valiantly. With much clanging of bells and tooting of whistles, all the apparatus in the firehouse will be called out. But onlookers will recognize under the new red paint the old wagons they know as Spending, Lending, and Deficit Financing. A single shiny new truck, Tax Reduction, will join the well-worn equipment used in Depression I.

In asking Congress for higher taxes this year, President Truman committed himself to downward adjustments in "any serious recessionary movement."

We have several sources of strength with which to meet a Depression II. If it isn't stretching the firehouse metaphor too far, they may be compared to modern features that make our national structure fire-resistant. One is the country's obvious determination not to take it lying down. Another is the basic soundness of the economy.

Business, banking, and agriculture are in much stronger position than when the stock-market crash late in 1929 ushered in Depression I, and many safeguards have been built into government since then. Everybody benefits by the resulting general stability. The worker, the small business man, the farmer and the home owner also are affected in specific ways.

To begin with, we don't need to think in terms of 1929-32. That far exceeded the 1907 and 1921 dips, and any slump ahead of us should not be nearly so deep.

If you're an employee—Business as a whole, presumably including the company you work for, has more cash, owes less money, and has fewer goods and materials on hand than in 1929. On the average, business is not overexpanded, and demand has not been met in such fields as housing. And if you're covered by unemployment insurance, its payments will provide some income during a lay-off.

If you're in business for yourself—The various props

WE DID NOT HAVE THESE SAFEGUARDS IN 1929

- Unemployment and old-age insurance
- Farm price supports
- Farm Credit Administration loans
- Reconstruction Finance Corporation loans
- Bank deposit insurance
- Federal mortgage insurance

THINGS THE GOVERNMENT CAN DO

- Ease taxes to encourage private spending
- Spend on federal public works
- Lend for state and city public works
- Make "rescue" and expansion loans to business
- Lend to agriculture
- Raise social-security benefits
- Ease credit restrictions
- As a last resort, pay for leaf-raking

Acme Photo

IN CALIFORNIA and other states, families who lost their homes in the '30s lived in settlements like this. Federal mortgage insurance is expected to help in any future slump.

sam will do if depression comes

By STACY V. JONES

under consumer buying power should help your customers, and no bogey of bank failures threatens to cut off your credit. American banks, instead of having most of their assets in commercial and security loans as they did 20 years ago, own large blocks of government bonds which they can readily sell. The Federal Reserve System has broad powers to expand its lending capacity. Furthermore, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation can lend you money if the banks shy away and if there is reasonable assurance of repayment.

If you're a farmer–Besides the farm price supports which cut your losses, the Farm Credit Administration will lend you money on the sound value of your property. There should be no repetition of the wholesale farm foreclosures of the mid-'30s.

Your bank account–Balances up to $5,000 are now insured in 92 per cent of American banks for the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which has a surplus of one billion dollars and can if necessary borrow three billions from the Treasury.

Your home–Some new mortgages are rather high in relation to values, but if yours is about the average, it is not only being amortized over a long period, but is fairly low, so danger of foreclosure is minimized.

These things are all more or less automatic, and their effects are plain. Of the emergency measures earlier referred to as fire apparatus, tax reduction also has an obvious result: you at once have more money for the grocer; the effects of spending, lending, and borrowing are slower and more remote.

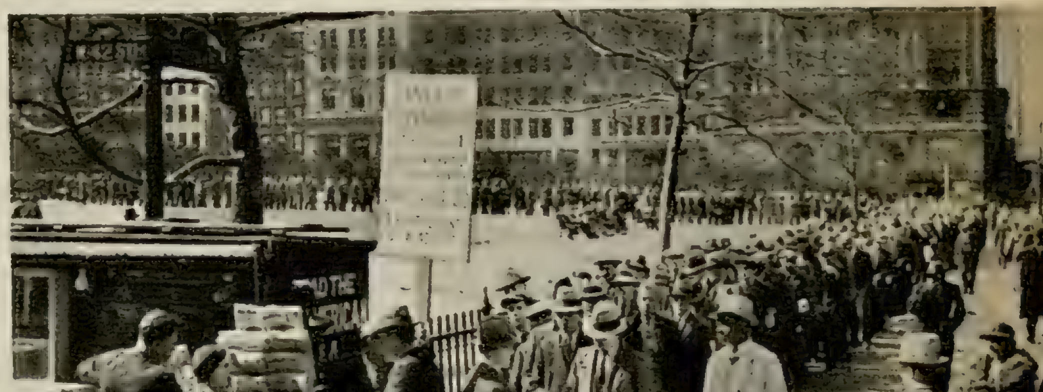
◆

When the government pays out money for a big construction job, you can see new jobs created on the site. Some of the dollars disbursed go directly into pay envelopes at the project, and then to the butcher, the baker, and the landlord in the town. Others go to suppliers who may be 3,000 miles away, and so into distant pay envelopes. Materials from 18 states were used in one courthouse in California financed during the 1930s by the old Public Works Administration. There were valves from Massachusetts, copper pipe from Maryland, lumber from Oregon, marble from Tennessee, and so on. The PWA estimated that whereas it put hundreds of thousands of men to work on the sites of projects, it put more than twice as many to work in the factories, mines, and transportation lines.

But it's the country's whole vast and complex economic machine that needs re- (Continued on page 56)

HUNGER MARCH

IN CHICAGO, during Depression I, the hungry carried placards and marched in the streets to stress their plight. The jobless lined up for blocks to get free food at soup kitchens.



Keystone Photo

IN NEW YORK, in the '30s, scenes such as this one at Bryant Park were common. The signs say a $1 donation will buy 20 meals. The planners hope to avoid a return of bread lines.

THEY'RE LYING ABOUT F.D.R.'S HEALTH!

By ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT

The late President's son, in a fighting rebuttal, calls Look magazine's recent account of his father's health in office, "dirty journalism." Every fair-minded American will want to read this dynamite-laden article

It is unusual for one magazine to attack the veracity of published statements in another magazine. However, an article with such serious implications for Americans as the one published by Look should not go unanswered. It has always been considered good journalistic practice to obtain from sources close to the subject, comment, denial, or confirmation of charges published in the press. In the interests of fair and responsible journalism, Liberty presents Elliott Roosevelt's reply to Look's article. As our readers know, Liberty has no political party affiliations, and both supported and bitterly opposed Franklin D. Roosevelt, depending upon the policies involved. The issue of the following article is solely one of Roosevelt's health and not of his political prowess.—THE EDITOR.

READING TIME 19 MINUTES Since April 12, 1945, there have been considerable controversy and many strange rumors concerning the health of Franklin Delano Roosevelt during the last few years prior to his death. Many people who hated Franklin D. Roosevelt during his lifetime have sought to vilify him in death and have sought, by vicious rumor, to try to destroy his name and the reputation of those who were around him. These men have sought to inflame the minds of Americans against President Roosevelt by any means at their command.

But it wasn't until the February 15 issue of Look magazine that a major periodical in this country stooped to the spreading of rumor and unsupported facts in order to challenge the professional integrity of the President's physician, Admiral Ross T. McIntire, and numerous other doctors who were charged with guarding the health of the President of the United States during his years in office.

In fact, every member of his family has been indicted for negligence by this article.

The editors of Look magazine claim that this article is a "factual report on Franklin Roosevelt's health by an eminent physician, Dr. Karl C. Wold." They describe Dr. Wold as a member of the staff of Ancker and Charles T. Miller hospitals in St. Paul, a Fellow of the American Medical Association, American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology, and the American College of Surgeons. The editors state that "for many years, he has searched the medical records of our presidents to show how their illnesses could affect their lives and, in turn, their nation's history."

It is my opinion that it is about time that somebody spoke up to set the record straight once and for all as to the condition of Franklin D. Roosevelt's health during his years in office and the circumstances surrounding his death. When a major magazine describes as "factual" an article on Franklin Roosevelt's health by a man who never met him, without ever consulting people who were with the President constantly, or his doctors, it is necessary to accuse them of irresponsible reporting. To demonstrate how irresponsible it is, I am undertaking to point out the fallacies and untrue statements made in Dr. Wold's article.

Dr. Wold quite evidently has hurriedly perused much of the information already available in published writings concerning the early life of Franklin Roosevelt, and in his brief summary at the beginning of his article has been guilty of minor inaccuracies. He begins his detailed medical history by describing the day preceding the infantile paralysis attack. He writes that Franklin Roosevelt went for a swim with his sons, then returned home, and then went for another swim in the Bay of Fundy. Actually, he went for a swim in the lake, then in the Bay of Fundy, and then returned home. I know. I was there.

Dr. Wold in his article has stated that Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia, who was vacationing at Bar Harbor, was called, and: "He decided Roosevelt had some form of paralysis but could make no definite diagnosis." Actually, what happened was that Dr. E. H. Bennett of Lubec, Maine, was the first physician called and he could make no diagnosis. Then Dr. Keen was called and he did make a diagnosis that a clot of blood from a sudden congestion had settled in the lower spinal cord, temporarily removing the power to move though not to feel. He felt sure that Franklin Roosevelt would get well, but that it might take some months. The doctor thought, on August 14, four days after the attack commenced, that absorption had already begun because of the patient's ability to move the toes of one foot, and regarded that as being very encouraging. He prescribed treatments of massage and other medication. A few days later he revised his initial diagnosis, writing a letter to Mrs. Roosevelt and stating therein that the longer he reflected, the more he inclined to discard the clot theory and to think the inflammation had caused a lesion in the spinal cord, which might be a longer business than his first estimate. Incidentally, he sent a bill for $600 for this advice.

My mother and Louis Howe, my father's faithful confidant and adviser throughout the years of his life, together with Dr. Bennett, were not satisfied with the diagnoses of Dr. Keen. Dr. Robert W. Lovett was then called in for consultation to determine whether the illness could possibly be infantile paralysis. Dr.

(Continued on page 73)

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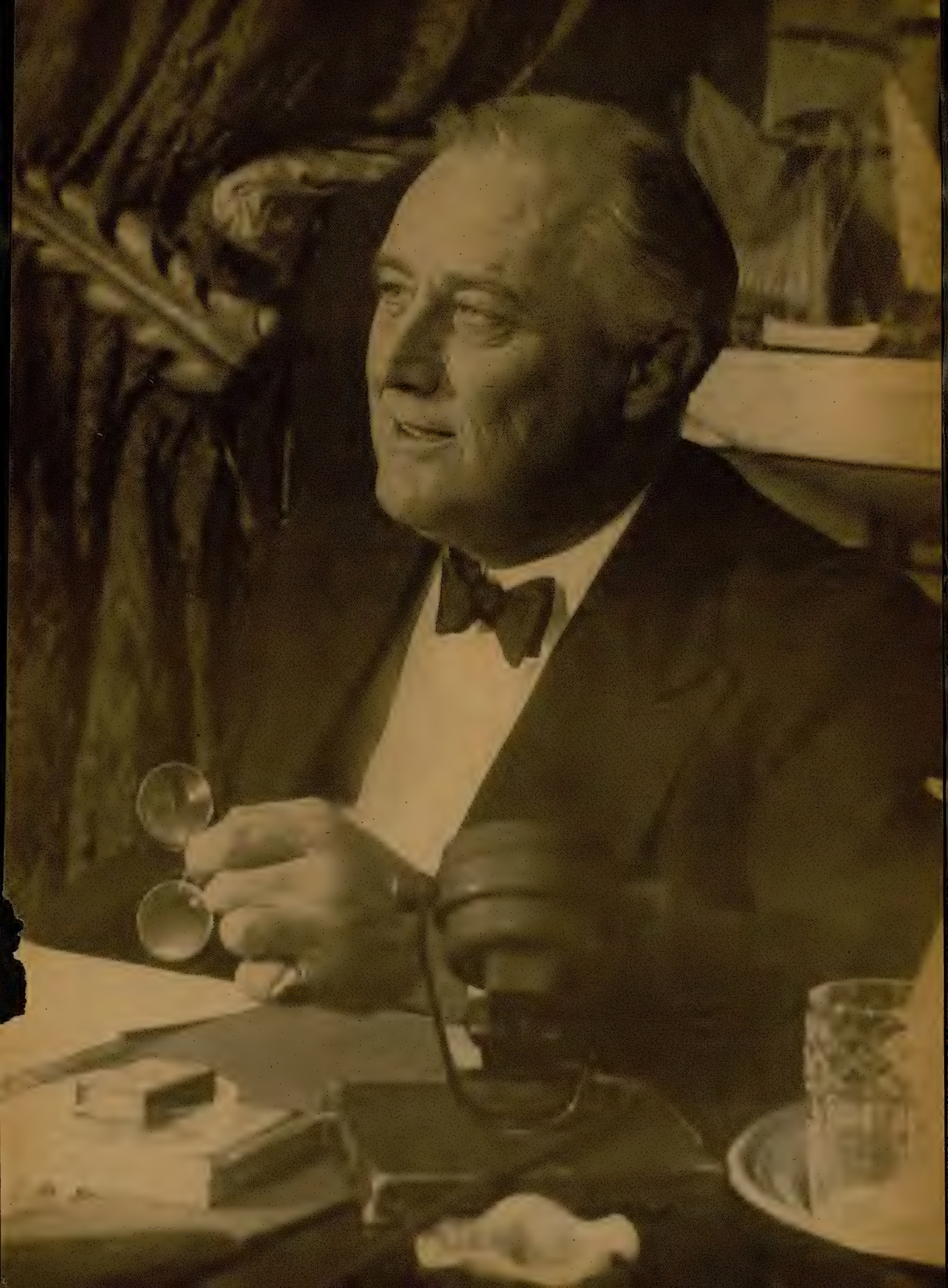
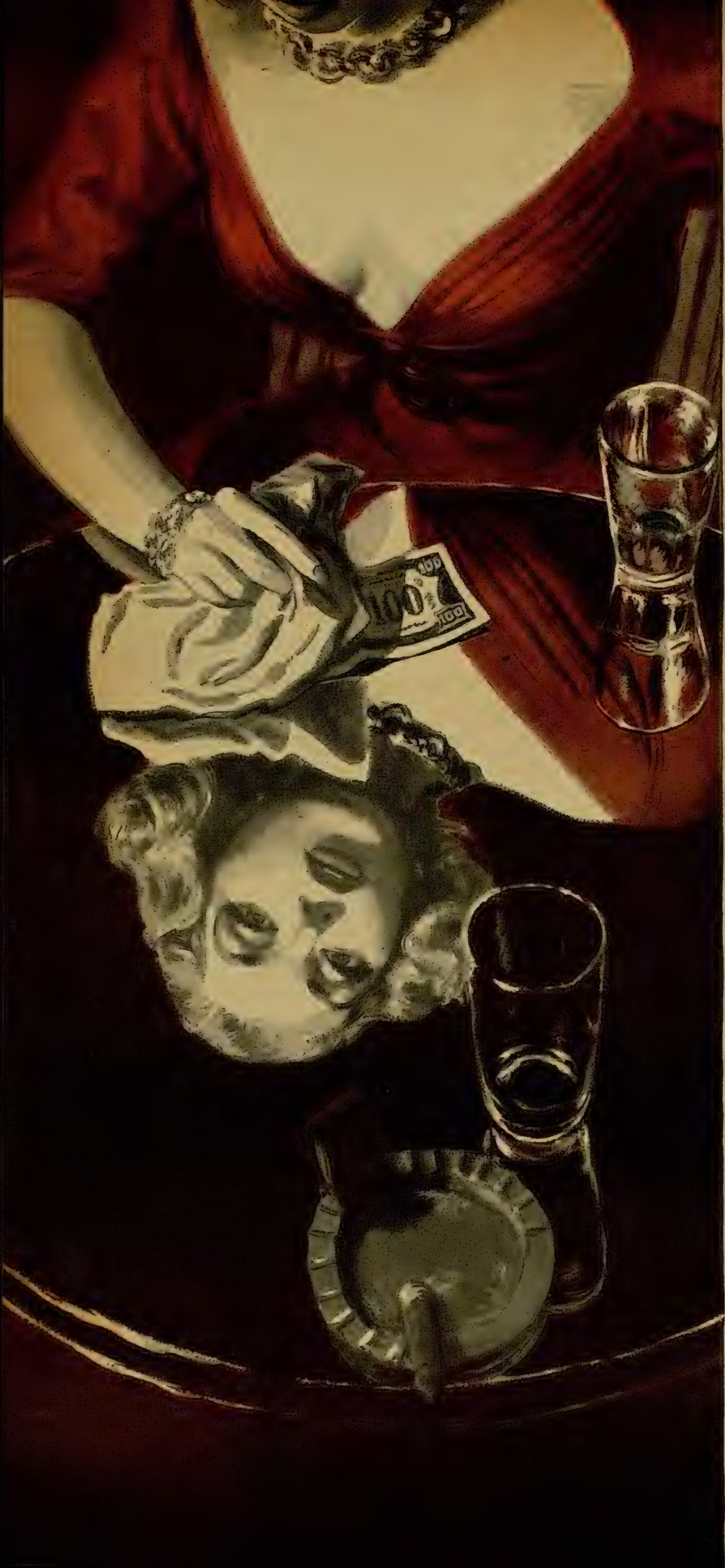




'TIL WE

READING TIME 8 MINUTES Outside the door of the night club was a framed picture of Nita Wayne. She looked young and lovely. It was an excellent picture. That is, it had been good when it was taken, eight years previously.

She was billed as "The Nightingale of Song," which didn't make much sense, but then the patrons of that obscure Fifty-second Street spot were usually in no condition to be critical if and when they succeeded in negotiating the three steps down which led through a somber doorway to an unattractive interior.

Nita was inside now, grateful that she was at least sheltered from the icy gale which howled across town from the North River. She wasn't nightingaling at the moment because the four members of the orchestra were playing gin rummy, the one customer was on the verge of passing out, the two waiters were arguing vehemently about tomorrow's fight at the Garden, and the boss was standing at the door watching for the customers who came more and more infrequently of late, now that folks didn't have so much money to throw away as they'd had during the lush days.

This club caught the overflow from the better places along the street. It was what is technically termed a joint. It offered little and gave less. You weren't exactly rolled when you entered, but that was the only thing the boss drew the line at.

Nita Wayne was the show. She was a tired singer who sang tired songs against a background of brassy music for customers who didn't listen. She was a personification of the old story: the girl whose ambitions had been greater than her ability; who was still short of thirty; and who wasn't skidding, merely because she'd never been any place to skid from.

A romantic young couple came in and selected a corner table. Their

◀◀◀◀ **It wasn't until after he'd**

LOVE AGAIN

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Illustrated by John McDermott

Nita was a night-club singer and Thad was from Idaho—and what happened to them doesn't happen often on Fifty-second Street

romance was going strong, thanks to a mutual case of inebriation. The boss wasn't interested, neither was Nita. The orchestra boys certainly weren't. But they all perked up when Thad Collins walked in, spotted Nita, went to her table and plopped himself into a chair with a definiteness which seemed to shake the place.

Except that Thad was cold sober, he looked like a clip-joint proprietor's dream of heaven. He was two inches better than six feet in height, weighed about two hundred pounds, had fine gray eyes, was perhaps thirty-five years old, and had farmer written all over him.

◆

The orchestra sprang to life and started beating out something noisy. The bartender commenced polishing glasses (which surprised the glasses very much). One of the waiters swooped down on the newcomer and took an order for two drinks. And Nita Wayne looked straight at her visitor and said, "I told you not to come back, Thad."

He grinned at her. "Had to," he explained. "Couldn't help dropping in, because I'm still in love with you."

She said, "Dropped in? From Idaho?"

" 'Tain't so far nowadays. Not when you hope a certain girl will fly back with you."

She didn't let him see her eyes. He might read correctly what was in them, and that wouldn't be fair. Thad Collins was a good man—too good a man to hurt. If she'd been less in love with him, that hurting business wouldn't have mattered. If she hadn't loved him so much, she'd have married him and gone back to Twin Falls or Kimberly or whatever town in southern Idaho it was that his ranch was near.

She said, "You never give up, do you?"

He nodded. "Sure do, honey. I come all the way across country to talk it over. It's yes or no this time. No sense of me keepin' on houndin' you, or of stayin' in a stew myself. That's why you got to think real serious."

She looked away: at the lonely drunk, at the amorous couple, at the feet of people on Fifty-second Street making footprints in the snow. She looked beyond, to her dreary room, into her dreary life. This was tough. She knew Thad wasn't given to empty words or meaningless gestures. If he said that this was her last chance to say yes, he meant it. She had to call on the ultimate ounce of courage to say, "It's still the same, Thad. We've covered it all before."

He ordered two more drinks from the waiter, who had whisked away their first round before they'd so much as taken a second sip.

"Yeah," he said, "we've covered it, but you've never really understood. Where I live, it isn't like you read about in books. Folks there

(Continued on page 44)

gone that she found the hundred-dollar bill under her napkin. ▶ ▶ ▶ ▶ ▶

SHORT LINE

The world's wackiest railroad is 29 miles long, has at least one vice-president for every mile of track, and still makes money

By HILLIARD WOLFE

Charles M. Schwab once slept here.

READING TIME 7 MINUTES The only railroad in the world that has more vice-presidents than miles of track is the Lancaster and Chester Railway, a South Carolina road that links the vast plants of the Springs Cotton Mills. At the moment the score stands at 32 "vee pees" to 29 miles of track. But the vee-pee count has been higher. In fact, it got so astronomical at one time that it piqued the curiosity of the Interstate Commerce Commission. That was when Colonel Elliott Springs, a fabulous man who delights in defying convention, kept appointing one after another of his long list of celebrity friends as vice-presidents.

He figured, as boss of the mills and president and traffic manager of the railway, that was his privilege. Anyway, the number has dwindled to *a mere* 32, plus a long list of other officers such as Lowell Thomas, advertising agent, and Bobby Jones, the golfer, attorney.

Vice-presidents include such famous names as Admiral W. F. Halsey, James Montgomery Flagg, Hammond E. Fisher, creator of Joe Palooka; Charles MacArthur, playwright and editor; and Canadian Air Marshal W. A. Bishop.

But the L. & C., known as The Springmaid Line, has more to brag about than its celebrity officials. It is reported that in blackberry sea-

TRAIN SCHEDULE

(Subject to change without notice)

Westbound (read down) Eastbound (read up)

# 14 (a)	# 16 (a)	# 18 (b)		EASTERN STANDARD TIME		# 15 (a)	# 17 (a)	# 19 (b)
The Blue Blazes	The Purple Cow	The Black Label	Miles	STATIONS	Miles	The Red Rose	The Shrinking Violet	The White Horse
Leave A.M.	Leave P. M.	Leave A.M.				Arrive A.M.	Arrive P.M.	Arrive A.M.
7 00	1 00	1 00	0.0	Lancaster (c) (f)	28.9	11 00	5 00	2 30 (m)
7 15	1 15	–	5.4	Grace	23.5	10 40	4 40	(o)
7 20 (p)	1 20 (p)	–	5.6	Anne (d)	23.3	10 35 (p)	4 35 (p)	–
7 25	1 25	1 10 (k)	8.9	Fort Lawn (g)	20.0	10 30	4 30	2 20 (l)
7 40	1 40	–	13.9	Bascomville	15.0	10 17	4 17	–
7 50	1 50	1 20 (n)	16.9	Richburg (i)	12.0	10 10	4 10	–
8 05	2 05	–	20.9	Knox (j)	8.0	9 55	3 55	–
8 30	2 30	1.30 (m)	28.9	Chester (e) (h)	0.0	9 30	3 30	2 00
A.M. Arrive	P.M. Arrive	A.M. Arrive				A.M. Leave	P.M. Leave	A.M. Leave

(a) Freight and express only
(b) Run only by a Vice President
(c) Lancaster plant of The Springs Cotton Mills, largest in the World
(d) Finishing plant of the Springs Cotton Mills
(e) Eureka, Gayle and Springsteen plants of The Springs Cotton Mills
(f) Connections with Southern Railway for Kershaw plant of The Springs Cotton Mills
(g) Connections with Seaboard Airline Railway
(h) Connections with Southern Railway for Fort Mill plants of The Springs Cotton Mills; also connections with Seaboard Airline Railway and Carolina and Northwestern Railway
(i) Bad connections
(j) Not the slightest connection
(k) Stops only to receive passengers for points beyond Knox
(l) Stops only to discharge passengers from points beyond Chester
(m) Stops only to discharge passengers
(n) Stops during quail season only
(o) Applies brakes here for stop at Lancaster
(p) Stops for mail—no baggage

EQUIPMENT

Standard equipment on all trains includes: 500 h.p. diesel electric locomotive; air-conditioned coal cars; stream-lined box cars with all space reserved; combination caboose-lounge-observation car. Trains 18 and 19 also carry combination work car-cafe car with box lunch service and running water.

Casey Jones, who wanted one more road to ride, lost out by not mounting to cabin of the Purple Cow. Only a v.-p. can run the Black Label and the White Horse.

The Springmaid Line, back in its narrow-gauge days, lost a boxcar to a tornado. Here's how the rolling stock looks today.

son, passengers hop off on the upgrades and have enough time to pick a mess of berries and still catch the train before it tops the grade. That may be an apocryphal story. But there's nothing phony about the time a tornado lifted a loaded boxcar from an L. & C. train and the engineer never knew the difference. The other cars coasted forward and the Casey Jones at the throttle went on to the next station oblivious of the fact that an upturned boxcar carrying 50 bales of cotton had been left beside the tracks.

Colonel Elliott Springs, top hat and all, drives the "golden spike" as "east meets west" on the right of way of the Springs miniature railroad in the company's park.

Other roads have their Twentieth Century Limiteds and Silver Meteors, but the L. & C. can top 'em for colorful monikers. Its rolling stock zips along under such tags as the Purple Cow, the Blue Blazes, the Black Label and the White Horse. If you glance at the train schedule reproduced on these pages, you'll see that only a vee pee can run either of the last two trains. And if a Long Island Rail Road commuter thinks his line has a "now and then" schedule, he should ride the L. & C. Some of its trains make certain stops only in quail season. A footnote on the schedule says: "Standard equipment on all trains includes: 500 h.p. diesel electric locomotive; air-conditioned coal cars; streamlined box cars with all space reserved; combination caboose-lounge-observation car. Trains 18 and 19 also carry combination work car-cafe car with box lunch."

The road's one private car is now being used as a guest cottage on the Springs estate in Fort Mill, South Carolina. This car, the Loretto, once belonged to the late Charles M. Schwab, who was Bethlehem Steel's big boss. It has gold-plated beds, marquetry woodwork, and a marble bath.

Colonel Springs, 52-year-old textile tycoon and head of the largest cotton mill under one roof in the world, has loads of fun with his railroad, but he also makes it pay. The Colonel, who gained fame in World War I as a flyer, and later as a writer of best-seller books and short stories, became head of the L. & C. on the death of his father, Leroy Springs, in 1931. The latter bought the line in 1896 for $25,000. Since Colonel Springs has headed the line he has made it the "first 100-per-cent Diesel-operated road in South Carolina."

He also has acquired and put into operation the only miniature steam-driven railway in the world. This has been set up in the recreation park operated for his employees. The rolling stock consists of three locomotives, four passenger cars, and a caboose. This

(Continued on page 82)

Martha and the buffalo sky

She was fragile and feminine in a hard world of men who lived by brawn. A powerful story of love in a tenement

By IRVIN BLOCK

Illustrated by Ric Grasso

READING TIME 30 MINUTES For Martha, the dry flutter of a moth wing about her heart had begun many years before she was nineteen. It was there at the beginning of memory when she stood, tiny and trembling against the great black stanchion of Pa's leg, holding balance and sickness against the careening deck of a ship. A knot of other immigrants hunched about her and she wondered at their faces, tried to understand that in the long white bag now slanted against the rail was Mama. The priest's voice grumbled like a distant motor, stopped at last. The white bag that was Mama slid then over the rail, turned ponderously in slow motion, and slid, shushing, into the green wallow of the sea. The moth wing licked dryly against Martha's heart.

It had been with her during the years alone with Pa in the new country, had waited with her for time to go by and make the great puzzle clear. Pa, stunned forever into stiff reproach, came home each sundown from the river, washed his bull neck, face, and hands in the kitchen sink, and sat down to eat in barricaded silence, hardly aware that Martha was there. After meals he sat in his chair and frowned angrily at the ceiling for hours. What was he thinking about, she wondered. Sometimes, abruptly, he would get up and go out, not returning until late, carrying then the scent of whisky, his neck rigid and furious, the pale skin of his forehead where his cap set even whiter against the brick of his face.

And many times the wing had scraped its dry rustle of dread, as once Pa had taken her hand and led her, pulling, to the river. "I want for you to see. A person should know how money is made, how the world is put together. Not with dolls, understand? Not with lace and trinkets and moon gazing. With sweat, girl! With work, with work, with guts and aches and pains and blood." The moth had gripped her heart as they had neared the noise and the shouting. The ear-splitting rumble of the carts had made her ill. The oily, heavy waters had struck dread. The rough, shouting, sweat-sour men had terrified her so that she had run away, a panicky, nightmarish kind of running away, all the way home.

She had dreamed. The little apartment became a mansion, and instead of the crumbling tenement flats, the window looked out over green fields and woods. She sat by the window each night after dinner and watched the sky. "Oh, they look like buffaloes butting into each other!" she cried, once. Pa got up and came to the window. "Who? What? Where?" She felt panicky suddenly, without reason, the moth wing fluttered, and then she pointed to the sky. "There! The clouds. They look like that." Her father squinted up, the mustache bristled, and as he loomed over her she felt dissolved entirely in the musk of sweat, of whisky, of warm moist wool. He stared down at her and shook his head in pity. "Buffaloes! Ha! Crazy!" And, grunting, he went back to his chair and soon was lost in his endless study of the ceiling. "Girls!" he told the ceiling. Shamed, she had stayed at the window until it was night and the buffaloes had changed into mountains and mountains had melted off into thin red reefs.

She had not slipped again. All day long, dusting, sweeping, cooking, she whispered to herself, telling how the clouds looked like buffaloes, the designs in the carpet like the maps of Europe, the hooded furniture like squat and square peasant women. This was not to be told to anyone, except the man she'd marry some day. Then the long silence, the long, long sleep would be broken.

She looked at herself in the mirror, a thin young girl in a plain, usually oversized dress, and the panic seized her. But later, alone on the roof, looking out over the other roofs to the moonpath on the East River, her dress stirring, it appeared that she was beautiful, that a fine strong man would come and take her, despite her plainness, despite Pa, and she would be alone no longer. She made whispered speeches there on the roof: "Please do it my way. Please. Let him come and like me the way I am. I can't chase after him like the other girls. Let it be gentle, easy. Just do it my way."

And downstairs Pa sat waiting.

"Martha!"

"Yes?"

"Turn around!" Trembling, she turned.

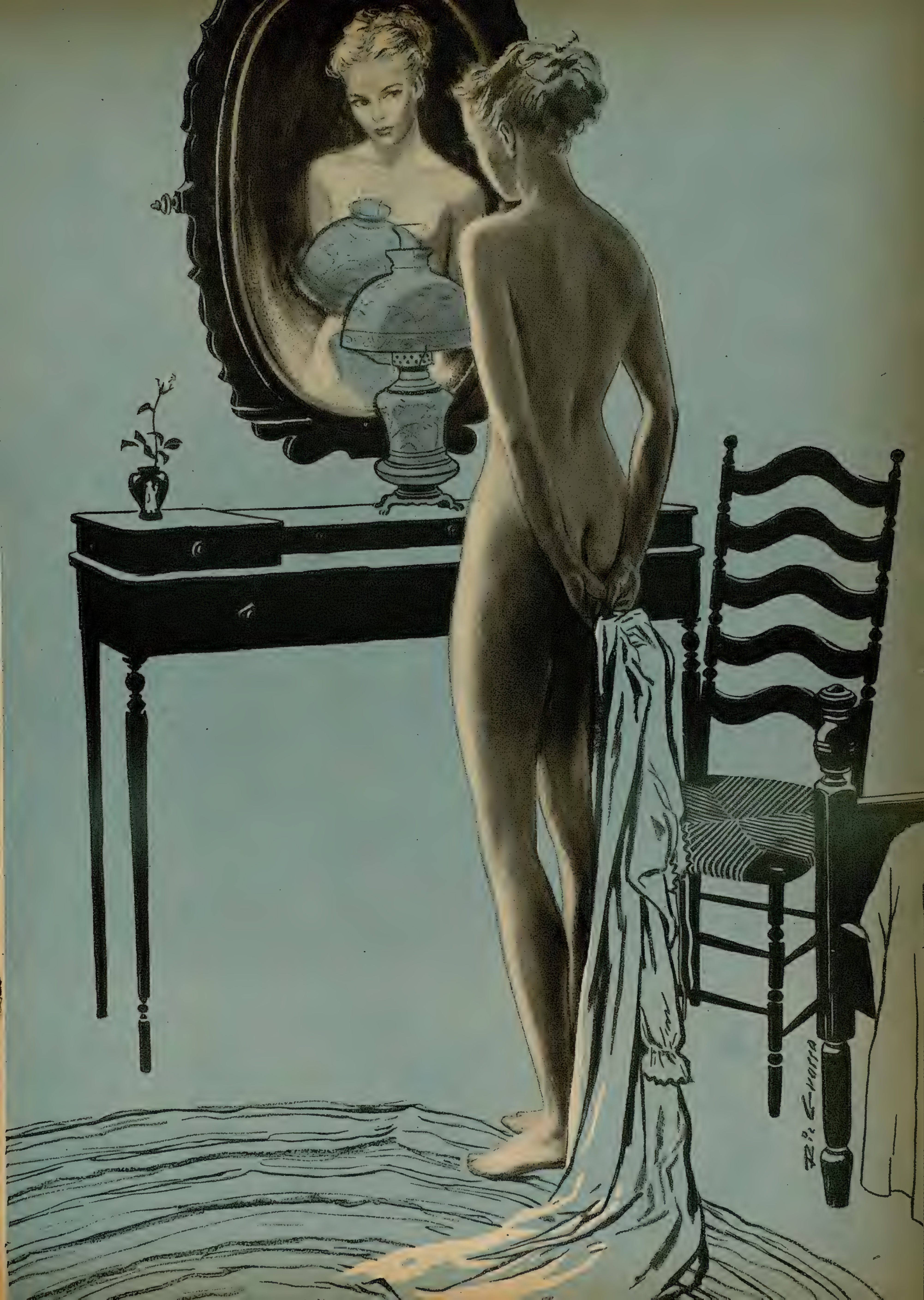
Pa's black eyes crackled. "Stick!" he said. "Skinny like a rail! And is it any wonder, hah? All day long in the house with books and trinkets and dreaming—no air, no life, no laughing!"

"Pa, please."

"Don't 'please' me! How will you ever get a man? What man of blood would want a stick like you?" Pa got up and lunged around the room, pausing now and then to point a finger at her. "Lifeless! No spark!

(Continued on page 65)

Then she got out of bed, turned on the light, and stood before the mirror, clasping her hands behind.



THAT ASTONISHING CREATURE—

The Baby!

By GEORGE KENT

READING TIME 8 MINUTES The other day a friend of mine came home in a pixie mood and decided he would get down on the floor and do all the things his six-month-old son was doing. When the baby squirmed, he squirmed. When he wriggled, so did my friend. He beat the air with his arms, kicked, arched his chest, stood on head and heels, sat up, fell back. And in 30 minutes this hefty grown-up flopped on his face exhausted. The child went merrily on, fresh as a new diaper.

Accept this as an introduction to the fact that most of us ignore: physically, mentally, psychically, the baby is a better man than you. I can prove it.

Even before birth he is terrific! Doctors who have studied these things with delicate scientific instruments report that the unborn coughs, sneezes, yawns, sighs, hiccups, sucks his thumb, responds to tickling. He has even been heard to cry. A pregnant woman reported that when she went to a theater the child took part in the applause. Another complained she could not use the washing machine because the hum of the motor evoked intolerable protests.

And there is another fact, still more remarkable, also attested to by physicians: The baby, still to be born, is unconsciously a co-operative person.

Needing calcium, he will draw ruthlessly on the mother's supply, causing the loss or decay of a tooth. Nature gives the child priority, so that a mother having mineral shortages will find herself drained.

On the other hand, when the mother is short of something, especially endocrine or other gland substances, the baby more often than not will give her what she needs. For example, a woman low in thyroid, pituitary, or other endocrinals may find her condition improved during pregnancy. The baby will manufacture enough for two. Mother and child pool their resources.

At birth this astonishing individual has a heart proportionately almost twice as large as the grown-up. He has a red blood count of six million, or a million or two more than you have. He breathes faster, his circulation is better, with the result that he is a "throbbing, growing, red-hot energy machine." He has more iron, more calcium, more phosphorus, more vitamins; and his appetite is fabulous. He doubles his weight in six months, triples it in a year. He needs three times as much protein, which, in terms of steak, is a three-pound sirloin to your one.

Put the newborn in water and he will swim—with a sinuous, eely motion. Unfortunately, like a fish, he swims with his head under water. It's important to keep the mouth and nose above the surface! Dr. Myrtle McGraw, who has experimented extensively with swimming infants, tells me that the best time to teach a child to swim is at the age of one year, before it has acquired fears, before it has totally lost this primitive instinct.

The infant is a very tough character: He can do without anything but water for protracted periods. There was even a little one who went without breathing for as long as five hours. It used the air in its intestines. You can lift a baby by one arm or one leg—without injury. By himself he is strong enough to support his weight, hanging from a rod by one hot little fist. Even the half-starved babies of post-war Europe were able to do it. There is practically no danger of a normal, healthy baby smothering if his covers are properly tucked in, because he has the muscle and the instinct—called tonic neck reflex—to clear his face for breathing. The many newspaper accounts of such smothering would, if examined, reveal a bad heart or poor circulation as the chief contributing factor.

The baby's most important asset at birth is his ability to suck. Consider how he is equipped for it. First, the receding chin to enable him to get at the nipple. Then, in his cheeks, two almond-shaped buttons of fat to help suction. He also has a reflex. Tap a baby's upper lip and the lips thrust out in a pouting, sucking position.

To baby's super equipment of blood, heart, hormones, and minerals, add a herd of antibodies larger in size and greater in number than any adult possesses. The result is immunity, for the early months of life, from many maladies that will plague him later on. A cold in a baby two weeks old or younger is virtually unknown. Even later, when the rest of the family is whooping and sneezing, the child will have the mildest case.

There are good antibodies, which give immunity. There are bad ones, which give rise to allergies. Our amazing infant is born with only the good ones. "Why the infant should be so fortunate," exclaims Dr. Clement A. Smith, Harvard pediatric authority, "has not been determined!"

Physically, mentally, psychically, the baby is a better man than you. If you don't believe it, here's the proof

What is more astonishing than all that has been set down is the child's supreme ability to adapt itself to awkward and difficult situations. For months he has been living deep in the mother, insulated from shock, noise, and the miseries of the outside world by water—the amniotic fluid—and the abdominal wall. So well cushioned is the unborn that mothers have fallen, even been kicked, without the baby's suffering ill effects.

(Continued on page 55)

Photos by Constance Bannister

French Dish

Hollywood's latest Paris import, Corinne Calvet, threatens to burn up the celluloid

By **ELIZABETH WILSON**

READING TIME 4 MINUTES The trouble with Hollywood of late is not the loss of the foreign market, nor the bad box-office, nor television, but the fact that sex has virtually disappeared. Movie stars, those sensitive creatures, now have it written in their contracts that they just won't stand for any cheesecake. Everybody's a great artiste. With a message. Talk, talk, talk. Dullness, along with smog, has settled over Beverly Hills.

But at last something is being done about it. From France comes a hot sensation, name of Corinne Calvet (rhymes with "Oh say"), who it is said will burn up the celluloid. And if a French girl can't burn up the celluloid, who can?

Producer Hal Wallis, a regular Helen of Troy when it comes to launching, thinks that his newest find, soon to be seen in his Rope of Sand, is in the million-dollar class. She is 23, five feet four inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has large blue eyes, light brown hair, long slender legs, and just enough accent to give a fillip to her sex appeal. (As if it needed a fillip!) She has temperament and determination, always good in an actress. She took her name from a bottle of Calvet wine. She has a silhouette that the cameramen call France's outstanding contribution to American art. When she appears on the set in a sweater, it's the signal for all operations to cease immediately. Mr. Wallis will probably put the industry back where it was in the coffer-filled days of Clara Bow. Is that bad?

The fact that Mlle. Calvet was in Hollywood two years before she was "discovered" just goes to show how dull the one-time glamor capital has become. In 1947 Paramount purchased the screen rights to The Sealed Verdict, and wanted a new French face for the female lead. The company's London office sent a scout over to Paris to hunt for a girl to fill the role. Corinne Calvet, with a number of *(Continued on page 44)*

SYNOPSIS

PART I A Friday in May.

9.40 A.M.: Office of the Jonas Tripp Company, skip tracers. Linda Bridges (secretary); I, Steve McGrath (locater); and Harvey Tripp (nephew of Jonas) celebrated the recent death of Jonas and our brighter prospects.

11.08 A.M.: Uptown to tell my wife the news. Found her in the arms of a character in a striped shirt. Knocked him out; gave Gwen a beating; hit the street.

5 P.M.: Returned home. Found Gwen and Striped Shirt murdered.

5.30 P.M.: Phoned Linda to find Harvey, quick. She told me to use my locater know-how before the murders were discovered. A neighbor said she had seen Gwen with a man wearing glasses.

6.20 P.M.: Found Ken Sisley—who lives across the hall—in Mario's. He was drunk, trying to forget what he had seen in our flat.

Part II Sisley, too, mentioned a man with glasses. I left him to visit Romani's, where Gwen had studied art.

7.30 P.M.: Romani sent me to George Backer, artist. There I met Consuelo Frugi, Backer's girl and wife of big-time gambler Jake, Gwen's murdered lover.

I took Consuelo home. She fell into a drunken sleep, though she had promised to take me to a party at "Wagner's." I then phoned Linda to look after Ken, who might be tempted to tell the cops about the murders.

Looking around Consuelo's swell apartment, I found the place turned inside out. Suddenly the doorbell rang, and a man walked in.

friday for

By LAWRENCE LARIAR
Illustrated by Martin Gulser

PART III

READING TIME 31 MINUTES It was George Backer. I began to laugh, without reason. His slit eyes widened at me. He moved forward, scowling at me, his fist hard at his side. And then he was in the room and my laughter died. He saw Consuelo. His big right hand unlimbered and flexed once, twice, three times. He moved my way.

I said, "You're wrong, Backer. Your girl friend got stinking at your place. She wanted me to take her home. She's home."

He reached out a hand for me. I slapped it down.

"Don't get rough," I said. "She's all in one piece. You shouldn't let her drink so much. She goes under too quickly."

"All right, doctor," said Backer. "You can go home now."

"I'm in no hurry."

"You're in a big hurry," he said.

I didn't move. He was too anxious.

I said, "Somebody broke into this place, Backer. Tonight."

He turned then. I saw him in profile. His mouth opened, but it wasn't convincing. He was staring at something he had either seen before or expected to see this way. He disappeared into the bedroom.

In a little while he came steaming back. He came at me and I met him halfway.

"What's the gimmick, McGrath? What were you looking for?"

"I'm looking for Gwen Hibbs. I don't collect papers, Backer."

"You're lying!" he shouted. "How do I know you didn't take her jewelry?"

I said, "Why don't you call the police?"

He licked at his lower lip. There were beads of sweat on his high and artistic forehead. He brushed a swirl of hair back slowly. He jerked his head at Consuelo angrily. "I don't want to make any trouble for her. She's had enough of it already. Otherwise I'd pin your ears back, so help me, McGrath. Now get the hell out of here before I lose my temper."

I smiled at him. "You're hamming it up, Backer. Is this your handiwork or one of your friend's?"

"You're crazy, McGrath."

I said, "You're a damn fool, Backer—and a liar to boot."

He lifted a big hand at me suddenly. He brought it up from his waist and it hit me high on the cheek in a roundhouse right that knocked me back against the chair behind me. I dived at him around the knees. He outweighed me and outslugged me. He was wise and sly, avoiding my open hands, doing me damage around the stomach and jaw. He threw me into position and kicked me away from him and came after me smiling. It was the smile that angered me. I lashed out at him with a body punch. I heard him grunt. But that was the last sound I heard. He had his fist readied for me. He used it in my stomach. And then I was out.

I awoke with a dry tongue. The walls rolled and heaved and rolled again. Backer was gone. I lurched into the bathroom. He had not cut me. He had spared my face. I set myself in order and walked through the living room and out of there.

The elevator boy grinned at me as though we shared the atomic-bomb secret.

I said, "You could have warned me about him."

He said, "I get paid for going up and down, brother. If I unlatch my ruby lips, the management spanks me." He had one hand on the lever but the other hand was on his hip. The palm showed. I put a five-dollar bill in the palm.

◆

"He's weak in the head," the elevator boy said. "Sort of a poor man's Primo Carnera type."

"A steady visitor?"

"Since a week or so ago."

"Stays for breakfast?"

"I wouldn't know, brother. I come on at noon."

"What about Frugi?" I said. "He been upstairs lately?"

"Frugi moved out some time ago. I helped him out with his luggage."

"Who else drops in on her?"

He thought, "An occasional dame."

I showed him Gwen's picture. He chewed on his cheek for a moment.

death

“I don't want any part of her,” Louie said. “She's a terrific fem. that dame. I saw her in action. It was at her apartment—”

“Once, for that one. But not to visit Frugi's wife. She came with Frugi, at night. I took them down in less than an hour.”

“Drunk?”

“Not drunk. But happy. I remember her laughing on the way down.”

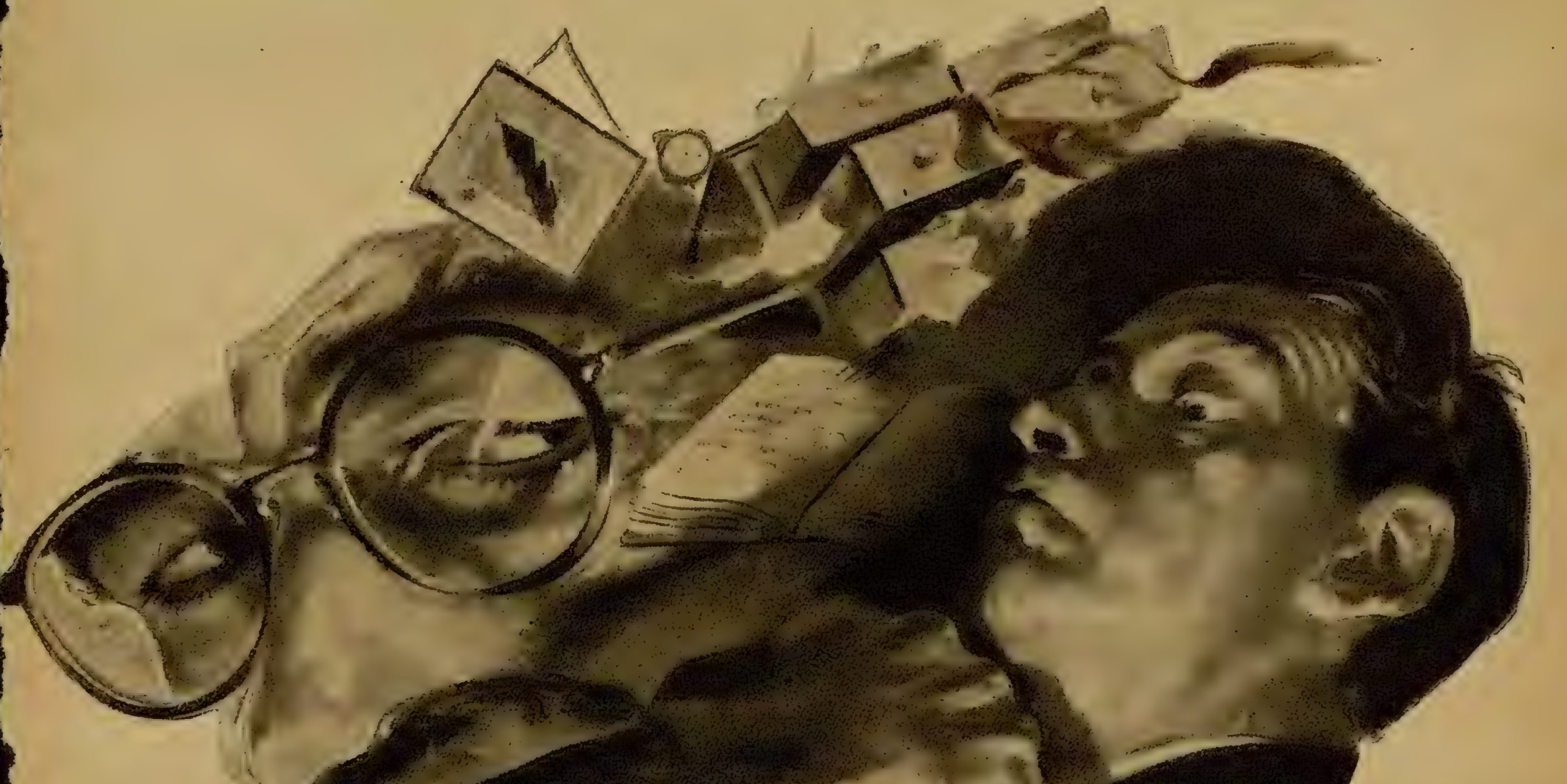
I said, “You're a great help. Thanks.”

I started out across the lobby, but he whistled me back. He said, “You look like a regular guy. Listen. I took a man up to her floor today, after Primo Carnera.”

“Carnera was up before? When?”

“A little after four—four fifteen. I take Primo Carnera up to the

(Continued on page 77)



Three times I had been told of “the man with the glasses.”

Jake Frugi's living room had been turned upside down.

I hit him. He went down fast. He rolled over and came up with a gun.

Monty's wife (June Allyson), his mother (Agnes Moorehead), and his friend (Frank Morgan) see him pitch.

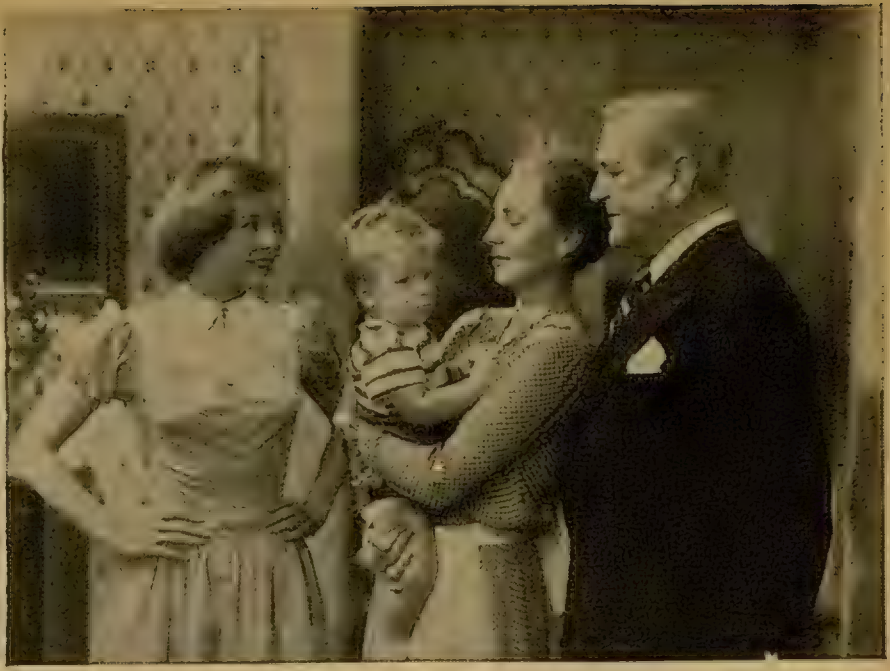
LIBERTY'S PICK OF THE PICTURES

The Stratton Story

By ELIZABETH WILSON

A film that tells the life story of Monty Stratton, the former big-league star who, despite the loss of a leg, has made a sensational comeback in baseball

Diamond dirt is dished out when Stewart as Monty Stratton, Morgan, and Jimmy Dykes replay the game in locker room.



Monty Jr., played by Tom Bassett, is a chip off the old block, June decides. Grandmother agrees he'll be a great ballplayer.

THE STRATTON STORY (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is truly a picture that can claim to have an appeal for everybody—for young and for old, for those who like comedy, or romance, or excitement, or drama. It is based on the real-life story of Monty Stratton, a former big-league baseball player. Its touches of reality make its impact all the stronger. James Stewart as Stratton, giving a sincere and heart-warming performance, has possibly his finest role. And June Allyson, teamed with Jimmy for the first time, proves an ideal partner in portraying Ethel, Monty Stratton's sweetheart, wife, and inspiration.

While The Stratton Story is essentially that of a baseball player, it is much more than just a sports drama. It is the story of a Texas boy who left the farm to seek success in the game he loves, and who, just when his career promised to be one of the most brilliant in big-league baseball, lost a leg in a hunting accident. No tragedy is greater to an athlete than the loss of a limb. How Stratton, encouraged and inspired by his wife, made one of the greatest comebacks on record, is a story of courage seldom matched.

The story begins when Barney Wile (Frank Morgan), a baseball has-been, stops at a sand lot to watch a lanky youngster perform magic with a baseball. He learns the boy's name is Monty Stratton and follows him home. Barney gets himself a job on the Texas farm of the Strattons so he can coach the boy. When spring comes, he persuades young Stratton to go to Pasadena, California. There he wangles a big-league tryout for the young right-hander. Jimmy Dykes finally gives Monty a chance against the Yankees, but the Yanks lambaste the youth. Monty is promptly farmed out to Omaha. But it isn't long before he is doing so well that Dykes recalls him to the White Sox. Then, just as he becomes the freshman sensation of the league, he is injured on the hunting field. He loses all interest in life; but after he learns to walk with the aid of an artificial leg, his wife coaxes him to try a game of catch. Soon he is throwing with much of his old-time fire. Without his wife's knowledge, he talks his way into pitching in an all-star game. His courage pulls him through and his comeback as a pitcher is assured.

Baseball fans will love the exciting action, filmed authentically with the aid of 72 of the game's professional players. Movie fans who don't know a ball from a strike will thrill equally to the picture's rich humor and potent drama. The love scenes between Stewart and June Allyson are tender highlights. Jimmy's adventure with a slot machine, his first meeting with June on a blind date, and his proposal in a crowded theater provide some of the film's best comedy touches.

Stand-out performances are given by Frank Morgan as an old-time ballplayer who guides Jimmy to success with the Chicago White Sox; Agnes Moorehead as Jimmy's mother; and Bill Williams as a romantically inclined teammate. Leading "actors" among the professional baseball players include Jimmy Dykes, Bill Dickey, and World Series' hero Gene Bearden.

Director Sam Wood and producer Jack Cummings have successfully combined all the entertainment and dramatic highlights of Monty Stratton's life and have kept it down to earth throughout. Stratton himself served as a technical adviser during the filming.

The story behind The Stratton Story is unique. It centers around Douglas Morrow, a former actor, credited with authorship of the original story and collaborator with Guy Trosper on the screen play. Morrow says he got the idea while watching a softball game at a veterans' hospital near Los Angeles in 1946. He felt the desire to write something that would encourage the wheel-chair patients. Then he recalled the newspaper stories of 1938 that told of Monty Stratton's tragic hunting accident which halted his big-league career at a time when his brilliant pitching had led the experts to predict that he would become one of the greatest of them all. Morrow decided to learn what had happened to Stratton since the accident. He found Monty on his farm in Texas, and learned, to his amazement, that the ballplayer was pitching again for Sherman in the East Texas League.

Morrow stayed with Stratton for several weeks and watched him in several games. When, by the end of the season, Stratton had won eighteen games and had been named "the most courageous athlete of the year," Morrow's story was complete.

"Almost as though by fate, I came across a story in real life that was a hundred times more inspiring and exciting than anything I could have hoped to fictionalize," Morrow declares. ◆◆

Liberty PICKS THE PICTURES APPROVED FOR ALL THE FAMILY

By Elizabeth Wilson

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR (a Santana production, released by Columbia Pictures) is probably the best of the juvenile-delinquent-problem films to date. Humphrey Bogart is the star, but the big news of this fine picture is a handsome newcomer. He is John Derek, who will undoubtedly be the male sensation of the year. The story concerns a big-time criminal lawyer (Bogart) who doesn't want to defend ex-reform-school inmate Nick Romano (Derek), accused of slaying a policeman. The lawyer, who earlier had failed the Romano family of Skid Row by letting Romano Sr. die in jail, finally agrees to take the case. The trial is one of the most exciting ever filmed and builds up to a terrific climax. The story is from Willard Motley's book.

John Derek, Hollywood's latest male sensation, enacts a Skid Row youth accused of murder. Humphrey Bogart defends him at the trial.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS (Twentieth Century-Fox) is a stirring drama of the sea that revives the days of the great whaling ships. (The picture shouldn't be confused with one of the same name that starred Clara Bow back in 1923.) The story revolves around the relationships of three characters: whaling captain Lionel Barrymore; his grandson, Dean Stockwell, who loves the sea; and the college-educated first mate, Richard Widmark. Barrymore is magnificent as the lusty whaling master who insists on discipline for his adored grandson even if it endangers the lad's life. Dean again proves he is one of Hollywood's most talented youngsters. Widmark gives a sensitive portrayal as a hero. The film's only woman is Dorothy Adams.

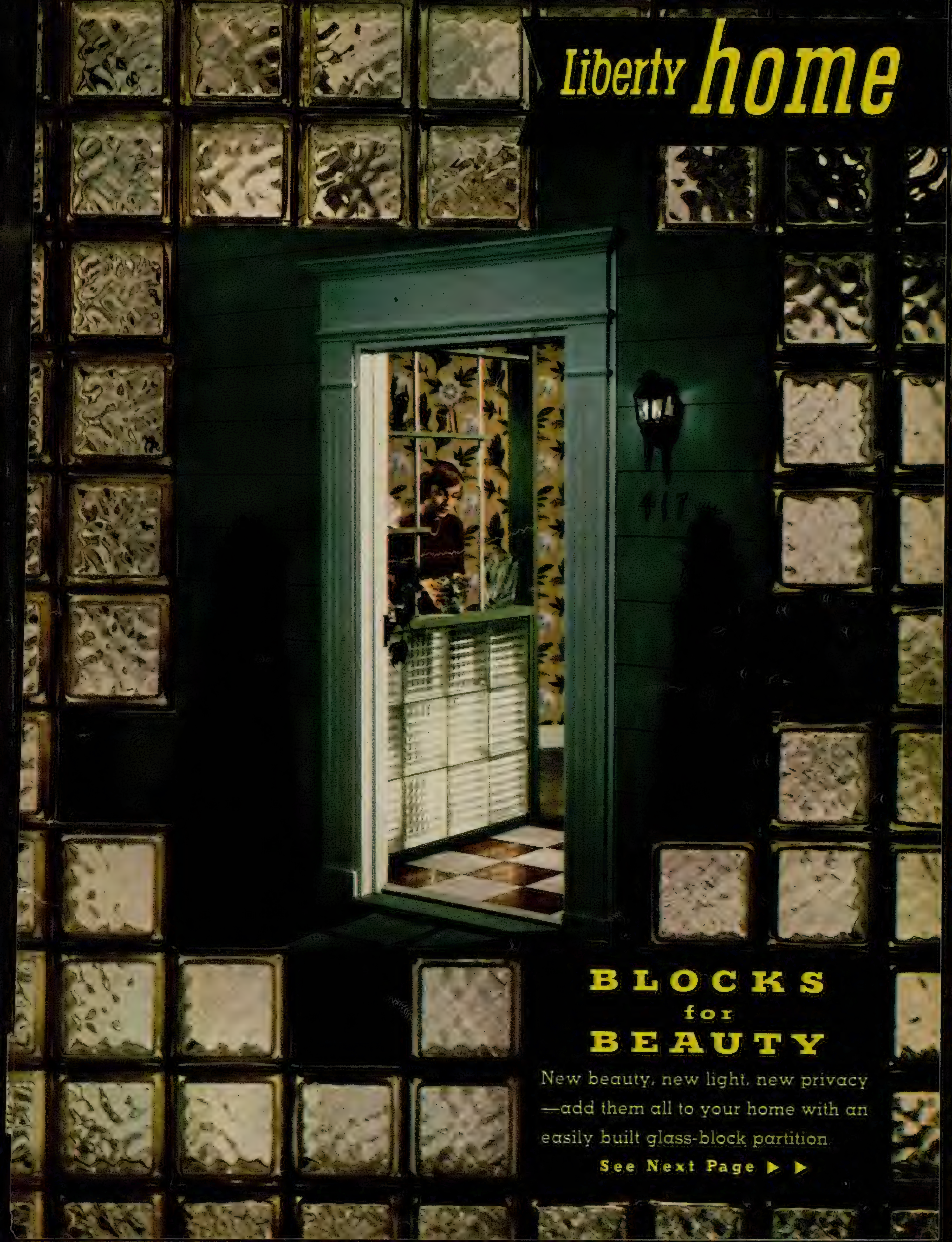
Lionel Barrymore—out of his wheel chair for the first time in years—as a ship's captain. Dean Stockwell plays the captain's grandson.

CAUGHT (Enterprise production, released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is James Mason's first American-made film. He chose Caught for his Hollywood debut, though it gives him a smaller part than Barbara Bel Geddes' and Robert Ryan's. Barbara is a car hop who turns model to win a millionaire. Ryan is the millionaire who marries her. But she can't stand him. She leaves him and becomes a receptionist for Drs. James Mason and Frank Ferguson. Just as she and Mason are falling in love, she learns she is to become a mother. She goes back to her husband. With a bit of contriving, all ends happily. In one of the sequences Mrs. Mason appears briefly as a pregnant woman in the doctor's office. The film is based on Libbie Block's novel.

James Mason and Barbara Bel Geddes find themselves caught in the ages-old love triangle. This is Mason's first American-made picture.

Liberty pastime

Liberty home



BLOCKS for BEAUTY

New beauty, new light, new privacy—add them all to your home with an easily built glass-block partition

See Next Page ▶ ▶

BLOCKS for BEAUTY

LET POP DO IT

The new method of installing glass block without mortar makes it possible to build a professional-looking partition that will be practical, thrifty, and handsome

Liberty home

BLOCKS for BEAUTY

Photos by Kurt Schelling-Transfilm. Glass Block, courtesy American Structural Products Co.

◆ Privacy and a decorative appearance are two of the major demands in home planning. A wide-open drafty hall can be easily fenced off by Pop, even if he claims to be all thumbs.

Look at the glass-block partition on the preceding page. It was built to insure privacy in a small home where the front door opens directly into the living room. A similar glass-block panel is equally striking and practical to divide a living room and dining room, or to create a dining alcove off the living room, or to make an attractive radio "listening" corner in one large room.

Note that the panel on the preceding page is built at right angles to the front door. This not only screens the interior of the open living room from the street, but it allows the sunlight to stream in and keeps the drafts out.

Functional in design, the glass-block base is made highly decorative by the modern shelves to hold plants and ornaments. If you're a young modern, you might want to eliminate the shelves and wooden dowels and hang a brilliantly colored cord or rope crisscross to the ceiling. Pick up one of the colors in the living room for accent.

At this point Pop is probably saying, "But how much will it cost?" Here's the answer to that: We used one dozen 12-inch-square glass blocks, set in wood without mortar.

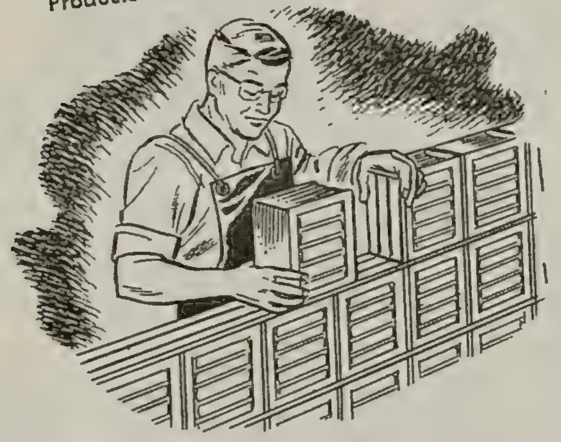
The manufacturer designed it for simple home use, of only three basic parts. Our partition cost less than $50. This included the glass block, set-in-wood accessories, and lumber for frame, shelves, and dowel

There are three steps in designin a "fence." Number one is to build frame to provide the proper opening for the glass block as well a the dowels and shelves. The insid of this opening should be four fee one and seven-eighth inches wide The inside opening for the glass block part of the partition should b three feet one and one-quarte inches high.

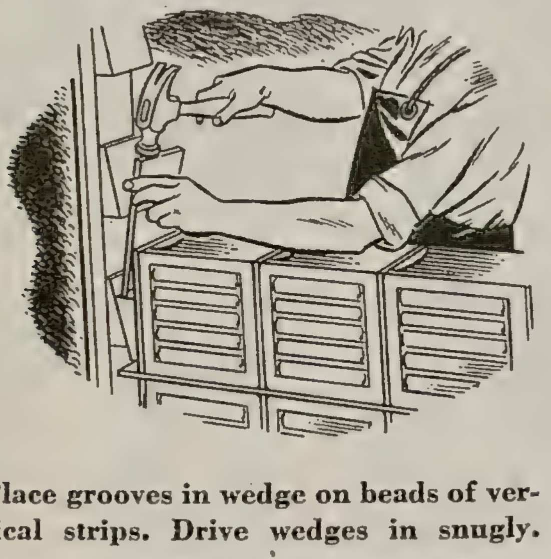
Step number two is to insert th dowels and shelves. The dowel should be cut long enough to fit int the holes drilled partially throug the board on the top of the glas block and the one on the ceiling These holes should be drilled 1 inches from the ends of these boards. The holes on the shelves are also 16 inches apart. Slide the shelves to the desired height and fasten by countersunk nails.

The third and last step is the building of the set-in-wood glass-block panel. This is a matter of laying the blocks in place, separated by prefabricated wood strips, and making the panel tight in the frame by the use of wedges, also prefabricated. Simple instructions for building set-in-wood partitions are shown on the carton which contains the wood strips and wedges.

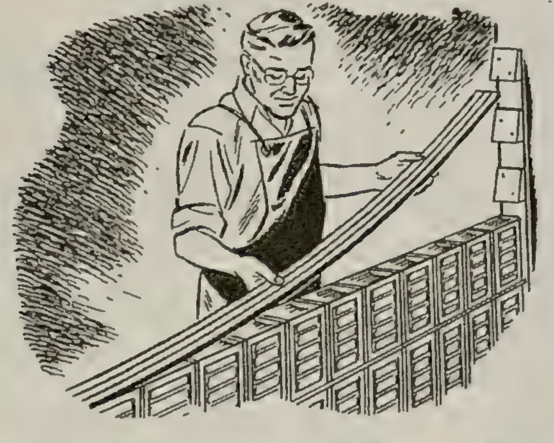
Of course you learn short cuts with every job. One that professionals use in partitions is to paint or stain the wooden strips beforehand. It saves time and gives the completed job a high-style look of building a glass-block panel by the set-in-wood method, and expedites dismantling if you move.



Vertical strips are inserted between two blocks, end of block, and wedges.



Place grooves in wedge on beads of vertical strips. Drive wedges in snugly.



Horizontal strip is placed between each row of block. Wedge evenly on each end.

READER SERVICE BULLETINS

Please check your choice.

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☐ How to Choose Wallpaper	10 cents
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Please enclose stamps.

NEW WAYS WITH MAYONNAISE

From Liberty's Home Kitchen

Mayonnaise in cooking offers exciting combinations of flavor to please your family with entrées and pastry

◆ The idea of using mayonnaise for any other purpose than the ever-popular salads and sandwiches may surprise you, but it certainly is a pleasant one.

Women are dipping spoons in the mayonnaise jar and bringing out all kinds of interesting new ideas with this stand-by on the pantry shelf.

The recipe for mayonnaise is known by heart to every bride who ever whirred an egg beater; she knows it's made of eggs, oil, vinegar, and seasonings.

So let the spirit of adventure enter the kitchen and create good things to eat.

The oil in the mayonnaise lends itself to sautéed eggplant, pineapple, nuts; the seasonings blend with fish and meat; and for baking a ring mold, the eggs in the mayonnaise add flavor, richness, and leavening.

There's also a tantalizing recipe for a pastry crust made with mayonnaise and cream cheese included in our Reader Service Bulletin, Mayonnaise Is Cooking.

MEAL-IN-ONE RING (upper right)

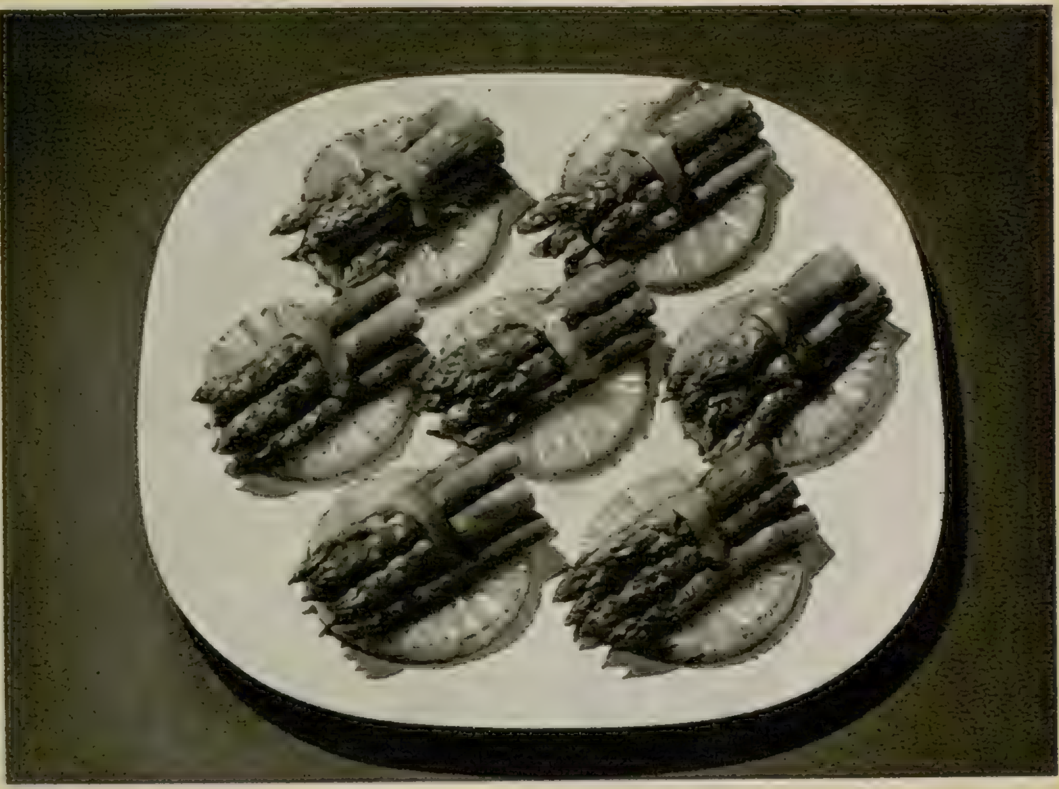
⅓ cup chopped onion
3 cups cooked rice
4 tablespoons real mayonnaise
1 cup cooked peas
1 pound ground lamb
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
Mint Hollandaise
Cooked sliced carrots

Brown onion and rice in real mayonnaise. Mix with peas, lamb, and seasonings. Pack into a greased ring pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Unmold on large chop plate.

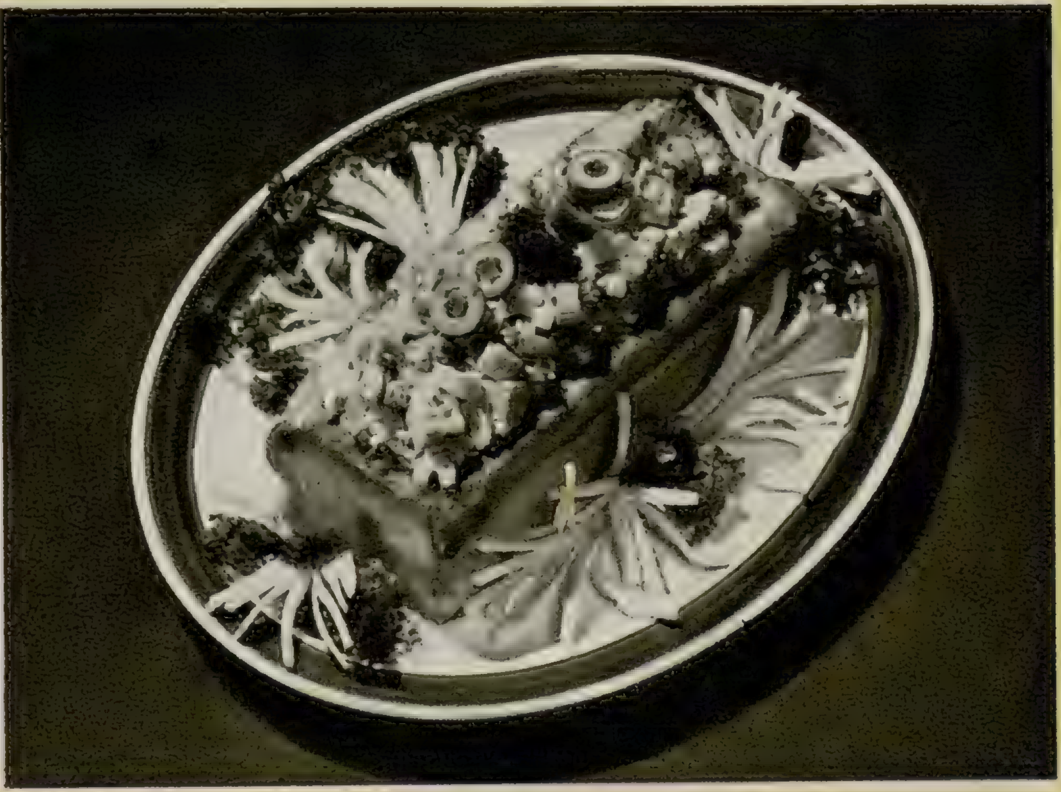
Mint Hollandaise: Melt 2 tablespoons vitaminized margarine in top of double boiler; add 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, and stir until smooth. Add 1 cup milk and 2 teaspoons dried, or 3 teaspoons fresh chopped, mint leaves. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add ¼ cup real mayonnaise and stir until smooth. Fill center of ring with carrots and cover with Mint Hollandaise. Serves 4 to 6.

Photos by Kurt Schelling-Transfilm

Meal-in-one ring gives a thrifty dish that's hearty and colorful.



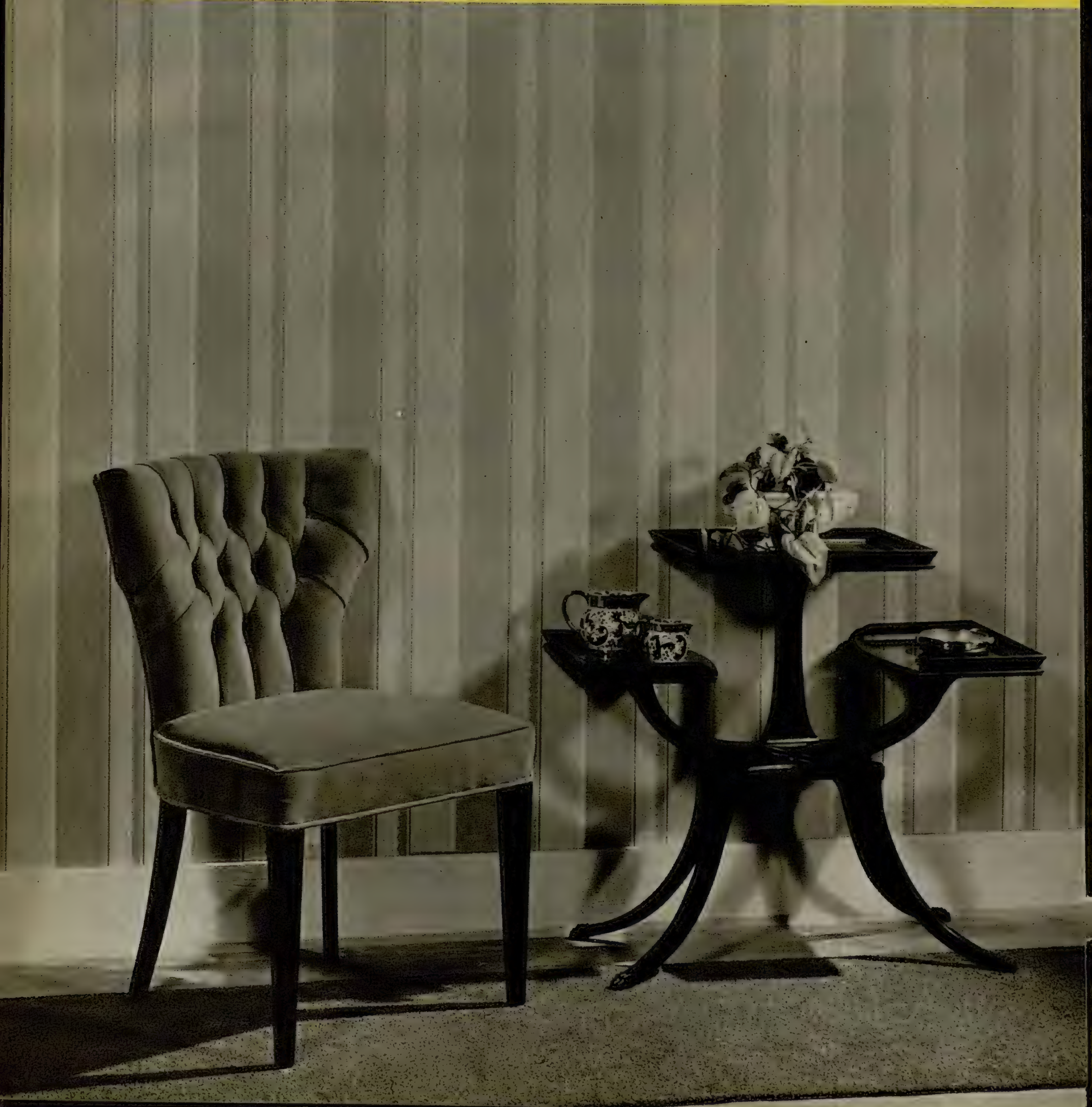
Sautéed pineapple rings. Mayonnaise gives new appeal to pineapple.



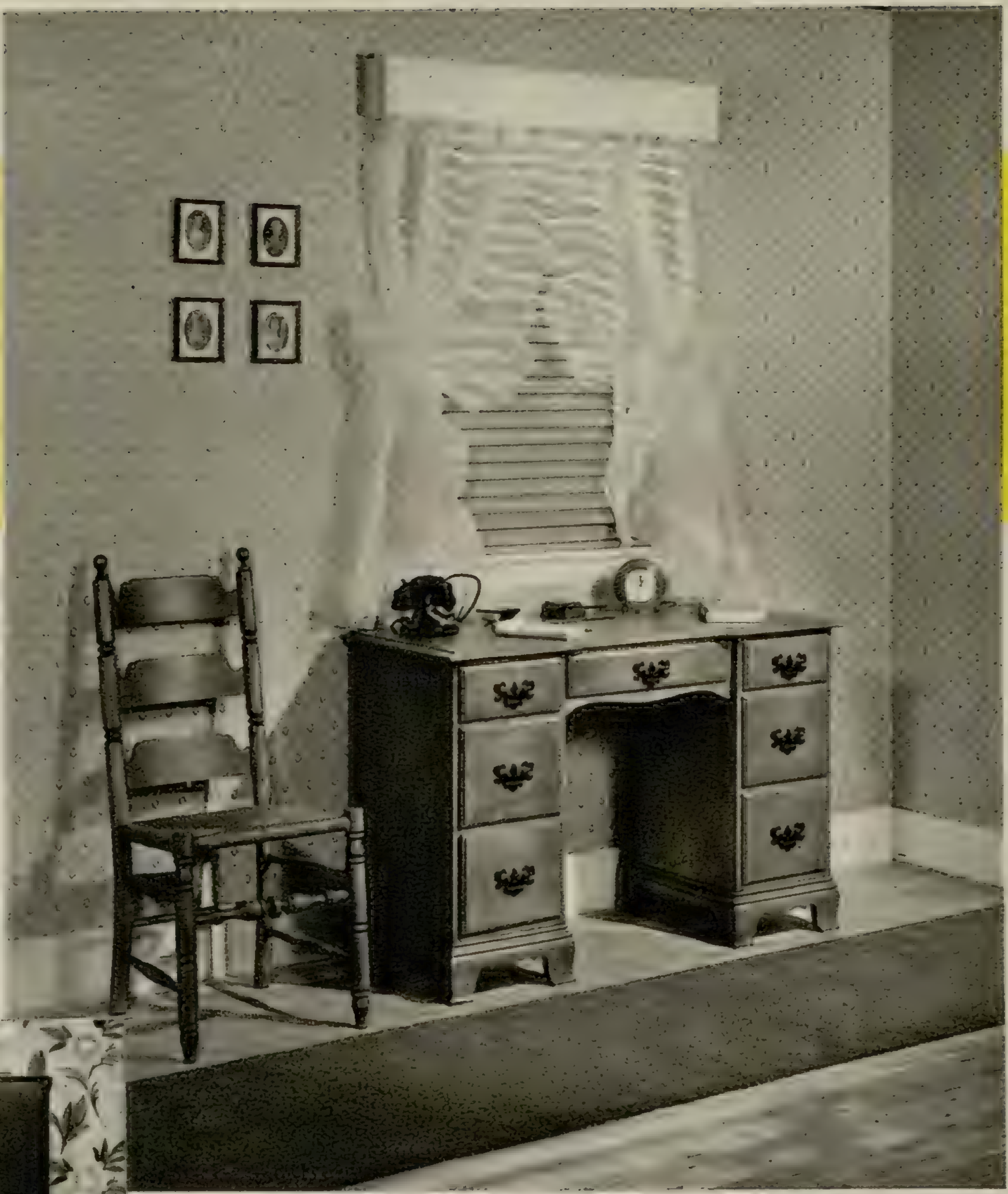
Hot ham-and-chicken salad. This exotic dish is a company treat.

HALLS CAN BE DECORATIVE

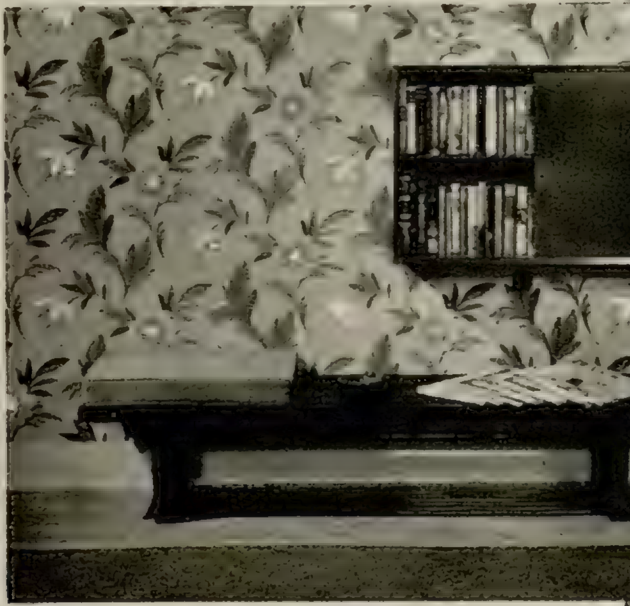
Any size, any shape—your hall can be decorative; with the right wallpaper and just one handsome piece of furniture, it can "belong" to the rest of the house. This mahogany Mersman tier table (under $30) makes even a pocket-size hall important. Dress it with your favorite ornaments—and if you've enough room, try a pair of tables



IS the hallway an orphan at your house, furnished with leftovers? Too small to be useful, or so big that space seems wasted? Look to wallpaper for ideas. Light, cool colors and small patterns on the walls give an illusion of space; deeper colors, larger patterns, cut size. The same paper in the living room will draw the two areas together. The same trick can be pulled off with carpet.

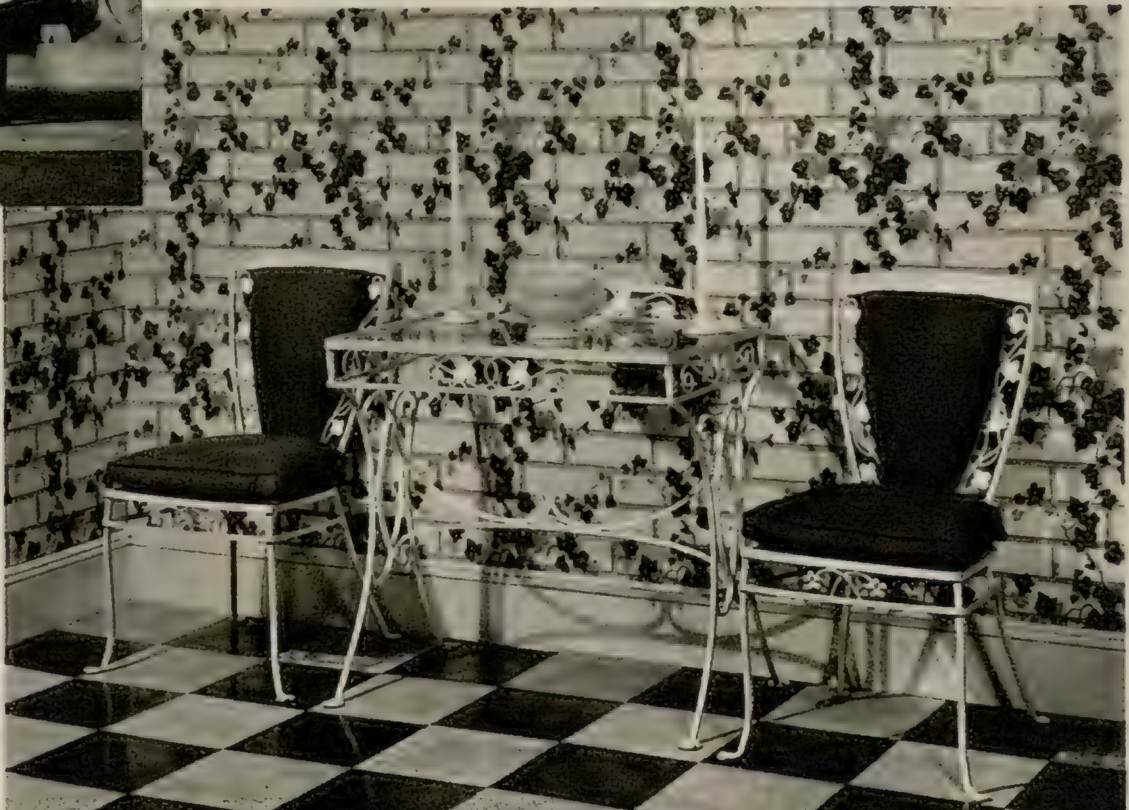


For the hall with a window, consider this maple desk and ladder-back chair, to give the children a quiet place for homework away from the family living room. It's small enough to stay out of traffic lanes, yet you'll feel you've added a room to the house.



This slotted bench with deep cushion and a hanging bookcase fits even the narrow hall. Handy for reading or telephoning; for awkward bundles you bring home.

If you've thought you couldn't afford a rug for the hall, see the 27-inch widths, woven with hallways and stairs in mind. They come in many of the patterns of wider carpeting, but cost less; and with the new, almost invisible methods of seaming, make effective floor coverings for larger rooms, too.



Once we thought sturdy wrought-iron furniture belonged exclusively to the summertime, to porch or garden. Now we bring it indoors, for year-round duty all through the house. If a dark, dreary hall is your bugaboo, team wrought-iron chairs and console with an ivy-patterned wallpaper and white accessories.

Maple desk and chair—Heywood-Wakefield. Bench and hanging bookcase—Herman Miller. Wrought-iron server and chairs—John B. Salterini. Wallpaper—Birge-Thibaut. Carpet—Alexander Smith. Earthenware—Wedgwood. Accessories—W. & J. Sloane. Photos by Kurt Schelling-Transfilm.

HALLS CAN BE DECORATIVE

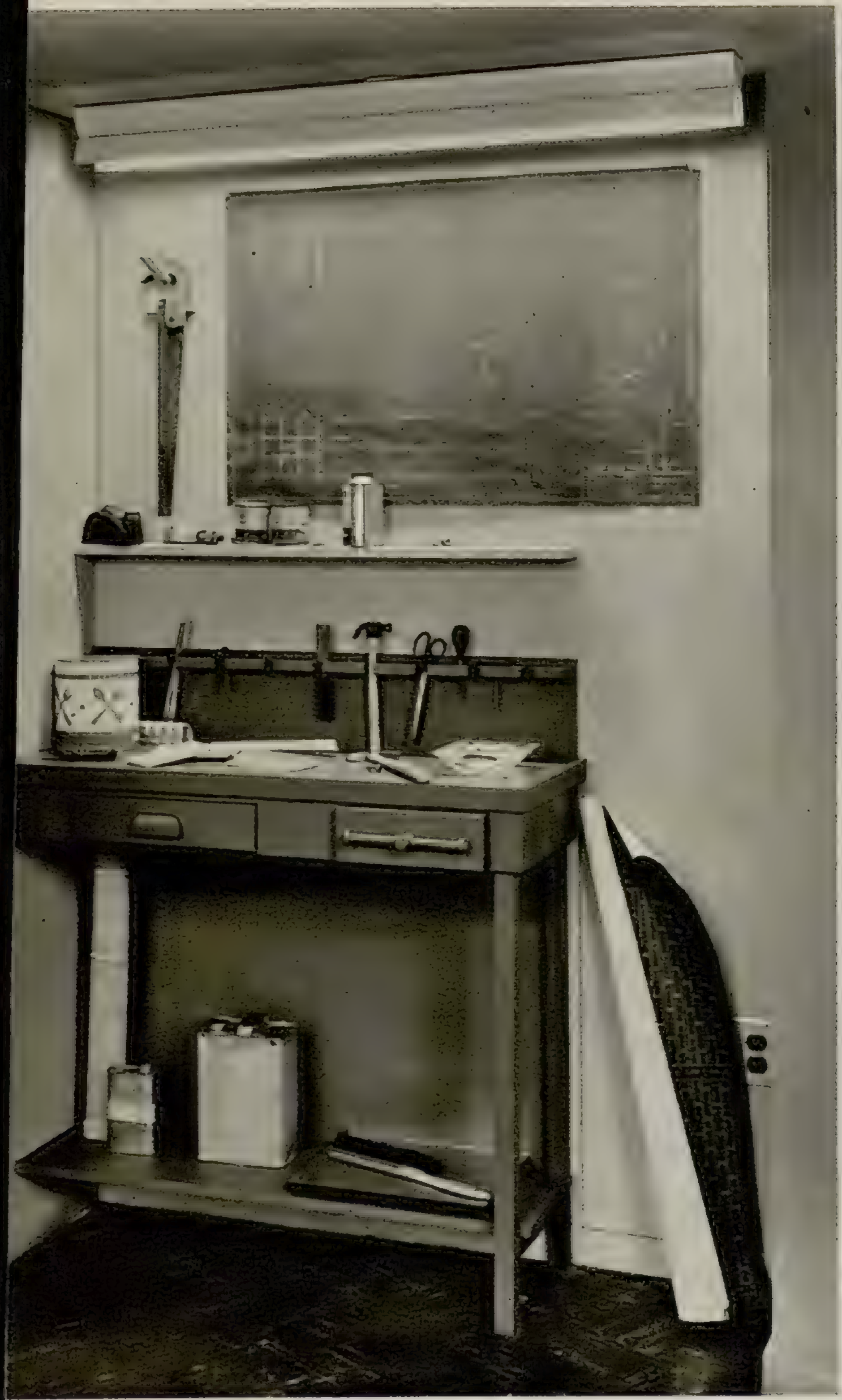
Continued

Any size, any shape, and any age—halls can be decorative. Modern fluorescent lighting brings an old home up-to-date, brightens dark corners and stairs, prods odd corners or closets into undreamed-of usefulness

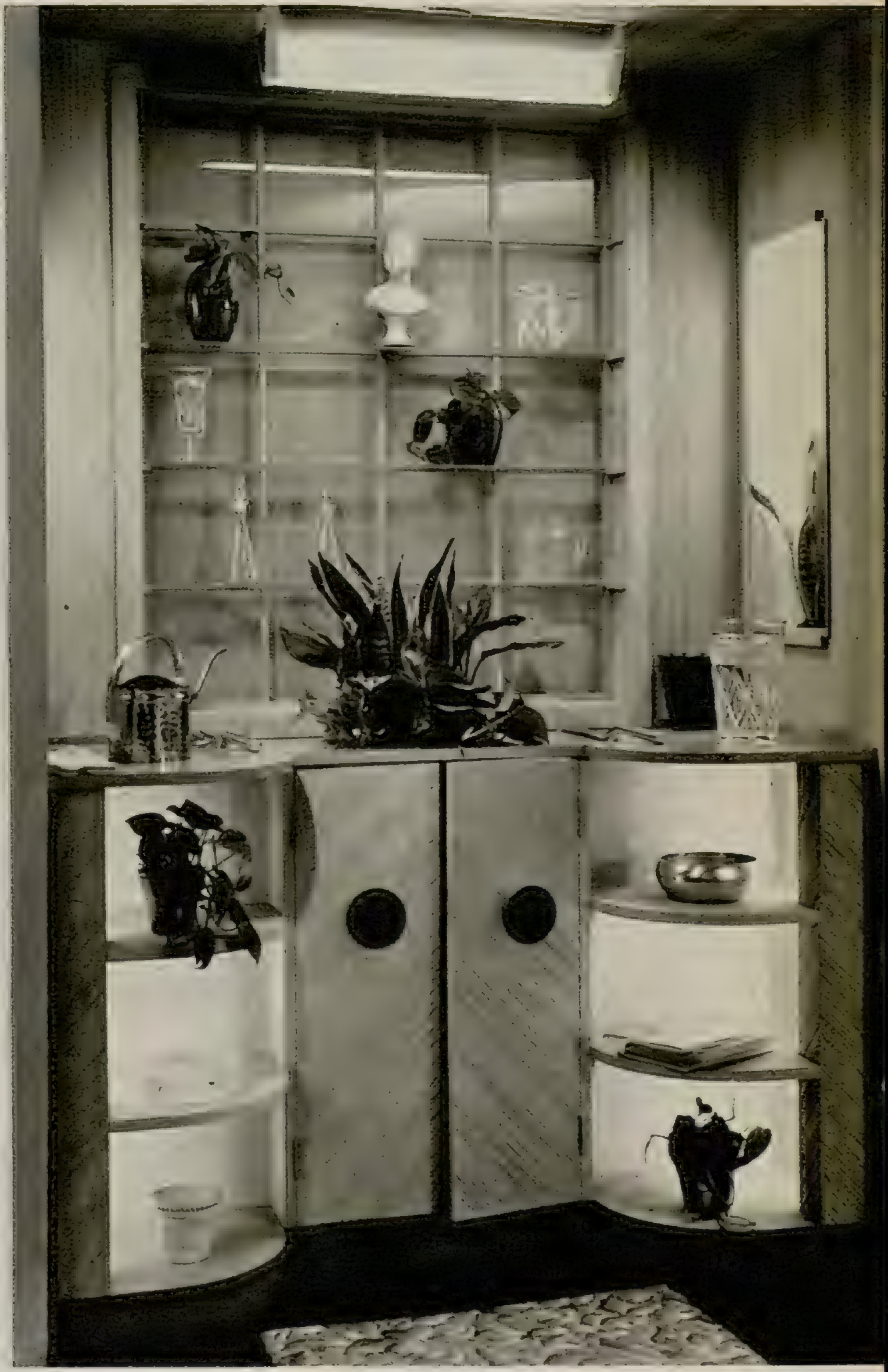
Play safe and play up your carpet's pattern and color. Light tricky landings and turnings on your stairs with fluorescent fixtures recessed under each step and beneath the banister.

Built-in shelves—perhaps in an unused door—may solve the problem of decorating an impossibly narrow hall that has you stumped. Lamps beneath each shelf and at the back provide uniform light.

◆ Without trampling on the budget, you can modernize your hallway. Newly improved fluorescent lighting will camouflage bad spots and highlight good ones. It's a flexible system—you can install as many tubes, or as few, as you wish. There's no more flickering; the light is a warmer, glowing color (approximately that of incandescent bulbs); and the delayed light-up is just about eliminated. Work surfaces, mirrors, and pictures are uniformly lighted, without any distracting glare. The fluorescent tubes remain cool, burn less current than incandescents, and last two to three times as long. With them, you can create new effects and new uses —see the pictures on this page—to make your hall, upstairs and down, well worth its space.



That back end of the hall—collect tools and household repair equipment there, instead of fluffs of dust and old newspapers. A single fixture lights up the workbench without any shadows.



Adapt this well-lighted garden corner to a closet or end-of-hall spot, and you can fuss over flowers and plants, set out seedlings, and arrange garden-show entries without mussing the house.

Lighting—Sylvania. Carpet—Alexander Smith. Glass accessories—Imperial. Plants—Stumpp & Walter. Earthenware—Knowles. Photos by F. S. Lincoln.

ALL IT

Flour plus sugar plus eggs plus salad oil, mixed the new way, make wonderful homemade cakes

By BEULAH KARNEY

◆ The good fairies of May will bless your house if you bake them a cake, or so an old superstition goes.

A champion cake baker who held three grand prizes for her white-cake recipe told me the secret was in mastering one cake recipe and then varying it with different icings. And that's especially true of the exciting new chiffon-cake formulas which can become all cakes for all women—white cake, orange cake, chocolate cake, big cake, little cake, icebox cake, May Day cup cake—now you name some. And only one technique to master, too.

About These Chiffon Cakes

Use a salad oil only. Nothing else will do. The important thing in this cake is to whip the egg whites *very* stiff—much stiffer than for angel-food cake or for a meringue. You must not underbeat, otherwise the beaten egg whites will not be able to "hold" the batter and keep it from streaking on the bottom. When you pour the batter mixture over the whipped egg whites, pour a thin stream, thinly covering the surface, which makes it easier to fold in thoroughly without overmixing. Use a rubber spatula. Be careful not to overmix it and do *not* stir. Bake in an ungreased pan (325° F. for large tube pan, 55 minutes, then 350° for 10; 350° F. for oblong pan, 45 to 50 minutes). For Party Cup Cakes (as illustrated), bake in ungreased cup-cake or muffin tins, 375° F., 20 to 25 minutes. Let stand on rack until cold. To remove, loosen sides of cake with spatula.

Chiffon Cake

2⅔ cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
⅔ cup salad oil
4 egg yolks
¾ cup water
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 teaspoons orange extract
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
4 egg whites

Mix and sift first four ingredients. Make a well and add, in order, salad oil, egg yolks, water, and flavorings. Beat until smooth. Add cream of tartar to egg whites. Beat until whites form *very stiff* peaks. Gently fold first mixture into egg whites until well blended. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 to 40 minutes.

Photos by Kurt Schelling-Transfilm

TAKES TO BAKE A CAKE

2 CUPS
1 PINT LIQUID
1 CUP
+
+
=

TILL WE LOVE AGAIN

Continued from page 21

are mostly fine and decent. To you it's important that you didn't make the grade as a singer, that you've wound up in a cheap night club that they wouldn't allow in Idaho. That doesn't mean a thing to them. They'd like you, or they wouldn't. If they did, they'd be neighborly."

She said, "It wouldn't work out, Thad. I know— and you should. I think you're wonderful, and I know you believe you're in love with me, but—"

"Think slow, honey, before you say your final no."

She did. But it was no use. Love could provide just so much impetus, no more. She wasn't being noble or brave or self-sacrificing. She wasn't even being what she would have called "corny." She was being common sense. She was unwilling to give a good man a bad break.

It wasn't until much later that he realized he was beaten. He leaned across the table and took her hand. He said, "Some things I know more about than you do, Nita. But there ain't a lick of use arguing. I'm not coming back. But I'm sayin' this before I go, and I'm sayin' it from the heart: You know where I live. You know how much I want you. If you change your mind, don't be stubborn—this is too important for false pride. Just send me a wire, and I'll be waiting for you with a marriage license in my hand."

During the next month Nita Wayne learned a few hard lessons. To be right was not always to be happy. To be definite was not always to be free from doubt. For the first time she began to wonder whether in trying to be fair to Thad, she might not have been unfair to both.

And then one night the miracle happened. The man who sent the waiter to ask if she'd have a drink with him was well beyond middle age, but he didn't act like a wolf, and even after she joined him, he was shy. He told her he was from Minneapolis and said he hoped he hadn't insulted her by asking her to drink with him, but, daggone it, he was just naturally lonely.

He was rather dull at first; but later—and when he came back again the next night—she decided he was a pretty good Joe. His name was Maxson—Curt Maxson.

He made only one personal remark. He said, "You're real nice. You deserve something a lot better than this."

It wasn't until after he'd gone that she found the hundred-dollar bill under her napkin.

The gesture did things to her. It wasn't the amount of money, though that was important, too. It was the way it had been done: gently, unobtrusively. It changed her perspective on a lot of things.

She remembered the name of the hotel he was staying at. She called him and asked whether she could come over and talk to him in the lobby. He sounded surprised, but said yes, she could come.

They talked and talked and talked. They talked until morning came. They talked while they had breakfast in the hotel coffee shop.

She told Curt Maxson about Thad. She told him everything. She told him how she felt about Thad, which was something she'd never dared tell Thad himself. She asked for honest advice and she got it. He said, "You been a fool, Miss Wayne. But there ain't no law says you got to keep on being one. So you go right over to that telegraph desk and send a wire. Then pack and take the next train for Idaho."

He helped her compose the telegram. She promised him she wouldn't back out, and her heart was glad because she knew she'd keep her promise.

Curt Maxson went to his room and looked out at the wintry bleakness of New York. Then he seated himself at the writing desk and picked up a pen and a telegraph blank. He addressed the wire to Thad Collins, Kimberly, Idaho.

EVERYTHING WORKED JUST AS YOU PLANNED. NITA LEAVING TODAY TO JOIN YOU. SHE IS A FINE GIRL AND I WILL BE PROUD TO HAVE HER AS A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW. ◆ ◆

FRENCH DISH

Continued from page 29

French films to her credit, was tested. Paramount was pleased, and signed her to a contract which brought her to America. The studio supplied her with a good English teacher and told Corinne to watch her consonants.

Another French actress, Florence Marly, appeared in The Sealed Verdict.

The rumor got around in the columns that Corinne was difficult. Her publicity department now explains that those little "misunderstandings" were caused by Miss Calvet's lack of understanding of the Hollywood producer. In France, it seems, the producer is merely the man with the money. Never goes near the studio.

After Paramount dropped her, Metro signed her, and at option time dropped her. In the fall of 1948 her agent took her calling on Mr. Wallis. He became interested and sent to France for several of her films and later signed her to a contract. She is no longer under wraps.

Corinne is the daughter of M. and Mme. Pierre Dibos of Paris. She has four sisters and one brother.

According to Corinne, nobody discovered her except herself. She just phoned director Marc Allegret, and he eventually starred her in a number of films. She was acting away like a young Bernhardt when she was tapped by Paramount.

While she was floundering around Hollywood's fringes she cracked up her car and herself. For weeks her face was wrapped in bandages. Her single pleasure was sunning herself on the beach of her agent's Malibu house. Husky young John Bromfield, ex-football player and ex-boxer turned actor, dropped by one day, saw Corinne, and promptly got a message. They were married in Las Vegas several months later.

"I know John must love me," says Corinne, "because he had no idea what I would look like when zee bandages came off."

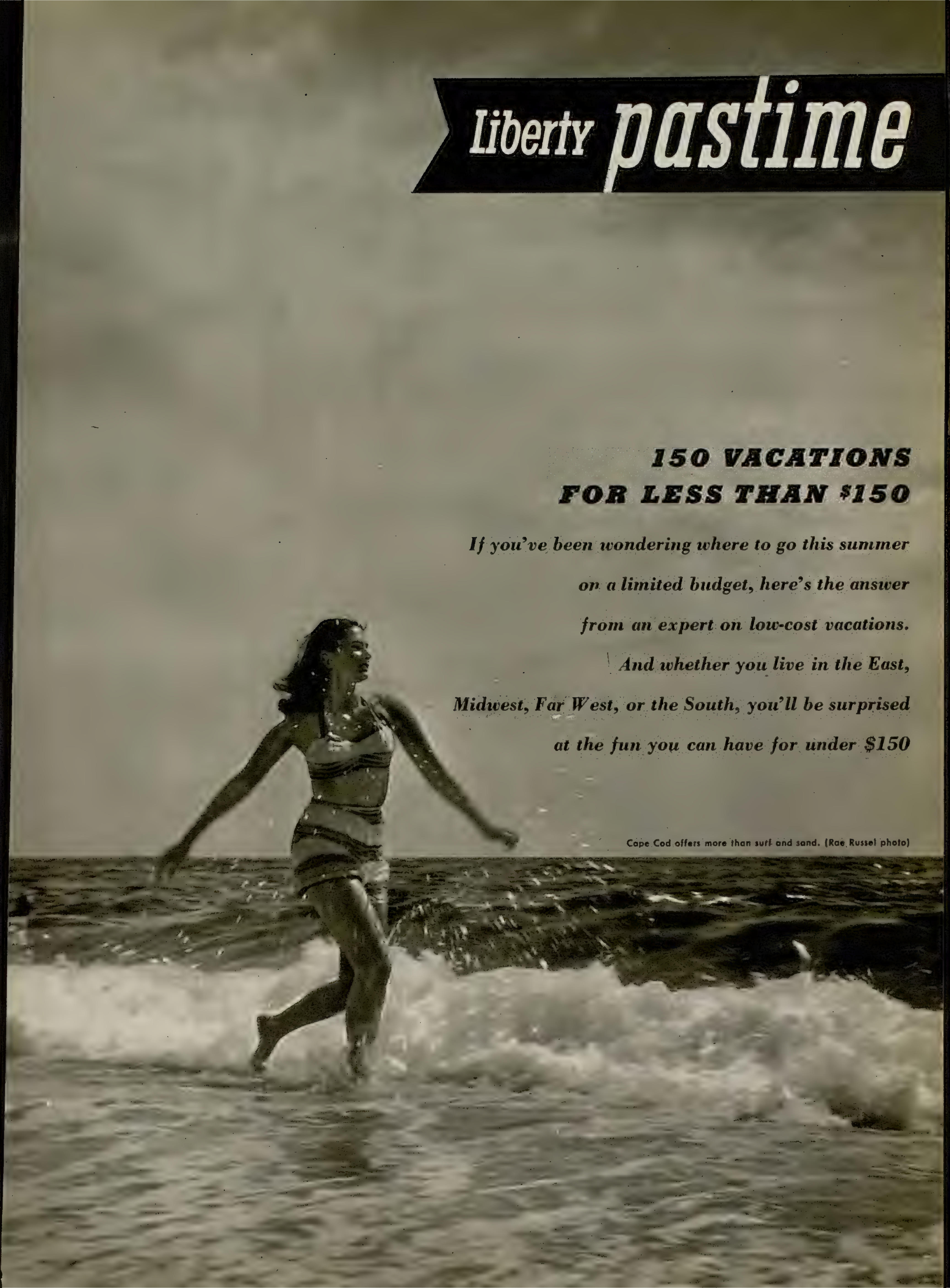
Let it be said that Corinne was wearing a bathing suit, and that John Bromfield is no dope.

Corinne doesn't like to be teased about her English, which, incidentally, is amazingly good. Only the "th's" still throw her. The best compliment she has had in ages was given her by a French waitress recently in a small Los Angeles restaurant. Corinne gave her order to the waitress in English. When the waitress brought her dessert she said, "Could it be that you once lived in France?" Corinne nodded. "I thought," said the waitress, "I detected a slight accent." ◆ ◆

Liberty pastime

150 VACATIONS FOR LESS THAN $150

If you've been wondering where to go this summer on a limited budget, here's the answer from an expert on low-cost vacations. And whether you live in the East, Midwest, Far West, or the South, you'll be surprised at the fun you can have for under $150



Cape Cod offers more than surf and sand. (Rae Russel photo)

150 VACATIONS FOR LESS THAN $150 Continued

By HORACE COON

◆ The cheapest vacation anywhere is a hiking or bicycling vacation. Such a vacation can be taken anywhere in the United States. The American Youth Hostels, 6 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y., will help you; or you can join one of their sponsored trips, traveling in a group under a leader, stopping at Youth Hostels. Most youth hostelers prefer bikes and train themselves to carry a 30-pound pack on their bicycles. They cycle about 40 miles a day (five hours at eight miles an hour). This is not difficult for young people; but older people should not start on a trip unless they have cycled recently.

EASTERN VACATIONS

◆ To plan such a trip, contact your local Youth Hostel Council. In the East, councils are at 67 Beard Avenue, Buffalo 14, N. Y.; Metropolitan Council, 351 West 54th Street, New York 19; Rochester Council, 80 Glasgow Street, Rochester 8, N. Y.; Pennsylvania State Council, 1800 Arch Street, Philadelphia 3; Middlebury Council, 9 Court Street, Middlebury, Vt.; Greater Boston Council, Room 32, 581 Boylston Street, Boston 16, Mass.; Hartford Council, 93 Harrison Street, New Britain, Conn.; New Haven Council, Y.M.C.A., 52 Howe Street, New Haven, Conn.; Potomac Area Council, 14th Street and Hains Point Drive, S.W., Washington, D. C. If you live near one of these councils, plan a trip for a week-end, a week, or longer. Trips of a week or less can easily be managed for less than $50. The councils will recommend places to rent bikes. To use the hostels you must get an American Youth Hostel Pass and Handbook ($3). It lists all U. S. hostels.

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For New Yorkers, a bicycling trip might be made through Connecticut, starting from New Haven. Fare by New Haven Railroad is $4.96, coach, round trip. You can then rent a bicycle at the Bicycle Center, 1129 Chapel Street. English bikes are $7 a week, American bikes $4.50. With the Handbook as your guide, you can then wheel through the state, or beyond, stopping at hostels, and return to New York in a week easily for less than $50.

Another recommended trip, this one for hikers, is in Pennsylvania, along the Horseshoe Trail, which starts at Valley Forge and runs to Manada Gap. Youth Hostels are to be found along the way; you will need the pass and the Handbook to use them. Fare from New York to Philadelphia, $6.26, coach, round trip; Philadelphia to Valley Forge, $1.50 round trip. You can make your hiking trip longer by continuing along the Appalachian Trail from Manada Gap. Hostels are found at convenient intervals along this trail to New York State, connecting the New England chain, and west to Pittsburgh. A week's trip will cost you well under $50. The Horseshoe Trail is open to anybody, but is maintained by the Horseshoe Trail Club of Philadelphia. Horses may be rented and horseback trips arranged, which would cost a little more than $50 a week.

OTHER TRIPS ON $50 BUDGET:

A week-end out of New York to Old Lyme, Conn., stopping at the Old Lyme Inn, $4.50 a day up, American plan. Fare by rail, $4.46 coach, round trip, to Saybrook; $4.50 round trip by Greyhound bus. (NOTE: fares given without the 15-per-cent tax.)

Boating, bathing, and fishing on a lake near Augusta, Maine.

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Remember her with Flowers-by-Wire on Mother's Day (May 8).

She will love your thoughtfulness.
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And, Flowers-by-Wire speak your
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✓ **A Plant for this Mother**

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Flowers by Wire *are economical,* too. Prices range from $5.00 up, plus telegraph charges. We know you'll be pleased with the fresh, beautifully packaged Flowers our members deliver!

In *Any* Event . . . Send Flowers Worldwide via Interflora.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION, 149 Michigan Ave., Detroit 26, Mich.

A three-day "Economy Tour" to Washington, leaving any day, includes round-trip, coach, sight-seeing, a room in a Washington hotel (twin beds) for two nights. All-expense price is $30 each for two in a room. This does not include meals, tips, or personal items. Book through any travel agency.

A week-end out of New York to Shelter Island, at the end of Long Island. Stop at Menantic Grove House, American plan, $4 a day and up. Fare by Long Island Rail Road, $6.74. This should leave plenty for incidentals on a $50 budget.

VACATIONS ON $75 BUDGET IN THE EAST:

A three-day trip to Atlantic City by Greyhound from New York or Boston, arranged through the Greyhound Travel Bureau. Two nights in Atlantic City in hotel, with private bath, steamer chair with blanket on sundeck of hotel. Available all year; leave any day. All-expense does not include meals, tips, or personal items. From Boston, $52 each; from New York, $26 each, two persons in a room. This might be managed from New York on a $50 budget.

A week at Loon Lake Colony or Loon Lake House, near Chestertown, N. Y., in the Adirondacks. Loon Lake Colony, American plan, $3.50 a day and up; Loon Lake House, American plan, $3 a day and up. Round trip by Greyhound, $8.10 from New York.

A week at Montauk Point, L. I., at Gurney's Inn, American plan, $6 to $8 a day; Ocean View, American plan, $5 a day and up. Round-trip fare from New York on Long Island Rail Road, $8.12.

A week at Delaware Water Gap at Delaware Water Gap Hotel, American plan, $7 up; at Deer's Head Inn, American plan, $4.50 up. By Greyhound from New York, $4.08; by Lackawanna Railroad, $4.52.

A week at Bayhead, N. J., on Jersey shore, at Ocean View House, American plan, $5 a day up. Fare, $3.76 round trip by Jersey Central or Pennsylvania Railroad.

VACATIONS ON $100 BUDGET IN THE EAST:

Seven-day tour to Virginia Beach from New York. It includes an overnight trip on Chesapeake Bay steamer from Baltimore to Norfolk. Five days at Virginia Beach. All-expense price of $65.50 plus $3.30 tax. Not included are meals in transit, tips, etc. Book through Ardel Travel Bureau, 1775 Broadway, New York City.

Probably America's most famous beach: Atlantic City, home of the convention.

Five-day trip to New York from Boston. All-expense price from Boston, $60.75 each plus tax. It includes meals on train en route, sight-seeing, some entertainment, and hotel room in New York on basis of two in a room. This does not include any meals in New York. Leave from Boston any day. Auspices of Pilgrim Tours, New Haven Railroad.

Six-day tour to Montreal and Ottawa from New York. Room with bath in hotels in Montreal and Ottawa, sight-seeing included, but no meals, tips, or personal items. All-expense price $64.15 each plus tax, coach travel by rail. Auspices of Economy Tours, New York Central, or through any travel agent.

A week at Oak an' Spruce Lodge, near Stockbridge, Mass., for two people, $59.50 a week. This is a New England dude ranch, open all year, where horseback riding is optional. Rail fare from New York, $8.32, round trip, to Stockbridge. Book through Mr. Ellis, 130 West 42d Street, New York City, who can also recommend a number of other good places; or through any travel agent. Or you may write direct to Frank J. Prinz, owner-manager, South Lee, Mass. He meets trains at Stockbridge by arrangement in advance. From Boston go to Pittsfield, bus to South Lee. (Boston to Pittsfield, coach, round trip, is $10.54.) Good roads all the way for motorists.

◆

Four-day tour from New York to Boston, Salem, Marblehead, Falmouth Heights on Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, via Pilgrim Tours and the New Haven Railroad. All-expense price, $72.84 each, basis of two in a room, with private bath. This includes sight-seeing, hotels, transportation, and meals, but no tips or personal items. Daily throughout the summer, except Saturdays.

Two weeks in Narragansett, R. I., the Breakers Hotel, American plan, $5 up. From New York via Greyhound, $8.10 round trip plus tax. By New Haven Railroad, $12.42 round trip, coach, including tax.

Two weeks at Lake Bomoseen, Vt., Cedar Grove Hotel, American plan, $4.50 up a day. By Greyhound, round trip, $8.40. By rail, New York to Rutland, round trip, $14.26; bus to lake, $3.

Two weeks at Manchester, Vt., Manchester Inn, $4 up, American plan. By Greyhound, $7.60 round trip. By rail, round trip from New York, coach, $12.46.

Four-day tour to Boston and the White Mountains from New York. This includes Franconia Notch, Crawford Notch, Aerial Tramway. Leaves daily via New Haven Railroad. All-expense price $71.17 each, plus tax, on basis of two in a room, with private bath. The price includes meals, hotels, transportation in day coach, but not tips or personal items. Auspices of Pilgrim Tours. These Pilgrim Tours may be joined at any point along the New Haven Railroad.

Maine offers its visitors lakes and mountains and all they mean in sport.

Ten-day hiking trip in the White Mountain National Forest, stopping at Appalachian Mountain Club huts, from Boston. Take Boston & Maine Railroad to Plymouth, N. H., then bus to Lincoln. Stay overnight in Lincoln. Next day follow Cascade Brook Trail. Rates for huts, $3.50 a person. Arrange in advance and get Appalachian Mountain Club Guide. Write to Secretary of Appalachian Mountain Club, 5 Joy Street, Boston. This is a trip for experienced hikers and mountain climbers, but a good trip for Youth Hostelers. By Greyhound direct to Lincoln, $6.15 round trip. By rail, $7.48 round trip, coach, to Plymouth from Boston.

A week in the Laurentians north of Montreal at Mont Rolland, stopping at Pension Val Joly, $3.50 a day, American plan, or $20 a week. By rail to Montreal from New York, $23.66 round trip; Montreal to Mont Rolland, $3.15. By Greyhound, New York to Montreal, $14.85 round trip. This is a beautiful and inexpensive place in the Laurentian Mountains.

VACATIONS FOR $150 BUDGET IN THE EAST:

Four-day Saguenay River cruise and along the St. Lawrence River from Rochester, N. Y., to Montreal, Quebec, and Tadoussac via Canada Steamship Lines; $75 plus tax includes meals and stateroom. Rail fare, New York to Rochester, $20.18; Greyhound, $12.88 round trip.

Two weeks in Rehoboth Beach, Delaware, at Henlopen Hotel, American plan, $7 up. By Greyhound from New York, $7.85 round trip. From Washington, D. C., $6.60 round trip.

One-week cruise from Camden, Maine, on one of Captain Swift's schooners, $75 a week. Allow for one night in Camden. Captain Swift books direct, not through travel agents. By Greyhound from Boston, $7.95 round trip; from New York, $15.20.

A week at the Crossman House, Alexandria Bay, Thousand Islands, $80, American plan. Boating, fishing, and golf are superb. Cruise on St. Lawrence River. Round trip from New York by Greyhound, $14.61. Greyhound also offers an all-expense six-day tour from New York for $50.80 plus tax.

Two weeks in Atlantic City, at one of the following hotels, $2 up, European plan: Bingham, Boscobel, Delaware City; or American plan, $6.50 up, at Eastbourne, Glaslyn-Chatham, or Lewis. Fare from New York by Greyhound, $5.18 round trip.

Two weeks at Asbury Park at Aberdeen Hotel, American plan, $4 a day up; Colonial Hotel, $4 up; Lafayette, $4 up; Powhatan, $4.50 up. Fare from New York, $4 round trip via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Two weeks at Jug End Barn, Great Barrington, Mass., a very popular place, particularly with young people, $6.50 up, American plan. By Greyhound from New York, $7.15 round trip; from Boston, $7.15 round trip. Make reservations well in advance.

Two weeks at Bridgton, Maine, at Christmas Tree Inn and Camp, American plan, $8 a day and up; also Mount Pleasant Inn, $6.50 a day, American plan. By Greyhound from New York, $13.95 round trip; from Boston, $6.70 round trip.

Recommended as the most economical way to take a week's trip to Nantucket, Provincetown, Mass., or Lake Sunapee, N. H., and other points in New England: The Pilgrim Tours, New Haven Railroad. These can be managed on the $150 budget limit.

And here are some other eastern vacations in various price ranges, including a 42-day Youth Hostel tour with group under Youth Hostel leader through New England and Quebec, bicycling or hiking, from Northfield, Mass. Trip will probably go down the Connecticut Valley, across to Narragansett Bay, Martha's Vineyard, Cape Cod, Boston, then up through New Hampshire to Montreal and Quebec, return through Vermont. Groups leave Northfield between June 20 and July 5. About $95.

Eight days at Lake Sunapee, N. H., all-expense trip from New York or any other point on the New Haven Railroad. Leaves daily, except Sunday. Hotel accommodations (room without bath), with meals included in all-expense price of $103.50 plus $2.35 tax. Auspices Pilgrim Tours. Not included: tips or personal items.

◆ Seven-day tour to Provincetown, Cape Cod, and Martha's Vineyard from New York or any other point on the New Haven Railroad. Leave any day. Two days at Provincetown. Hotel accommodations (room without bath) and all meals included in all-expense price. One day in Martha's Vineyard with sight-seeing. Price, $98.25 plus $4.96 tax. Tips and personal items not included. Auspices of Pilgrim Tours.

Five-day trip to Nantucket Island from New York or any point on the New Haven Railroad, leaves daily, except Sundays and holidays, during the summer season. Three days in Nantucket at the Ocean House (room without bath). Hotel accommodations and all meals included, but not tips and personal items. Auspices of Pilgrim Tours, which also offer a cheaper three-day trip to Nantucket. Price, about $95 plus tax.

Six-day tour of colonial Virginia and the Shenandoah Valley by Greyhound from New York, available all year, leaving any day. Price, $48.48 plus tax; hotel accommodations, but no meals. Overnight at Washington, D. C.; two-day tour through colonial Williamsburg, through Richmond and Lexington to Natural Bridge; overnight at Natural Bridge. Tour through Endless Caverns, overnight at Winchester. Return via Harrisburg, Pa.

Six-day New England circle tour by Greyhound from New York, leaving any day during the summer season. Overnight at Burlington, Vt., visit Ausable Chasm, N. Y., across Lake Champlain, then through White Mountains to Portland and Casco Bay, cruise along shore, then to Boston for two days, with sight-seeing to Concord, Cambridge, Wayside Inn. Return to New York via Newport. All-expense price, $50.35 plus tax, includes hotels, sight-seeing, transportation, but no meals, tips, etc.

Five-day tour to Niagara Falls from New York by Greyhound, available any day throughout the year. Overnight at Buffalo, two nights and three days at Niagara Falls, sightseeing, including the Maid of the Mist boat trip. Overnight at Rochester on return trip to New York. Price, $31.90 plus tax; no meals, tips, personal items.

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All Day...Every Evening

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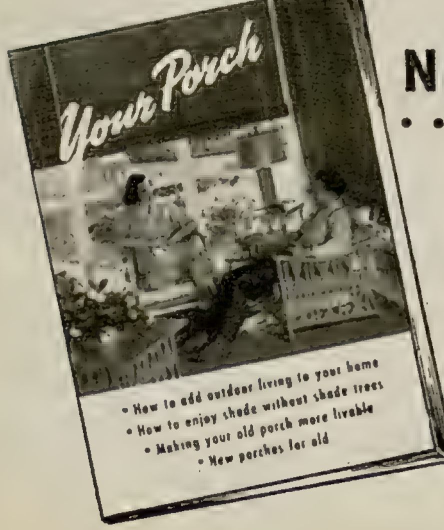
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• How to enjoy shade without shade trees
• Making your old porch more livable
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Two weeks at Ogunquit, Maine, from Boston. Stop at Ocean View Hotel, American plan, $3 to $4; Ogunquit House and Sea Camps, European plan, $2 a day. Fare from Boston $4.96, coach, round trip, plus tax, on Boston & Maine Railroad.

Two weeks at Old Orchard Beach from Boston. Boyden Hotel, American plan, $4 up. Fare from Boston, $6.16 plus tax, coach, round trip. Boston & Maine Railroad. Two weeks at Gloucester, famous fishing port, from Boston. Good Aarborne Beach Inn, American plan, $4 up; Rockaway Hotel, $3.50 up, American plan. Fare from Boston, $1.96 plus tax, coach, round trip, Boston & Maine.

Two weeks at Falmouth on Cape Cod from New York. Cottage Inn, European plan, $1.50 up; Elm Arch Inn, American plan, $5.50 to $6.50. Fare from New York, $20.70 plus tax, coach, round trip. Two weeks at Oak Bluffs, Mass., on Martha's Vineyard. Sea View Hotel, American plan, $4 up. Fare from New York, $20.56, plus tax, round trip, coach, via Providence, New Bedford.

A week in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. A nice place to go from Boston if the Yarmouth boats are running this summer; still uncertain. You can get there by Greyhound bus or your own car. From Boston, $41.35 plus tax, round trip; from New York, $48.80 plus tax, round trip. It is a long trip by bus or car, because you have to go up through New Brunswick and Amherst, Nova Scotia; or you could take the ferry from St. John, New Brunswick. Places to stay at Yarmouth: Grand Hotel, $5 up; Baker's Inn, $4.50; Evangeline Inn, $4 and $5. (All these, American plan.)

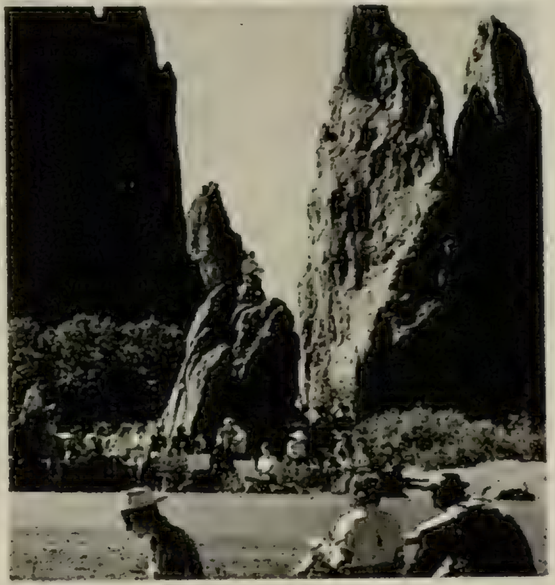
◆ A week or ten days at Lake George, N. Y. Hotels: The Antlers, Lake George Village, American plan, $3.50 to $4. Also on Lake George, at Sabbath Day Point: The Mohican House, American plan, $3 up. By Greyhound from New York, $7.40 plus tax, round trip. A week or ten days at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. (any month except August, during the racing season), at Excelsior Springs Hotel, American plan, $3.50 up. By Greyhound, round trip from New York, $6.40 plus tax. A week or ten days at Old Forge in the Adirondacks at Moose Head Hotel, American plan, $5 up; New Kenmore, American plan, $4 to $5. Fare, round trip, coach, by New York Central, $17.19 including tax. The railroad station for Old Forge is Thendara.

Four-day air tour to Montreal and Quebec, staying overnight at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec and the Mount Royal in Montreal. All-expense; offered by Embassy Tours, 147 West 42d Street, New York City, leaving on Wednesdays, $84.40, flying from New York to Montreal and return.

A week at Watkins Glen, N. Y., in famous Finger Lakes district of upper New York State. Jefferson Hotel, European plan, $2 up. By rail, take Lackawanna Railroad to Elmira, N. Y., and bus to Watkins Glen. Rail fare, round trip, coach, $17.44 plus tax; bus $2. Week at Lake Hopatcong in New Jersey hills, Villa Von Campe, American plan, $4 to $5. Lackawanna Railroad, $3.28 including tax, round trip, coach.

MIDWEST VACATIONS

◆ In the Midwest, as in other parts of the United States and Canada, the cheapest vacation is, of course, hiking or bicycling. Such trips can be arranged and planned through American Youth Hostels. Local councils are Metropolitan Chicago Council, Room 1224-E, Y.M.C.A., 19 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3; Indianapolis Council, 1903 Ruckle Street; Detroit Council, Room 307, 1346 Broadway, Detroit 26; Ann Arbor Council, Room 304, Municipal Court Building; Duluth Council, 1921 East Third Street; Columbus Council, 900 Northwest Boulevard. Wisconsin: 1702 North 32d Street, Milwaukee; 938 Doud Avenue, Racine. There are hostels in these states, and also in Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, and Colorado. Trips of a week or longer can be made independently or in groups from your home town in the Midwest easily on the $50 budget.



The Garden of the Gods, in Colorado Springs, is a mecca for art students.

MANITOBA, CANADA'S FASCINATING PROVINCE

Whether you cycle, fly, or go by rail, you'll want to visit Manitoba, just inside Canada's "rim of adventure." Tourists delight in its variation of scenery, where can be found typical English countryside, an Icelandic fishing village, a central European farm town, a modern Canadian metropolis, a cowboys' ranch, and a rugged northwest mining town reminiscent of the old pioneer days. Here, too, fish of every description can be caught within easy reach of streamlined shopping centers especially designed for U. S. visitors. The variety of Canada's central province of Manitoba is its strong point. It *is* "inside the rim of adventure."

Week-ends for $50 from Chicago can be managed to Mammoth Cave, Ky., staying at the Mammoth Cave Hotel or the Great Onyx Cave Hotel, $1.75 up, European plan. By Greyhound from Chicago to Mammoth Cave the fare is $13.90 round trip. (Remember to add the 15-percent tax to bus and rail fares.)

Two places in Michigan are suggested: Dowagiac, Shady Shores Resort, American plan, $6.50 up; Powell Hotel, European plan, $1.50 up. By Greyhound, $3.60 plus tax, round trip. Holland, Mich., Netherlands Hotel, European plan, $2 up. By Greyhound from Chicago, $5.70 round trip. A nice place for a week-end or longer is Excelsior Springs, Mo. Clay Hotel, European plan, $2; Oaks Hotel, American plan, $6 up; Royal Hotel, European plan, $2 up. From Chicago by Greyhound, $14.80 round trip.

For $75 you can spend six days in the Wisconsin Dells at the Finch Hotel, American plan, $3.50 to $4; or Multnomah Lodge, $4.25, American plan. Fare by Greyhound, $5.80 round trip.

For $100 you can take an eight-day trip to the Ozarks, staying at the Basin Park Hotel for six days. The all-expense price by National Trailways, $72.57, includes tax, hotel accommodations, meals at the hotel, entertainment, but no meals en route.

For $125 you can take a Mississippi River cruise from Cincinnati on the modern river steamer of the Old Man River type, stopping at Louisville, Ky., and into the TVA-made Kentucky Lake. This is a seven-day cruise by the Greene Line. On return the steamer stops at Madison, Ind. The minimum fare is $80 plus tax, and it includes all meals on board. The Greene Line also offers a Labor Day week-end cruise for $45 up; a ten-day cruise of Muscle Shoals, $110 up.

For $125 you can spend a week in Colorado Springs at the Acacia Hotel, European plan, $2.50 up; or the Cheyenne Hotel, European plan, $1.50 up. By Greyhound from Chicago the fare is $36.55 round trip; from St. Louis, $31.60 round trip.

For $150 you can spend a week at Mackinac Island, at the upper end of Michigan. Stay at the Chippewa Hotel, $7 a day, American plan, or take the all-expense rate offered by Greyhound at the Grand Hotel, $86.49. To hotel rates add the fare from Chicago by Greyhound, round trip, $14.15.

OTHER TRIPS WITHIN THE $150 BUDGET:

A week at a dude ranch at Jackson Hole, Wyo. The ranches charge $75 a week: Moose Head, White Grass, Bar B C, Crescent H, Teton Valley. Write for reservations well in advance. The Greyhound round-trip fare from Chicago is $59.60.

Eight-day trip to Colorado from Chicago by Burlington Trailways includes stops at Denver, Colorado Springs, Pike's Peak, Garden of the Gods, Cave of the Winds. A two-day tour of Estes National Park, with meals, is included. The all-expense price is $88.95 plus $8.68 tax. This does not include meals, except as noted in Estes Park, or tips.

Ten-day trip to the East: New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington via Burlington Trailways from St. Louis, Chicago, Columbus, or from Pittsburgh. The all-expense price includes hotels, sightseeing, but not meals, tips, etc. From Chicago, $63 plus tax of $4.10; same price from St. Louis; $4 less from Columbus; $10 less from Pittsburgh.

Nine-day trip to the Black Hills from Chicago includes stops at Cheyenne, Rapid City, visits to Deadwood, Lead, Spearfish Canyon, Homestead mine, Custer, Grace Coolidge Canyon, Mount Rushmore, Iron Mountain, via National Trailways, $80.40 plus tax of $6.72. This does not include meals, tips, etc., but does include hotel accommodations, sightseeing, round-trip transportation.

Two persons traveling together could make the seven-day Ozark circle tour from Chicago by National Trailways to the Lake of the Ozarks in Missouri, stopping overnight in Joplin, Lake Taneycomo, the Shepherd of the Hills country, Chula Vista. From Chicago the all-expense price is $36.25 each, plus $3.50 tax. From Kansas City $6 less.

◆ Seven-day Great Lakes cruise on Georgian Bay liners SS. North America or SS. South America from Chicago, Duluth, Cleveland, Buffalo, or Detroit, for $109.50 up, plus tax, including all meals except when in port. The SS. North America goes from Chicago to Mackinac Island to Georgian Bay, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, and return. The SS. South America goes from Buffalo to Cleveland, Detroit, Port Arthur (Ont.), to Duluth and return. Either trip can be taken from Detroit as a five-day trip for $92.50 up, plus tax.

Seven-day Paul Bunyan Northern Lakes tour in Minnesota, from Minneapolis. Two people can do it on the $150 budget. The Greyhound price is $29.90 plus tax from Minneapolis. Transportation from Chicago by Greyhound is $15.12 including tax, round trip. Stop at hotels six nights, beginning with the Dyckman in Minneapolis; Douglas Lodge at Itasca Park; Markham Hotel, Bemidji; Androy Hotel, Hibbing; Holland Hotel, Duluth.

Four-day tour of the Muskoka Lakes district in Ontario, Canada, by Greyhound. Two people can do it on $150. The all-expense trip arranged by Greyhound is $25.50 plus tax. It includes three nights on shipboard, cruising the lakes, with eight meals. By Greyhound from Chicago, round trip, the fare is $19.80. Transportation plus Lakes tour is thus $45.30 plus tax a person.

A canoe trip along the international border in Minnesota could be managed on a $150 budget. The cost of equipment per man, plus guide and canoe rental, would be about $90 for a two-man outfit. You would probably have to stay at the Lodge at Grand Marais one or two nights. You should make all arrangements well ahead of time. Write to Wilderness Outfitters, Ely, Minn. Ely is 116 miles north of Duluth on the Duluth, Mesabi, and Iron Range Railway. Fare from Duluth to Ely is $6, coach, round trip. From Minneapolis to Duluth, coach, round trip, is $6.75; from Chicago, $20.55 plus tax.

A week for two people at the Mettawas Hotel, Kingsville, Ont., on the shores of Lake Erie, from Chicago: by Greyhound to Sandusky, by steamer SS. Pelee from Sandusky across Lake Erie to Kingsville. Hotel rates, $80 for two. Greyhound, Chicago to Sandusky, round trip, $9.65 each.

Nine-day trip to Yellowstone from Chicago may be done on a $150 budget, but you might need a little more for tips, etc. Two days in Yellowstone include meals. Burlington Trailways all-expense price includes transportation, sight-seeing, hotels. Stops at Cheyenne, Wind River Canyon, Cody Road, Shoshone Dam, and Denver. Price, $107.60, tax $10.82.

Five-day cruise on the Great Lakes from Toronto on Canadian Pacific steamship SS. Manitoba, leaving on Thursday evening, returning Tuesday evening. Steamer leaves from Owen Sound, goes through Sault Ste. Marie to Fort William on Lake Superior. All-expense price from Toronto and return of $56.50 includes rail fare (coach) to and from Owen Sound, passage, accommodations, and meals during cruise and stop-over periods. Taxes, tips, etc., extra.

Seven-day tour to Traverse City, Mich., from Chicago by Greyhound. A vacation mecca on Grand Traverse Bay, where there's good fishing. Seven nights at hotel with private bath included in all-expense price, all meals, hotel-to-beach swimming, tennis available, golf privileges extra, $78 each person. Transportation to and from Chicago by Greyhound, $11.55 plus $1.73 tax, round trip.

Week at Grafton, Ill., from Chicago: Père Marquette Hotel Lodges, American plan, $7.50 up. (This is at Père Marquette State Park.) Fare from Chicago (via Illinois Terminal Railroad through Alton), $16.16 round trip, coach. Week at St. Charles, Ill., from Chicago (38 miles), Baker Hotel, European plan, $3 up. Fare, Chicago and Northwestern, $1.96 round trip, coach. Week at French Lick Springs, Ind. French Lick Springs Hotel, American plan, $9 up. Fare from Chicago, $14.55 plus tax, round trip, coach, Chicago, Indianapolis, and Louisville Railroad.

FAR WEST VACATIONS

◆ The Far West is ideal for hiking trips in all the national parks. California is particularly rich in opportunities. Easy trails lead into the Sierra Madre Mountains from Big Pines, Crystal Lake, Mount Wilson; into San Bernardino Mountains from Big Bear Lake and Lake Arrow-

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head; San Jacinto Mountains from Idyllwild; Santa Ynez Mountains from Santa Barbara; Santa Cruz Mountains from Redwoods State Park. Mount Wilson and other mountains are not too difficult to climb.

American Youth Hostels have local councils in Los Angeles (Daniel M. Brigham, Northwestern Mutual Life, 609 South Grand Avenue); in Pomona, 350 North Garey; in San Diego, 211 West Walnut Street; San Francisco, Hidden Villa Ranch, Los Altos. There's also one in Portland, Ore., 4612 N. E. 17th Street. There are also Youth Hostels in Washington and Nevada.

A week-end for $50, or a week under $100, could be enjoyed at Pomona, a quiet college town, Pomona Hotel, European plan, $1.50 a day and up. By rail, Southern Pacific from Los Angeles, $1.60 plus 24 cents tax; from San Francisco, $22.90 plus $3.44 tax.

Redondo Beach, Los Angeles County, El Ja Arms Hotel, European plan, $2 a day and up. By Southern Pacific, $1.15, coach, round trip; and from San Francisco, $21.35 plus $3.20 tax.

San Bernardino, Antlers Hotel, European plan, $2 and up. By Southern Pacific, coach, round trip, from Los Angeles, $2.65 plus 40 cents tax; from San Francisco, $23.95 plus $3.59 tax.

THREE BUS TRIPS ON $100 BUDGET:

Four-day trip to Crater Lake from Portland, Ore., by Greyhound. Overnight at Crater Lake Lodge, one night at hotel in Bend. Tour includes sight-seeing, transportation, boat cruise on lake, but no meals in all-expense price, $40.90 plus tax. (Slightly less from Seattle.)

Four-day tour of Olympic National Park from Portland via Seattle; two nights in Seattle, one night at hotel on shore of Lake Quinault. All-expense price includes four meals at Olympic National Park. Greyhound, all-expense price, $35.65 plus tax. There are also two-day tours from Seattle to Olympic National Park; $24.70 plus tax. All-expense includes hotel and meals.

Great Falls in Yellowstone River is twice as high as the famed Niagara.

Seven-day tour of southern California from San Francisco by Greyhound, six nights in good hotels, stopping at Santa Barbara, sight-seeing in Los Angeles, overnight at San Diego, time for a side trip to Tijuana in Mexico. All-expense, $42.45 plus tax, does not include meals, tips, personal items.

Four ranches where you can stay for two weeks on a $150 budget. Cascadel Ranch, North Fork, Madera County, Calif. (D. H. Dunn, manager); open all year, 75 guests, $42 to $48 a week. Reserve well in advance. By Southern Pacific to Fresno: round trip, coach, from San Francisco, $8.80 plus $1.32 tax; from Los Angeles, $12.60 plus $1.89 tax. Ranch charges $5 for trip in ranch car to and from Fresno.

Holman's Guest Ranch, Carmel Valley, Monterey, Calif., open all year, 20 guests, $10 up a day, double. Take Southern Pacific to Monterey or Salinas (ranch car, $2.50 each way). Reserve well in advance. From San Francisco, $5.60 plus 84 cents tax, round trip, coach. From Los Angeles, $17.20 plus $2.58 tax.

Alamo Guest Ranch (T. F. Nelson, manager), Reno, Nevada, open all year, 22 guests, rates $35 up a week. Southern Pacific, coach, round trip, $11 plus $1.65 tax from San Francisco; $27.30 plus $4.58 tax from Los Angeles. Reserve well in advance. Station wagon will meet you by appointment; no charge.

Lone Star Ranch (Josephine Has, owner-manager). Open all year. Rates $35 to $45 a week. Take Southern Pacific to Reno. For rail fare, see above. Car will meet you by appointment; no charge.

THREE ONE-WEEK VACATIONS ON $150 BUDGET

Lake Tahoe: Brockway Hotel & Hot Springs, American plan, $9 a day up. By Southern Pacific, coach, round trip: from San Francisco, $9.95 plus $1.49 tax; from Los Angeles, $26.40, $3.96 tax. Also Globin's Al Tahoe Hotel, $9 a day up, American plan.

Palm Springs: Deep Well Guest Ranch, American plan, $9 a day and up; or Palm Springs Hotel, American plan, $6.50 a day, up. By Southern Pacific, coach, round trip: from San Francisco, $25.95 plus $3.89 tax; from Los Angeles, $4.65 plus 70 cents tax.

Arrowhead Hot Springs Resort, $10 a day, American plan. By Southern Pacific coach: from San Francisco, $23.95 plus $3.59 tax; from Los Angeles, $2.65 plus 40 cents tax.

SEVEN GREYHOUND BUS TRIPS ON $150 BUDGET:

Seven-day tour to the Grand Canyon of Colorado and Carlsbad Caverns from Los Angeles. All-expense, $67.50 plus tax. Stops at Las Vegas, seven-hour sight-seeing tour at Grand Canyon, overnight stop at Roswell, N. M., overnight at El Paso, Texas, and Phoenix, Ariz., sight-seeing at Carlsbad Caverns. No meals, tips, or personal items included.

Luxurious lay-back seats on the Day-Nite coaches of North Coast Limited.

Eight-day tour from Los Angeles to Grand Canyon of Colorado, Utah national parks, stopping at Las Vegas, Hoover (Boulder) Dam, Zion National Park, Grand Canyon (two nights), Bryce Canyon. This tour includes 15 meals in the national parks. All-expense price, $89.60 plus tax.

Eleven-day tour of five states from Los Angeles includes stops at Las Vegas, Hoover (Boulder) Dam, Salt Lake City, Saltair Beach, trip through Idaho, along Columbia River Highway in Oregon, stop at Timberline Lodge on Mount Hood, stops at Portland and San Francisco. All-expense price, $88.60 plus tax.

◆ Nine-day tour of Pacific Northwest from San Francisco includes trip through Redwood empire, overnight at Eureka, along Oregon coast highway, overnight at Coos Bay, Portland, a day at Seattle, a trip across Puget Sound, return via Columbia River Highway, Cascades, Klamath Falls, overnight at Redding. All-expense price, $68.95 plus tax. This includes a visit to Shasta Dam and a three-hour cruise on Shasta Lake.

Seven-day tour of Yellowstone National Park from Portland, Ore. One night at Boise, Idaho, eastward bound, and one night at Idaho Falls. Two and a half days in Yellowstone with eight meals included in tour. No meals included en route to and from Yellowstone. All-expense price, $85.90 plus tax. About the same price from Seattle.

Twelve-day tour of Western Wonderlands from Portland to Salt Lake City, Las Vegas, Hoover (Boulder) Dam, three days in Los Angeles, one day in San Francisco, through Redwood empire back to Portland. Price includes transportation, sight-seeing, hotels, but no meals, tips, or personal items: $82.50 plus tax.

Six-day tour to Crater Lake, Shasta Dam, Oregon Caves, for two persons traveling together from San Francisco. All-expense, $48.70, stopping at Eureka, Oregon Caves Chateau, Crater Lake Lodge, Redding, visiting Shasta Dam and including a cruise on the lake.

You can get to Banff and Lake Louise from the Northwest within the $150 budget. The tour of the Canadian Rockies is $53.85 from Calgary. From Portland to Calgary by Southern Pacific is $50.60, coach, round trip. By Greyhound, $35.95 plus tax, round trip.

Two persons traveling together can take the Yosemite Park tour, three days, well within the $150 budget from either Los Angeles or San Francisco. The standard circle tour is $44.50 a person, double room, which includes meals. The fare from San Francisco to Merced is $3.90 round trip, and from Los Angeles $6.50, by Greyhound.

NORTHERN PACIFIC'S YELLOWSTONE TOURS

Tour of Yellowstone National Park from Seattle by Northern Pacific. The all-expense tour of the park, three days, is $59.25 plus tax. By Northern Pacific you enter at Gardiner Gateway and leave by Gallatin, or vice versa. Your travel agent can work out an interesting tour from any point in the Pacific Northwest within $150 for one person. Fare from Seattle to Yellowstone is $45.30 plus tax, coach.

Northern Pacific also is offering a fine seven-day trip to Yellowstone National Park from Chicago for $122.16. This figure includes round-trip coach fare, sight-seeing-bus fare, federal taxes, and meals and hotels in Yellowstone. The only additional cost, other than personal gratuities, is for meals on the train. This would mean a maximum of eight train meals, so the traveler could make the complete trip, including *all* expenses, for less than $150. For travelers east and south of Chicago, there would be additional rail fare, and from the east coast the cost of the trip would slightly exceed $150. From points like Des Moines, the Twin Cities, Milwaukee, and Kansas City the cost would be somewhat *less* than from Chicago.

The train trip would be in modern air-conditioned coaches. From Chicago the trip is on the streamlined North Coast Limited, which carries the latest type of coach equipment, with the famous "Day-Nite" accommodations. There also is a lounge car on this train for coach passengers.

A tour can be made of Glacier National Park from Seattle for about $54.56 plus tax, and this includes meals, hotel accommodations, sightseeing, as at Yellowstone. There are excellent tours and stopovers for transcontinental passengers. Fare from Portland to Glacier National Park, coach, round trip, is $32.65 plus tax; first class, $42.25 plus tax. To this you would have to add the Pullman.

You could have a vacation 5,500 feet above sea level at Paradise Inn on Mount Rainier. The inn is open from June 26 to September 6. American plan, $9.50; hot and cold running water, but no bath. Fare by Rainier National Park Company by motorcoach, either from Seattle or Tacoma, $11.50 round trip.

You could also spend a week in Coos Bay, Ore., on the Oregon Coast Highway. Chandler Hotel, $1.50 up, European plan. Fare from Portland, Ore., $11.15 plus $1.67 tax, round trip, coach. Fare from San Francisco, Southern Pacific, $33.40 plus $5.01 tax, round trip, coach.

Here are some others:

Week at Oregon Caves Chateau, Oregon Caves. European plan, $3.50 up. Fare from Portland, Ore., $13.40 plus $2.01 tax, round trip; fare from San Francisco, $12.75 plus $1.91 tax, coach. (From Portland you go via Grant's Pass; from San Francisco, through Eureka. In both cases there is a short bus ride, costing about $3.)

Week at Yakima, Wash., Hotel Commercial, European plan, $1.75 up; Yakima Hotel, European plan, $2 up. Fare from Portland, Ore., $13.70 plus tax, round trip, coach (Union Pacific). Week at Douglas, Ariz., from Los Angeles at Em-Bar-B Guest Ranch (rates on application); Gadsen Hotel, European plan, $3 up. Fare from Los Angeles, Southern Pacific, $28.20 plus $4.23 tax, round trip, coach.

Week at Carmel, Calif. Highlands Inn, American plan, $8 up; La Playa, American plan, $7 up. Fare from Los Angeles via Monterey, $17.20 plus $2.58 tax. Fare from San Francisco via Monterey, $5.60 plus 84 cents tax, round trip, coach (Southern Pacific). Week at Camp Baldy—ideal for starting hiking trips and mountain climbing. Curry's Camp Baldy, $5 up, American plan. Fare from Los Angeles via Fresno, $12.60 plus $1.89 tax. Fare from San Francisco via Fresno, $8.80 plus $1.32 tax, round trip, coach (Southern Pacific). Week at Shasta Springs (Dunsmuir, Calif.), Shasta Springs Motel and Resort, European plan, $3.50 up. Fare from Los Angeles, $30.70 plus $4.61 tax; fare from San Francisco, $13.35 plus $2 tax, round trip, coach (Southern Pacific).

◆

Week at Eureka, Calif. Eureka Inn, European plan, $3.50 up. Fare from Los Angeles, $34.10 plus $5.12 tax. Fare from San Francisco, $12.75 plus $1.91 tax, round trip, coach (Southern Pacific). Week at Ojai, Calif. El Roblar Hotel, American plan, $9 up. Fare from San Francisco via Ventura, $17.90 plus $2.69 tax, Southern Pacific, coach, round trip. Week at Sequoia National Park. Grant Forest Lodge, American plan, $7.50 up. Fare from San Francisco via Fresno, $8.80 plus $1.32 tax.

Week at Avalon on Catalina Island. Villa Park Crescent, European plan, $3.50. Waikiki Hotel, American plan, $4 up. By United Air Lines from Los Angeles, $12 plus tax, round trip. Week at Payette, Idaho, in lake and mountain country. Bancroft Hotel, European plan, $2 up. Fare from Portland, Ore. (Union Pacific), $19.20 plus tax, round trip, coach.

Week at Banff, the famous scenic spot in British Columbia. Stay at Banff Springs Hotel, European plan, $8 up; Cascade Hotel, European plan, $2.50 up; Homestead, European plan, $2.50 up; Mount Royal, American plan, $5 up. From Portland, Ore., to Calgary by rail is $50.60, coach, round trip; by Greyhound, $35.95.

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Jasper, Alta., Canada, is another ideal vacation spot. The Athabasca Hotel, European plan, $3 up. Seattle to Jasper, round trip, coach, from Seattle, $45.82 (Canadian National). Take the three-day tour of Jasper National Park by motorcoach through the park, stopping at Jasper Park Lodge. All-expense tour, $56 up. There are four-day tours, $68 up. Jasper Park has some of the most wonderful scenery in North America.

If you like the unusual, there's a six-day holiday in the subarctic, America's last frontier. A trip from Winnipeg, Man., by Canadian National, on a special train, all meals on board, into the northern wilderness to Churchill on Hudson Bay. One trip each year in August. Last year the all-expense price was $111.95 from Winnipeg. This year it may be slightly more. This is one of the most unusual vacation offerings in North America. The all-expense price covers all meals and accommodations on train, sight-seeing, but not tips or personal items. Chances to hunt and fish en route.

VACATIONS IN THE SOUTH

♦ Youth Hosteling has not been developed in the South as in other parts of the United States, but there are Youth Hostels in Virginia, Alabama, Florida, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee. Hiking is especially good in the Great Smokies, in many ways the best place in the South to go in the summer. Information about group trips in Virginia may be obtained from the Potomac Council in Washington.

TWO BUS TRIPS THROUGH THE SOUTH CAN BE MADE FOR LESS THAN $100:

A nine-day tour to New Orleans by National Trailways from St. Louis, stopping at Memphis, Natchez, and sight-seeing in New Orleans. All-expense from St. Louis, including hotels, sight-seeing, transportation, is $52.15 plus $4.08 tax. From Chicago it is $65.15 plus $4.94 tax.

A nine-day tour of Florida by Greyhound, available all year, includes stops at St. Augustine, Marineland, Bok Tower, Miami, Miami Beach, South Bay boat cruise, three nights at Jacksonville, two nights at Tampa, three at Miami, but no meals, tips, or personal items included in all-expense price. From Jacksonville, $67.80; from Chicago, $89.05; from Richmond, $78.45; from New York, $85.65—all plus tax. From northern points, of course, this will exceed $100 in total expenses, but could be kept under $150.

From Texas cities you can go to Mexico within the $150. A seven-day trip to Mexico, called the Aztec Empire Tour, by National Trailways from San Antonio includes four nights in a hotel at Mexico City. The all-expense price is $60.60 plus $3.84 U. S. tax, on the basis of two in a room; $2.10 Mexican tourist permit. This price includes hotels, sight-seeing, transportation, but no personal items, tips, or meals. You have to figure on paying for 17 meals.

"Trade-mark" of New Orleans: most old houses have these cast-iron balconies.

National Trailways also offer a tour of Texas, the Indian Empire, Albuquerque, Carlsbad Caverns, San Antonio, El Paso, with two days in Taos, N. M., and a visit over the border at El Paso to Juarez. The all-expense price from Chicago is $87.50 plus $7.51 tax; proportionately cheaper from intermediate points. The tour takes 13 days from Chicago.

A 12-day tour, including most of the South, from Chicago by National Trailways takes you to Little Rock, Natchez, New Orleans, Atlanta, and the Smoky Mountains. The all-expense price, $75.75 plus $6.56 tax, includes hotels, transportation, sight-seeing, but no meals, tips, or personal items.

A 15-day tour by National Trailways stops at Cincinnati, Knoxville, Asheville, N. C., thence to St. Petersburg, Fla., Miami Beach (four days), Ocala, and Anniston, Ala. This includes a comprehensive tour of the Great Smokies. All-expense from Chicago is $92.80 plus tax of $7.41; excludes meals, tips, personal items. It is, of course, proportionately cheaper from intermediate points.

A 14-day Texas Gulf Coast tour by National Trailways takes you to Dallas, San Antonio, Brownsville (two nights), Houston (three nights), Galveston (three nights), Hot Springs, Ark. Sight-seeing and hotel accommodations included (but no meals, tips, etc.) in all-expense price from Chicago, $89.25 plus $7.99 tax.

You can visit Havana within the $150 budget from Florida points through a number of tours. An example offered by Greyhound from Miami includes three nights in Havana in hotel, sight-seeing, night club. By bus and air the price is $66.90, double, a person; by Pan American Airways from Miami, $77.45; by steamship overnight on P & O boat, including dinner and breakfast, $87.95. All these prices exclude taxes, personal items, and (except on boat) meals. Tourist agencies have other tours at about $80 from Miami to Havana.

Tourist agencies also offer air cruises to Nassau from Miami. One quoted by Embassy Tours, 147 West 42d Street, New York, is $64.40 plus tax.

One of the best and newest of the Smoky Mountain resorts is Fontana Dam, where housekeeping cabins are $30 a week; dormitory accommodations, $1.25 a day. It can be reached by Greyhound: round trip from Chicago, $26.50; from New York, $21.15, round trip.

Another beautiful resort in North Carolina is on the coast: Nags Head. The hotels there are $6 a day up, American plan: Fort Raleigh at Manteo; Maud White's at Buxton; Atlantic Hotel, Hatteras; Wahab's at Ocracoke; Carolinian at Nags Head ($8 up). You get there by Pennsylvania Railroad from New York to Norfolk, bus to Manteo ($4). Railfare, coach, $19.90. By Greyhound to Norfolk from New York is $15.25 round trip.

Asheville, N. C., is the center for the Great Smokies and Smoky Mountain tours. You can stay at the Albemarle Inn for from $27.50 to $45 a week, American plan, or at a guest house such as the Sherwood, $40 to $50 a week, American plan. Fare by Southern Railway, coach, round trip, is $13.30 from Charleston, S. C.; from Raleigh, N. C., $12.30—plus tax in both cases. From Durham, N. C., a dollar cheaper than from Raleigh.

♦ Knoxville is the other big center, on the other side of the Smokies. From New Orleans the round-trip fare by Southern Railway, coach, is $27.60 plus tax. For another $4 you can get to Gatlinburg in the heart of the Smokies, where you can stay at the Greystone Hotel for $8 up, American plan. Cabins at Smoky Mountains Lodge are $1.50 to $2.25 a person, and the restaurant is near by. On Roaring Fork Creek, cabins are $2 a person and up.

Many Southerners go to the Gulf coast resorts in the summer, such as Biloxi and Pass Christian, Miss. The round-trip coach fare from Atlanta by Southern Railway via Birmingham to Biloxi is $20.20 plus tax. Most hotels in Biloxi, such as the Avelez, Buena Vista, Biloxi, Tivoli, are on the European plan, $3 or $3.50 a day.

Brunswick, Ga., is another favorite, but the hotels are higher in price. The fare from Atlanta to Brunswick is $12.50, round trip, coach, by Southern Railway. This is near Sea Island and St. Simons Island, luxury resorts.

Many persons like to go to New York, and you can have five days in the big town under an all-expense plan by Greyhound any time of year, leave any day from Richmond or Atlanta, or any city served by Greyhound; sight-seeing and hotel room included, but no meals. All-expense for four nights, five days, is $27.60.

Add bus transportation: From Richmond, $10.10 plus tax; from Atlanta, $27.30 plus tax, round trip.

Here are some other vacations at famous Southern spots: Week at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. Alvon Hotel, European plan, $1.50 up; West Virginia, European plan, $1.75 up; the Greenbrier (one of the most modern and luxurious hotels in the South, recently completely renovated), $15 up a day, American plan. From New York by Chesapeake & Ohio, $13.55 plus $2.03 tax, coach, round trip. From Baltimore by Chesapeake & Ohio, $10.85 plus tax, round trip, coach.

Week at Winchester, Va.: George Washington Hotel, European plan, $2.50 up; Jack Hotel, European plan, $1.50 up. Fare by Baltimore & Ohio from Baltimore, $8.60, round trip, coach; from Washington, $6.04, round trip, coach, including tax.

Week at Augusta, Ga.: Partridge Inn, European plan, $2.50 up; Sheraton Bon Air, European plan, $3.50 up. Fare from Washington by Atlantic Coast Line, $28 plus tax, round trip, coach.

Week at Florence, Ala., center of TVA lakes district: Negley Hotel, European plan, $2 up; Reeder Hotel, European plan, $1.50 up. Fare from Cincinnati by Louisville & Nashville Railroad, $21.66 plus tax, round trip, coach.

Week at Hot Springs, Ark.: Knickerbocker Hotel, American plan, $4 up; Commercial Hotel, European plan, $2.50 up; Delmar Hotel, American plan, $7.50 up; Goddard Hotel, European plan, $2 up. Fare from St. Louis on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad, $20.18 plus tax, coach, round trip.

◆ The possibilities for vacations in Texas are so vast and varied they cannot even be summarized in this survey. However, there is famous fishing at Port Aransas on the Gulf coast, good bathing and hunting. In the vicinity of San Antonio there is good fresh-water fishing, deer and turkey hunting, riding, canoeing, camping. The Del Rio region is wilder, if that's what you want. In the brush country between San Antonio and the Mexican border there is deer and peccary hunting, quail, and big game. In the Chisos Mountains area there is more big-game hunting and good climbing. Along the Mexican border you'll find bullfights, game dinners, cock-fighting, and all the excitement of night clubs and similar tourist resorts.

Note: For automobile trips in your own car, use the bus trips outlined in the foregoing as a basis. Bus fares roughly approximate the cost of oil, gasoline, and general upkeep of your car. Trips can be made, therefore, in your own car within the budgets given above, but note that most budgets are given "per person"; do not make the mistake of thinking that two persons can travel for the price of one. ◆ ◆

THAT ASTONISHING CREATURE—THE BABY

Cont'd from page 27

Then — *wham!* — the birth. From the snug, air-conditioned, soundproof chamber the baby comes out into light and dark, cold and heat, drafts, noise. Where food came to him unsought, now he must hunt it. Where he floated, now he must lie on a bed which, however soft, is still hard by comparison. Where there were few if any microbes, now he is assailed by clouds of them. Where he had no need for air, now he must spread his leaflike lungs and breathe.

"That the baby lives at all is a miracle," said Dr. Leona Baumgartner, child expert of New York City's Department of Health.

Not only is the baby tough physically, he is smart and he is sharp. He knows what he wants and how to get it. For dealing with society, he has two tools: a smile and a wail. The smile begins as a physical something on the face. But the infant quickly catches on that this, when properly used, pays off in social coin, and before you can zip a galosh he is using the smile to get results. Always creative, he soon adds a gurgle and, after a while, a rollicking whoop.

The cry he employs in precisely the same way — to bring mama, papa, or both, and with them, food, dry clothing, attention. The cry says, *"I want!"* or *"I am unhappy!"*

The speed with which the child discovers the power of the smile and the wail is part of his fantastic ability to learn. Within a year every normal baby masters a dozen miscellaneous skills and techniques at a speed no grown-up can equal.

In one year he learns to crawl, stand, sit, walk. Before he is two he has learned a language, from scratch. He comes to know father and mother, a squadron of relatives and friends. After that, learning is largely a refinement of what he already knows.

The human being operates, we have been taught by Dr. Arnold Gesell of Yale, on a development schedule as rigid as the alphabet's progression from A to Z. When the teeth begin to grow, the chin moves forward, the jaw strengthens, the digestive system develops, and the baby is ready for solid food. A child has all the tools and muscles essential for walking when born. Indeed, when supported, babies have actually taken steps when a few days old. But babies lack a sense of equilibrium. When this comes the baby walks. The same thing is true of

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other physical and mental skills.

We might stop right here, but there are conclusions to be drawn. There is, if you please, a moral.

We have in our baby an *astonisher*, a creature who is brave, tough, and co-operative. He arrives ready to be part of the gang.

Our attitude toward the baby is to a large extent negative. For our own convenience we ignore up-to-date advice which permits the baby to set his own schedule. We say No when he is hungry. We say No when he wets the bed. And when he says No, we say Yes. And being the bigger and the stronger, we have our way. We force him to eat when he doesn't want to; we contradict, we deny, we boss the baby. And when he grows up with a way of saying No, of refusing to do what we ask of him, we rush him to a psychiatrist or write letters to the Child Care editor of the local newspaper.

Instead we should look into our own hearts, our own brains. This negativism, this perversity, is wholly of our own making. Margaret Mead the anthropologist once wrote of a tribe in New Guinea which denied its babies nothing until they were seven. Rather than growing up spoiled brats, they became wonderfully sweet members of the family, responsible, obedient. I am not suggesting that we let our kids run hog wild. I am only asking that we respect the baby, for he knows as well as we do what is important for his well-being.

When a baby cries because of hunger, he is sincere, utterly, and no bones about it. The stomach of the average infant is empty in about an hour. Babies also know pretty much what is good for them. Dr. Clara Davis, in an experiment at Johns Hopkins, set platters of various foods before a group of wee ones, let them eat what—and as much as—they wanted. One turned down sweets for cod-liver oil. Another, needing minerals, partook heavily of salt. He made a wry face but went on taking salt because salt was what his body craved.

So, if you love the baby you will allow him a foible or two. You will respect him as an individual with needs and rights of his own. You may not have the daintiest crib or play pen, or the neatest living room in town, but you will have first-rate children and, ultimately, good citizens. ◆ ◆

WHAT UNCLE SAM WILL DO IF DEPRESSION COMES

Continued from page 17

starting when a depression bogs it down. In a depression, demand and purchasing power dry up. Producers, having no market, close their plants and release employees. This cuts purchasing power further, and the thing goes into a downward spiral. The modern theory is that government can sustain the demand for goods by spending money and encouraging business and individuals to do so, until the economy gets into gear once more.

This country is now tacitly committed to a doctrine imported from England — the late John Maynard Keynes' idea that in a depression, government must spend more and tax less, and in boom times must spend less and tax more. Our old allegiance to a budget balanced in bad times as well as good has probably vanished forever.

In practice, the trouble with the Keynes theory is that politicians like to follow it halfway—spend much and tax little all the time.

Direct government spending for public works, reclamation and housing; direct and guaranteed loans to business and agriculture; the expansion of social insurance and easy credit were all developed in Depression I. But both Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt raised taxes, and taking money out of private pockets tended somewhat to offset government spending. Today economists favor leaving the money in private hands and inducing its owners to spend it.

Even if rates aren't cut, our progressive income-tax system means that if earnings drop, taxes drop even faster. When a workman is reduced from full to part time, for instance, it isn't long before his income-tax burden disappears entirely.

President Truman's recommendations to the new Congress reflected the opinion of his Council of Economic Advisers that inflationary forces were still the strongest. As they have many times before, his advisers differed with business analysts. Among the latter the opinion was growing that as far as inflation went, we had already had it.

The three advisers range in their economic philosophy from Edwin G. Nourse, the chairman, at the right, through John D. Clark, somewhere near center, to Leon H. Keyserling at the left. Their joint reports can't help showing this variety of viewpoint, as well as the influence of the President's social-reform program.

The Council was set up as an economic general staff by the Employment Act of 1946, which committed the government to use all its resources to promote maximum employment, production, and purchasing power. The President's economic report to Congress, based on its advice, annually recommends legislation to meet the situation in the coming year as he sees it. A Joint Committee on the Economic Report, representing both Senate and House, is supposed to digest his recommendations for the committees handling tax and other legislation. For the first two years of the act's existence, the committee disagreed with the President.

This year he and his lieutenants stuck to their contention that the thing to beat in 1949 is inflation. They urged more taxes, a budget surplus, controls over credit and materials, and stand-by controls over prices and wages. President Truman remarked that curbing inflation was the first step toward preventing depression.

The joint committee's Democratic majority went along pretty much. The Republican minority balked at controls and tax increases, and counseled economy.

If the President should sound the alarm over a depression, Congress would probably be quick to act. Anti-depression measures are pleasant to take. Politicians aren't likely to be reluctant about cutting constituents' taxes or voting new schools and bridges for the home districts. But it would be some time before shovels attacked public works. It takes only a few minutes to vote a billion dollars but a long time to spend it.

Government, which is cumbersome and slow, with scattered responsibility, has been remiss about planning public works. President Roosevelt once urged a shelf of plans from which blueprints could be pulled at will, and many people think it now exists. The Federal Works Agency, successor of the New Deal's WPA, did get an appropriation of $65,000,000 three years ago which it lent to states and cities. This was enough to pay for plans covering public works costing only about $2.5 billions, against an estimated present backlog in needed state and municipal public works of $100 billions.

Often more time is needed for preparation than for actual con-

(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 56)

struction. The average time for blueprinting big jobs is 18.3 months.

The Bureau of Reclamation is currently spending at the rate of $275,000,000 a year, chiefly to bring water to arid western lands, and partly for power. Unless it lowered its standards a lot, the bureau could not within two years raise this annual rate of spending to more than $800,000,000.

The Corps of Engineers, which is now devoting about $500,000,000 a year to rivers and harbors, flood control and related projects, could expand somewhat faster. Still following an orderly and well-regulated procedure, it could double its spending in six months and quadruple it in a year.

The outlook is not favorable for an early start either on public buildings or public roads, both of which are concerns of FWA. Except for two in Washington, no plans are ready, and no sites have been acquired for new buildings. The chief delay in expanding road construction is the shortage of contractors, many of whom went out of business during the war.

There is no agreement that government spending is the answer. Millions were still jobless in 1939, after years of New Deal outlays.

If the government does set out to *spend*, or "invest," however, it can be done in various ways besides those mentioned: grants for education and new school buildings; subsidized housing and slum clearance; new airports; the St. Lawrence waterway and power project; more valley authorities, like the TVA.

The President's suggestion that the government build plants to expand production in such commodities as steel is hardly likely to be authorized even by a friendly Fair Deal Congress if existing plants are idle.

Anti-depression *loans* could be made to states and municipalities for public works and housing, and to business men for working capital and expansion. Apart from actually lending money, the government could guarantee loans made by commercial banks.

Spending and lending for useful projects are superior to pyramid-building and leaf-raking; but in a sharp and severe depression there would be demands for "made work," because of the slowness of public projects.

Money is already very cheap, but to ease *credit* further the Federal Reserve System could lower its discount rate and buy U. S. bonds in the open market.

◆ Much government loan machinery is ready to function. The RFC now has authority to lend several billions to business. The present law allows it to use $1.5 billions of Treasury cash at any one time, and with the turnover, that permits a much higher commitment total. At present the RFC is using only about $500,000,000 a year. At the bottom of Depression I the average was about $2.5 billions.

Early RFC loans were required to be against adequate security. Some RFC officials believe today that if direct loans to business on the "reasonable assurance" basis, as well as the purchase of new bank preferred stocks from banks in need of funds had been authorized in 1932 instead of 1934, the trough of Depression I would not have been nearly so deep. Authority to buy bank preferred stocks has lapsed, but probably will not be needed again.

What the RFC can do for the business man the Farm Credit Administration can do for the farmer, if he needs it in spite of the floors under prices. Farm mortgage debt, which was $9.6 billions in 1930, is now down to five billions. But land prices have been rising for 15 years, and many mortgage loans made recently by commercial banks and individuals have been based on these high market values. In a slump, therefore, farmers hopelessly involved will inevitably be squeezed out. As Governor I. W. Duggan of the FCA puts it, you can't lend a man out of debt.

The Federal Land Banks, part of the FCA, lend 65 per cent of the normal agricultural value of a farm, calculated on its long-term earning capacity. This normal value is below today's real-estate market price, but may be far above it in a depression. An inactive unit, whose authority Congress could revive, is the Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation, which could lend up to 75 per cent of normal values. These "commissioner loans," as they were called, plus those of the Federal Land Banks, totaled $2.9 billions in Depression I and could go that high again, Congress willing.

Another FCA credit corporation in stand-by status is the Regional Agricultural Credit Corporation. In the early 1930s it lent around $260,000,000 to 200,000 ranchers who, in turn, paid off their loans from banks and others that could not carry them.

By making loans for longer periods and on easier conditions than private institutions can undertake, federal agencies can help a man preserve the savings he has invested in fixed assets — his grocery store, his dry-cleaning plant, or his farm.

No one can say with certainty whether the government can lick the next depression. Federal operations, huge as they are, account for only about 20 per cent of the country's activity. What government does has a tremendous effect, but it is perhaps too much to expect a 20-per-cent tail to wag the whole economic dog. It took eight years and a war to get us out of Depression I, but we somehow muddled through, and there is no doubt we could muddle through another. ◆ ◆

100 FATHOMS

Continued from page 14

the engine room talking to the engineer when the accident occurred. The engineer was badly burned but managed to escape. He says that Tom must have been killed instantly. I suppose his body is still in the engine room."

"How deep?"

He swallowed and then said softly, "Six hundred feet."

I swallowed too. One hundred fathoms straight down. That was more than just a lot of water. That could be sure death for the diver.

I said, "Can't be done."

"We have helium gas aboard the salvage tug. It's possible to dive that deep using helium and straight oxygen. But you know more about that than I."

"Uh-huh. It could be done with helium. One thousand a dive? O.K." I shoved my chair back and got up. "You got yourself a diver, Mr. Hall."

We went outside and got in a taxicab. The cab took us away from Market Street and then stopped in front of the small hotel where I was living. I packed a bag with some clothes and went back to the cab. Hall told the driver to take us to the St. Francis Yacht Club.

On the way, Hall explained that we were going to his father's yacht, the Comet, which would take us out to sea to join the salvage tug. The tug was standing by with a line aboard the wreck. One diver had already gone down to the deck of the wreck to put a line aboard, but had quit after the first dive. No other diver would tackle the job.

Neither would I if I hadn't needed money so badly. Pressure at one hundred fathoms does peculiar things to a man, even with helium.

Time on the bottom would have to e limited to twenty minutes at the ost. It meant a diver would have nly twenty minutes to get down into the bowels of the yacht, secure the body, and then get out. If the diver got held up by a fouled line—I quit thinking about it and concentrated on the money.

We got out of the cab at the yacht basin and walked along the berth pier to the Comet. She was a lot of yacht, about one hundred and sixty feet long, spic and span with white paint, varnish, waxed mahogany, and gleaming brass.

We went into the main salon, which was about what I expected, luxurious and yet efficient, and met Carl's father, M. J. Hall. He was a blond, too, and as tall as his son, and probably at one time had had his son's build and good looks. But now his face was pink and soft, there was no grip to his hand, his blue eyes had faded, and his mouth was too soft and slack. He impressed me as a man who had never done a lick of work in his life. I didn't like him and I don't think he thought much of me, either. Tall men don't usually like to look up at a man even bigger than themselves.

◆ After we had been introduced, he asked his son, "Do you think this man can do the job?"

"He's a good diver. All the salvage operators I talked to said he's the best."

M. J. looked me up and down, then said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. In addition to your pay, I'll give you a bonus of ten thousand if you bring up my father's body."

"O.K.," I said. "Put that down in black and white."

He chuckled and sneered, "I doubt if you get the bonus. You'll probably turn yellow, too, like the others."

I felt like giving him the back of my hand across his fat face and walking off the ship, but then I happened to turn away, and that changed everything. The girl was standing on the other side of the room, watching and listening to us. I hadn't seen her until then, but when I did see her I felt as if I had just awakened from a long sleep.

I am not the romantic type, but I guess we all dream about that "one woman in the world" waiting for us somewhere. Mine had thoughtful gray eyes, straight brows, brownish hair with just a hint of auburn, a slender yet full figure, and just enough height so I wouldn't seem like a gorilla towering over her. This was it. This was the girl right out of the dream.

I was afraid to move, or even breathe, afraid that she would dissolve. But she didn't evaporate. She became as real as the hollow feeling I had in my stomach when Carl turned to introduce us. She was Mrs. Carl Hall. That was having your dream come true the hard way.

I had to get out of there. I went with the steward down to my stateroom and stretched out on the bunk and stayed there while the Comet got under way and headed out to sea through the Golden Gate.

At dinner that evening I learned that her name was Trudy and that she was more than ordinarily interested in the business of deep-sea diving. She and I monopolized the conversation at the dinner table, with her asking all the questions and me supplying the answers.

Carl broke into our conversation and got down to brass tacks by asking, "Just how dangerous is this diving at six hundred feet?"

"Well," I said, "there is a limit to what a diver's body can stand while breathing air. That limit, with most divers, is slightly over two hundred feet. Pressure forces too much air into his lungs, and when he comes up, nitrogen bubbles in his blood like champagne fizz. It strikes his brain or his spine and he's all through. But mixing helium and oxygen, instead of breathing air, allows a diver to go much deeper. Helium, you know, is very light and so the blood can easily dispose of it. But even with that help a diver is skirting the thin edge of death at six hundred. He has a chance, but it's a slim one."

Trudy glanced at Carl with a rather odd look in her eyes that seemed like a challenge of some kind and said, "Do you really intend going through with it, Carl?"

He watched her for a moment, trying to read her expression, then turned to inform me, "I'm the one who has to go down with you."

"How do you mean?"

"There are no other divers on the salvage tug. In case you got into difficulties, there would be no one to help you out. You see, the tug and all the equipment belonged to your erstwhile partner, Anthony Morelli."

"Tony! He's the one who put the line on the wreck?"

"Yes. But when he refused to dive any more, he was going to take the tug away. I couldn't even charter it from him, as he had other contracts to fulfill. But if he took that tug away, we might have lost the wreck and never found it again. So we bought the whole works."

"Then you own the Lady Ann."

He nodded. "The crew is aboard, too, working for us, but Morelli left and took his divers with him. There is no one to go down with you except myself. I don't pretend to be

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a diver, but I think I can do the job."

I said, "Wait a minute. I need somebody standing by on deck, all fixed up in a rig and ready to go down in case of an emergency, but it isn't necessary to dive with me otherwise. You'd only be in the way."

"But Morelli had to have another man—"

"Tony," I interrupted, "is yellow. Always has been. I don't want anyone diving with me, particularly an amateur. You could foul our lines and then the two of us would be lost. However, if you're willing, you can stand by in a rig in case of an emergency descent."

He grinned at me like a condemned prisoner who has just received a full pardon. I have never seen a man get so happy all of a sudden. He tried to hide it from Trudy, but that was impossible. I looked at her to see how happy she was feeling now that her husband was not going to risk his neck in one hundred fathoms, and got quite a shock. She not only was not happy, she was actually disappointed. She even got up from the table and rushed out of the dining salon. It was odd.

Carl started to get up to follow her, but M. J. said, "Better not." He added, with a peculiar sneer, "You can be a hero some other way."

I got the story later on when I went below to the crew's quarters. The steward, the cook, the second engineer, and a number of others were gathered in the galley and were all gossiping about Trudy's presence aboard the yacht.

◆ It was a surprise to learn that Trudy had left Carl a month before and gone to Reno for a divorce. The way the crew had it figured out, Trudy was afraid her husband was going to turn out like his father, who was worthless in Trudy's eyes. But, even so, she had always thought that Carl was at least a man. Then little things began to change her mind. When all the little things had added up to the conclusion that his manliness was only on the surface, she had left him.

The steward said, "She called M. J. from Reno when she heard about old Tom's death. He was the one who told her about Carl intending to go down as a stand-by diver in six hundred feet. She knew how dangerous that was—"

I asked, "How did she know?"

The cook craned his neck over the steward's shoulder to tell me, "She and Carl spent their honeymoon aboard the Comet year before last, mostly fishing off the Gulf of Mexico. One day we all watched a bunch of men on a diving barge. They were working in about two hundred feet and all of them were damned nervous about it. One of them did something wrong down there, and when they brought him up"—the cook shuddered—"his whole body was crushed into the diving helmet like jelly. I don't think she'll ever forget that sight."

"The point is," said the steward, "she knows how dangerous diving is. So when she heard Carl was willing to go down in even greater depths, I guess she figured maybe she might have been wrong about him. A guy with that sort of courage deserved another chance."

But she had left him. Maybe the dream was not so unattainable, after all.

◆ I had breakfast with her in the morning, just before we reached the tug. Carl and his father were not yet up, but Trudy had been up since dawn. She seemed glad to see me and had me sit across from her.

I didn't know what to say. I felt like a tongue-tied schoolboy in her presence, so I asked her why the Halls were in such a hurry to recover Thomas Hall's body. She explained that the old boy was leaving an estate, after taxes, of seven or eight million, which is something to think about in any language. The money was to be divided equally between son and grandson. However, the will stipulated that the old boy had to be buried in a little moth-eaten cemetery in south San Francisco or the entire fortune would go to charity. The reason behind the stipulation was that old Hall had wanted to rest among the people who had worked for him in the shipyards, but was afraid that his son would try to bury him in a more socially acceptable location. So it was necessary for the Halls to recover that body and carry out the terms of the will or face a lot of unnecessary litigation.

Trudy held her head to one side as she appraised me through half-closed eyes. "You know," she said, "you remind me a lot of old Tom. He was a rugged individualist who worked for everything he had and he didn't mind taking chances, either. I enjoy that kind of man."

"I know." I looked across at her and said, "I know a lot about you."

She opened her eyes wide with surprise. "You do? But we've never met before."

"We've met. Many times. Sometimes at night, sometimes at the bottom of the sea, and other times in just the smile of a woman walking by on the street, or the way she held her head. I've been thinking of you for a long time."

"Oh." Nothing more than that.

She understood. But she leaned toward me to say softly, "I haven't been dreaming about you, Mr. Mallory."

"Or anyone like me?"

Her eyes slid away as she said, "I don't think I care to answer that."

I went out on deck to watch our approach toward the low-lying tug on the horizon.

When the Comet was anchored alongside the Lady Ann, I went aboard the tug with Carl and shook hands with all the men of the crew. They were all glad to see me, but they said that Tony had been right—the wreck was too deep for diving.

Carl wanted to know if Tony had left the equipment in good shape, so I looked that over. The diving suits, compressors, mixing tanks, recompression chamber, and everything else was just as it had been when I had been aboard. The equipment, though not the most modern in the world, was all in good condition.

We went back to the Comet and I asked to see a model of the wrecked yacht. I told the Halls, "Down there I'll be working in total darkness. I have to feel my way around. So I have to know what I'm feeling."

M. J. yawned and said, "You're standing on the model. The Comet is a duplicate of my father's craft, except for a few minor details."

Trudy was curious, so she stayed with me on deck while I soaked up the details of the yacht. I learned that the line to the wreck was fastened to the afterdeck, so walked to that part of the Comet and pretended I had landed on the wreck. I paced off the afterdeck to the doorway of the main salon and then went inside, with Trudy following, and paced the distance to the inner corridor. We went down the stairs, forward to the lower corridor, and then through a door into the engine room. I shook my head. It was no good. Too many angles to foul up the life line and air hose.

◆

We went back on deck and forward to a hatch over the galley. I opened the hatch, dropped down into the galley, and then stepped back into the engine room. That was better. Fewer angles and the distances were shorter. I examined the engine room, paced off all the distances and made a picture of it in my mind that could not be forgotten. Then I had Trudy fasten a handkerchief about my eyes and proceeded to investigate the engine room just by feeling my way around. After an hour or so I felt I knew that room pretty well and was ready to dive.

Carl went with me to the tug and I had the crew drag out two diving suits. I took a look around at the sea and the weather. It was a perfect day and the sea was only slightly choppy. Big swells would have been bad, but there was none of that. It was a good day for diving.

I told Carl, "You can get in that second suit and stand by on deck."

He paled but nodded his head. "Suppose there is an emergency?" he asked. "What do I do?"

"I'll let you know over the diving phone. If I get trapped in any way, come down as fast as you can and follow my lines to wherever I'm located. After that you get me loose by following my directions." I glanced at the slackness of his pale lips and mumbled, "Let's hope I don't need you."

Johnson, the tug captain, assured me that everything was ready, so we stripped down and got into our diving suits. Carl remained on the bench with his helmet at his feet. That could be dogged down and he could be under water in a few minutes, if needed.

◆

Trudy and M. J. came aboard the tug just as my helper lowered the helmet over my head, dogged it down and dropped the safety catch. Trudy was watching Carl and me, an obvious look of speculative appraisal in her eyes. I worked my hands in the rubber gloves, then slammed the forward port of the helmet and tested the mixture of helium and oxygen. It seemed all right. I pressed my chin down on the switch of the diving phone and spoke to Johnson, who was handling the deck end of the phone. That was in order too. I told him, "Let's get going."

I was wearing over two hundred pounds of gear, so walked slowly through the gap in the rail and onto the steel diving stage. The winch started to pay out and the stage went under water. Just as the water reached my chest I looked up at the deck of the tug and saw Trudy leaning anxiously over the rail. She nodded at me and made an O.K. sign with her fingers. I waved at her and then I was on the way down.

The water pressed in the ballooned diving suit to clamp coldly about my arms and legs. When the diving stage stopped at thirty feet, or five fathoms, I reached up to adjust the exhaust valve and opened it a bit to give me weight. Then I looked about and saw the manila line leading down to the ocean floor just a little off to my right. I got hold of the line, stepped off the stage and wrapped my legs around the line. I hit the phone with my chin and said, "O.K., Johnson. I'm going down fast."

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His voice roared inside the helmet, "Got the descending line?"

"Yes. How's the pressure in the mixing tank?"

"Good."

"Then here goes."

I started dropping down into the sea, sliding down the line, the synthetic air purring across my face and then venting in a stream of bubbles into the water and floating above my head up to the normal world above surface. I looked up and saw the hull of the Lady Ann recede and disappear like a blimp floating up in space. I looked down and could see nothing but the manila line disappearing straight down into the depths. It was deep blue and purple twilight far below me and then I was in it and the water began to lose its translucence and became more like a dark cloud. I slid on down, adjusting the exhaust valve as I went, feeling the pressures inside my lungs and the suit equalizing the enormous pressure of the sea. At every twenty fathoms Johnson's voice roared in my ears, until finally he said, "One hundred fathoms," and I slowed my descent and could see nothing but the line and went on down and then there was a dark shape just under my lead shoes and then I was standing on it.

I remained where I was for a moment, feeling dizzy and lightheaded and incapable of thinking clearly. Pressure at that depth was twenty tons to the square foot, or two hundred and seventy-six tons pressing in on my body as though I was being squeezed in the coils of a giant octopus. All that prevented that terrible massive weight of water from crushing me like an eggshell was the diving gas I was sucking in to inflate my body. If the pressure of that gas should lower even the slightest degree—!

◆

I closed the exhaust valve a fraction until I was no longer feeling heavy and breathed deeply to clear my head. All I got was a sudden roaring headache, but I had expected that. I looked around in the almost total darkness and could dimly make out the afterdeck on which I was standing. It was difficult to tell exactly what it looked like, but at least I knew where I was. I could see forward a few feet and that was a help.

The diving knife slipped into my hand and I cut through the descending line. I wrapped the end of that around one wrist, made sure that my lines were clear, and then stooped over to walk slowly forward along the deck, like a man walking against a strong wind. I told Johnson I was on deck and heading forward and to give me slack.

His voice boomed in the helmet, "I started clocking your twenty minutes on the bottom five minutes ago. You got fifteen minutes left."

I continued forward, bumped against the aft deck of the main salon and felt my way around that to the starboard deck. There seemed to be little damage above decks, so I moved forward more confidently and was soon standing over the galley hatch. There I secured the descending line to a stanchion and bent over to examine the hatch. Fortunately, it was not locked and lifted when I strained against it. I propped it open and looked down through the hole into a well of solid blackness.

Johnson's voice cut in: "Five minutes, Mallory. Where are you?"

I pressed my chin to the phone and replied, "Forward, over the galley hatch."

"Everything O.K.?"

"Yes. But I'm coming up. No time left to accomplish anything below."

I closed the hatch again, so that a body trapped inside would not float out and away.

I took a firm grip on the manila line, closed the exhaust valve a bit to trap more air in the suit, and then started up. A few minutes later, after numerous pauses in the water to exercise and properly decompress my body, I was again standing on the deck of the Lady Ann. That sun never looked so good.

Trudy and Carl looked relieved when they saw me, but M. J. asked, "Didn't you find the body?"

"I didn't look. Moving the descending line forward took all the time I could use on the bottom. Now, on my next dive, I'll land exactly where I have to work. That will give me time to explore the engine room."

M. J. snapped, "Are you going down again right away?"

I shook my head. "Not today, mister. There may be some helium still in my blood stream. If I went down again so soon, you'd have two bodies on your hands. I'll take another crack at it tomorrow."

M. J. was in a bad mood the rest of that day, so I stayed away from him and his son. I was already a thousand to the good and didn't care to imperil the chance of getting the bonus. With that in my pocket I could go into business again. I sat out on the afterdeck with Trudy, who was sun-bathing in a pretty brief suit.

I did a lot of talking about myself, and after awhile Trudy turned on an elbow to stare at me and said, "Are you trying to sell me a bill of goods, Mike?"

"Sure I am. I know you pretty well, but you have to get to know me better."

"Well," she laughed, "you're direct about it."

"Why not? I know what I want in this life."

"I fit in?"

"You're most of it."

◆

She looked embarrassed but pleased. "Then what follows?" she asked.

"My own salvage outfit. No more partners. I'm too dumb to have a partner. You see, the way it is with me, I have to trust a person all the way or not at all. I trusted Tony that way because we went through the war together. He took advantage of that and wound up with the whole outfit."

"Well, the Lady Ann is no longer his property. Carl owns it." She paused a moment, then said thoughtfully, "You know, Carl knows boats and he knows the sea. I think now that he owns the Lady Ann he will really work at the salvage business."

"Has he said as much?"

"Well, in little hints, to feel me out. You see, one of the things I have against Carl is that he has never carried through with anything in his life. But if he went into the salvage business—well—"

"That's a tough business. No reason for a wealthy man to go into it."

"Unless," she said, "he sincerely wanted to prove himself." She placed a cool hand on my arm and said, "Mike, don't think about me at all. To be honest with you, I was getting a divorce from Carl, but now we may go back together."

"I heard the gossip from the crew." I told her what I had heard and then said, "Is that the big reason you left him, because you didn't think he was much of a man?"

"Well, that was part of it. But he did offer to dive with you—didn't he?—and that took great courage."

"Making the offer and actually doing it are two different things."

"Yes. But I don't think Carl would back down. And if he does have that kind of courage, Mike, then I would have to give our marriage nother chance."

"But if it didn't work out that ay, would I have a chance?"

She looked me straight in the yes and said honestly, "I don't eally know, Mike, except for one hing—I know the kind of man you re."

"No doubts?"

"None."

"It should be that way where he is concerned, too."

"I know—I know, but—" She paused and let it go at that.

We were all up early the next morning and over on the tug. Carl was very pale. There was always a possibility something could go wrong when I got in the engine room, and he knew it. That could mean he would have to dive too.

We got into our diving suits and again Carl waited on the tug bench. I told him that if an emergency did arise he would have to come down awful fast. He nodded and said nothing, his eyes fixed on Trudy, who was watching him curiously.

I stalled around for a few minutes, watching them, and then got impatient and had my helmet dogged down and went over the side. When the diving stage came to a rest under water, I stepped off, wrapped my legs around the descending manila line, and started on down. I went down faster this time, knowing exactly where I was going to land. Then my feet hit the deck and I was on the wreck.

◆

After reporting to Johnson, I stepped away from the line and walked the few feet to the galley hatch. This time I had another line wrapped under one arm, in case I found the body. The other end of the line went up to the tug.

The hatch opened without difficulty, so I stepped through, regulating the exhaust valve, and lowered myself down into the galley. In there I was in absolute and total darkness. I had a sudden insane feeling that I was trapped and a wild desire to get out of there. I turned to the left and moved aft, feeling my way along the wall, identifying the various objects as I went along until I had reached the aft bulkhead.

The door to the engine room was open, moving slowly back and forth in the deep ocean currents flowing through the ship. That meant the currents were flowing through the hole in the side of the ship just aft of the engine room. It could also mean the body could have floated out through that hole and that my labors would have no reward.

I stepped into the engine room and moved forward until I felt the two big Diesels. There I paused in the Stygian darkness and thought of Trudy and Carl and the doubt that could so easily be resolved. All I had to do was phone the deck and tell Johnson that my lines were fouled and to send down Carl. Trudy would have her answer to his particular brand of courage in a very few minutes. But suppose he did come down? I would have an answer, too, an answer that would leave me out in the cold.

I dismissed it from my mind and went forward between the Diesels, keeping my lines as clear as possible, and around the generators and behind them to the aft bulkhead. There was a door in that bulkhead and that was where Tom Hall had been standing when the explosion occurred. He could be anywhere, but at least that was the point from which to work. I had difficulty finding the door, but at last recognized it in a twisted bit of steel. The whole bulkhead was smashed in toward the engine room.

I stood there quietly and worked out what had happened from the evidence I had been able to feel through my fingers. An explosion that powerful would have blown Hall's body forward, not through the air, but along the floor. In which case, his body could be wedged under some of the machinery. That would be the first place to search.

I shuffled along the aft end of the engine room, stooping now and then to feel under workbenches. There was nothing. I moved around the starboard Diesel and searched that side of the room. Still nothing. There was nothing, either, along the forward bulkhead, so I shuffled to the port side of the room.

Johnson's voice cut into my ears: "Three minutes, Mallory. Where are you?"

I replied, "Inside the engine room."

"Then better start out right now. It will take you at least three minutes to get out. Come on. Get going."

"Just a minute."

My hand had encountered something strange along the port wall of the room, something that had not been in the Comet. I explored the object and discovered that it was an additional workbench. I stretched out full length to pull myself under the bench. The space was almost too narrow for the helmet. But I jammed it in and then reached out my arms to sweep the area under the bench.

I felt something soft and yielding and closed my fingers over it and tugged at it and pulled it toward me and my heart started to pound. It was Tom Hall's body. I lay there under the bench and rested for a moment, seeing that ten thousand getting bigger and bigger in my mind. Then I loosened the working line from under my arm and made it fast about Hall's body. I tugged at him and slid him by my suit and then he was out from under the bench.

I hit the phone with my chin and told Johnson, a hundred fathoms above: "I got the body on the end of the working line. Start pulling him up. I'll be following right along behind, so if it fouls anywhere, let me know and I can free it."

"Great stuff, Mallory." Then Johnson said excitedly, "You're over your time limit! Get the hell out of there."

"Sorry, lady . . . I do my best work after I've had my Wheaties."

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I squirmed around under the workbench and backed out, banging and scraping the helmet as I went. When I got out from under, I stood up and took a deep breath and let out a big sigh. I felt good, but I was also feeling strangely light. Too much pressure, I thought. I had been down too long.

I turned to start walking forward and there was no deck under my feet. I was treading water. I swung my arms and the next second my helmet crashed against the plating overhead and I knew why I was feeling light. I was floating. My suit swelled, increasing buoyancy, and my legs came up and the next instant I was spread-eagled against the upper plating of the engine room. I tried to swing my arm toward the exhaust valve, to open it and let some of the air out of the suit, but it was too late. The sleeves bulging with air straightened out like iron bars and I was pinned helplessly against the ceiling.

Panic and terror swept through me, but I fought it back and wondered what had happened. Undoubtedly, while squirming around under the bench, I had bent the helmet's exhaust valve and closed it.

I held down the feeling of panic, hit the phone with my chin and explained my predicament to Johnson. He roared, "My God! Spread-eagled inside the engine room. Can't you reach the valve at all?"

"No."

"Then I'll lower the pressure going into your suit. That will give you a chance."

"No!" I yelled. "If you do that the water pressure will crush me. Is Carl still in his diving rig?"

"My God, yes! I'd forgotten him."

"O.K. Get him into his helmet and send him down. Tell him to follow my lines into the engine room. When he gets in here I can explain what has to be done. Hurry."

◆

I waited tensely, blinking into blackness, refusing to think about the question concerning Carl's manhood. My life was now at stake on the answer to that question. I waited for minutes that seemed like hours, and when I had about given up, Johnson's voice was again roaring in the helmet:

"He's on his way, Mallory. We just put him on the diving stage and now he's going under. He'll be down there in a little while."

I felt a terrific sense of relief, but I also felt like laughing too. The joke was on me. By getting myself trapped I was removing every doubt from Trudy's mind. She would have to give Carl another chance. I was out.

I waited for what seemed an unusually long time, and then I felt a terrific tug on my life line. I was scraped along the ceiling of the engine room until my helmet crashed into the forward bulkhead above the door leading to the galley.

I got on the phone and shouted, "Tell Hall to stop pulling on my life line. That isn't doing any good."

Johnson's voice came tiredly into the helmet: "He isn't doing the pulling, Mallory. We're trying to pull you out from up here."

"Cripes, Johnson, that's no good. What happened to Carl?"

"That yellow-belly! He quit. He got down fifty feet and screamed to us to pull him out. There was nothing else we could do. We had to pull him out. He beat it to the yacht."

"How about someone else?"

"No one built big enough to take it. You know that. Look. You hang on and we'll try to pull you out."

That was no good either. Even if they succeeded in pulling me out of the wreck, that would be sure death too. Once out of the wreck, my ballooned suit would shoot me up to the surface like a rifle shot, where it would undoubtedly burst. Even if that didn't happen, or if I missed dashing my brains out against the bottom of the tug, the bends would kill me almost instantly.

◆

By that time my brain was beginning to go dead. I had been under too long and pressure was beginning to tell. In another few minutes I would be gone. Then I felt the exposed beams in the ceiling and my mind came fully alive. There was a chance.

I closed the fingers of each hand about two different beams and then pulled myself to one side and then the other, scraping the helmet against the steel beams, trying to break off the exhaust valve. It was a last hope. I was running out of strength when the valve broke.

Gas whistled out of the hole like a punctured balloon, buoyancy went down and the suit shrank in on me. In a few seconds I was again vertical and in a moment more my feet were on the deck of the engine room and I could move my arms and legs.

I got out of the engine room as quickly as possible and into the galley and rushed up the steel rungs of the ladder and through the hatch. I felt myself sagging then, and hit the phone and told Johnson, "I'm out on deck. The exhaust valve broke off. Pull me up at once, before I drown inside the suit, and put me in the decompression chamber."

I felt my life line being tightened and made a grab for the descending line, but my arm fell like a dead weight and I could feel myself passing out. The inside of my suit was now full of water up to the opening of the exhaust valve hole in the breastplate. As I went out, I hoped the deck crew would not let my line slip and drown me in the suit.

The tug crew pulled me out of the water, stripped me out of the suit and rushed me into the decompression tank while I was still unconscious. Pressure was run up in the tank equal to the depth at which I had been working, then slowly lowered over a period of hours to allow all the gas to escape from my blood in a normal manner.

I became conscious after about two hours, but it was a long while after that before I was able to sit up on the cot inside the tank. I could feel the tug under way, but I wasn't conscious of much else. Even after I was feeling pretty good, Johnson would not allow me out of the tank for another five hours.

When the steel door was opened, I stepped out of the tank onto the deck and breathed the cool, crisp air of false dawn. Johnson took me into his cabin, helped me dress, and then handed me M. J. Hall's check for twelve thousand dollars. It looked very beautiful.

I asked Johnson, "Where are we heading and where's the Comet?"

"We'll be in San Francisco," he replied, "in a couple of hours. The Comet's probably there already. All of us pulled anchor the minute we had you in the tank. Mrs. Hall stayed aboard here until she was sure you were out of danger, then she transferred to the yacht." He looked at me quizzically and said, "By the way, she said she'd be waiting at our pier when we docked."

◆

I refused to wonder about it. I closed my mind to all of it until we hit San Francisco Bay and approached the tug pier and I saw Trudy's slim figure standing on the end. The moment we nudged the pilings I scrambled onto the dock and ran to her. There was no shyness or indecision about the way she looked into my eyes as her arms slid about my neck. She had made up her mind.

But she surprised me by asking, "Mike, how would you like to own the Lady Ann?"

"Well," I said, "naturally—"

"You have M. J.'s check and you can buy it for five thousand down."

"How do you know I can?"

"Because I made Carl make out a contract to that effect as a divorce settlement. After all, Mike, you weren't there to do the talking."

"No," I said, holding her tighter, "but I got a lot to say from now on."

She whispered in my ear, "I'm listening, Mike." ◆ ◆

MARTHA AND THE BUFFALO SKY

Continued from page 24

Listen, you. I want a son, do you hear? One way or another, I want a son! I don't want to die with my name and my work and my things and my boat going to strangers, to no-goods, to the banks, to the undertakers!"

The pointing finger waggled, wavered, curled then into the fist. Pa stood stooped before her and the corners of his eyes creased, hiding pain. "I don't understand," he half whispered. "I just don't understand. Why couldn't you be like your mama? There was a woman! A woman —you understand? Life—fire—never still—a woman to make a man's insides curl." He rocked in grief. "Just one chance, just one woman in a life. One chance, one child—and it had to be a girl! A girl, did I say? No—a stick, a nothing!"

She stood rooted and afraid, the moth wing scraping her heart, biting hard against the tears. Pa turned and groped toward his jacket hanging over a chair, muttering, "Strangers! No one to understand! No one!" Then the tears came and she ran into her room to lie sobbing on the bed.

She felt a hand on her head. It was Pa. He turned her head slowly in his big fingers, probing down into her hair. He stood there for a moment, looking down at her, his jacket slung over his arm, his head sidewise, studying, trying to remember. Then, gently, "On your face you look like your mama." And he turned and went out. Late that night she heard him return, stumbling, reeling, cursing thickly, drunk.

◆

One morning she answered the doorbell and a young giant stood outside, almost filling the doorway. She saw stalwart work shoes, decently brushed; straight legs molded taut against tight blue denims, a broad chest and the thin shirt rolled up tightly past his biceps. A red-gold fuzz glinted over his arms and a brush of red hair topped his face. A round earnest face, blue eyes, a rocky jaw, a furrowed, slightly worried brow.

She gaped upward, marveling at the hugeness of his ear lobes, the massive set of his jaw, the neck almost the size of her waist, the darkly fuzzed caves of his nostrils. She sniffed a warm tobacco breath close as a dentist's, an air of bay rum, muddied river musk on pungent wool. Contracting inwardly, she stepped back.

He seemed surprised to see her. His eyes wavered past into the

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LIBERTY

"I guess I just don't have anything to say."

room, searching, rested a moment on the doorplate, reaffirming. Then he looked at her again and the red flush crept out of his neck.

"Mr. Tobarek live here?"

She nodded, groping for a place in her mind to fit this man.

He shifted and the floorboards creaked. "I'm his new helper. I'm to pick him up." He fitted then, belonged easily with the sucking slap of the East River waters, the glassy iridescence of oil slicks, the shock of steel and carts and stubbled sweaty faces.

Pa called from the bathroom, "Joe?"

Joe's face relaxed. "Yeah! It's me."

"Come in and wait."

Joe came in, tiptoeing gargantuanly, and stood near the door with his hands in his pockets, pretending great interest in the details of the room. Martha busied herself at the stove, preparing coffee. The water seemed to take a long time to boil.

◆ Pa came out of the bathroom stuffing his shirt into his pants, grunted at Joe, and sat down to the table. "Martha!"

"Yes?"

"Coffee for Joe, too. Sit down, young fella."

Joe eased warily over to the table and sat down. Martha placed a cup and saucer in front of him and when he reached over to pull it closer she found herself staring at the blunt stubs of two severed fingers on his left hand. Her heart pancaked over and a pang rushed to her throat. Quickly Joe pulled his hand away and put it under the table. The red crept out of his neck again; his mouth set bitterly. Embarrassed and confused, she retreated for the coffee, feeling Joe's eyes on her back. When she turned, she met his eyes for a moment and caught a flicker of defiance, of pleading, and a small, almost imperceptible stab of hurt. It was only for a moment, but long enough for Pa to see through the lowered scraggle of his eyebrows.

Pa hunched his shoulders, leaned forward. "You look bigger, even, today than yesterday," he said.

Joe shrugged.

"Strong, huh?"

"Yeah," said Joe, "I'm strong."

Pa sucked a tooth. "Strength ain't everything. It's what you know. You sure you can handle the job?"

"I been on tugs for ten years. New Orleans, west coast, Boston. I can handle the job." Joe leaned toward Pa now, hunched like he.

Pa said, "Young kids, they get careless. My last man, Stanley, he ripped his hand off on the foul line."

"I'm no kid," said Joe.

Pa leaned back at last. "You're careless," he said. "You already ripped off two fingers."

Joe's mouth set, the blood rushed into his face. Please, thought Martha, please, please, please.

Pa toyed with his cup. "How'd you do that?" he asked.

"Pa! Please!" It was out of her mouth like an escaped bird and, too late, she put her hand to her lips. She wished she could disappear.

They stared at her. Pa turned with a great exaggerated shrug of apology. "You will excuse my daughter," he said to Joe, "my tender little flower of a daughter. For her the world is posies and dreams. Cut fingers, blood, work is not for her. A princess!"

Joe muttered something unintelligible through a giant agony of embarrassment.

Pa turned ponderously toward Martha; his mocking eyes gathered storm. "What's the matter, my princess? Don't it fit, hands without fingers, to your pretty dreams, your pictures, your clean napkins? I'm a peasant, hah? I don't understand?" He snapped his mouth shut, the inner storm raged behind his eyes like rain against the windows, he fought it, mastered it, and then, bitterly, "Life ain't pretty. Work is ugly. You can get hurt. We all get hurt, we carry marks. Yes, my princess, the sooner you learn to look and see, the better you'll be!"

He turned to go into the bedroom for his jacket, stopped, faced her and added, "And the sooner, maybe, you'll get a man." He went into his room.

Joe looked down at his shoes. "It didn't hurt much," he said. "I got knocked over the side. A propeller. It was a clean cut; I hardly felt it."

She was sure her heart, hollow, was being filled drop by drop with scalding water. They will go in a minute, she thought, and then it will be all right.

Pa returned with his jacket over his arm and gestured with his head toward the door. "Let's go." At the door he paused. "We start hauling sand for the Project tomorrow. Gotta start a half hour earlier. You pick me up at seven from now on." And with his hand on the doorknob, he went on, "You might as well have breakfast here." He looked at Martha before he shut the door, a deeply speculative look, as though trying to remember.

Then they were gone. The apartment and the day were hers alone.

◆ And that night Pa came home smiling. Washing in the kitchen sink, he snorted chuckles amid sprays of water. Eating, he paused several times with his fork halfway to his mouth, waggled his head, snuffled in private glee, and then heartily renewed his interest in the fork. Later, in his chair, pursing his lips at the ceiling, a sudden whinny escaped him; he tried to control it, choked on it, wrestled for breath, coughed, wheezed, and at last, his struggle over, glared red faced about the room. "A worker! A red-hot worker, that boy!" he said aloud, daring disagreement. He looked furiously at Martha a moment, the fury dissolved, and finally, stroking his mustache, he studied her quietly, sucking his tooth. Martha bent over her book, the moth wing fluttered and she began feeling the gathering weight of dread, not yet knowing exactly why.

It became clearer during the mornings that followed, feeling Joe's eyes on her constantly, turning away from the stove always in time to catch his look fleeting away to the floor, watching the red flush suffuse his neck and ears. He kept his left hand almost always in his pocket or under the table. When she opened the door for him in the mornings he came in stooped, half guiltily, trying to make himself smaller, muttering a "Good morning" that seemed always to stick part way in his throat. He stood near the door, twisting his cap, and only when Pa appeared did he relax.

It was the same each morning. Pa appeared at his bedroom door still stuffing his shirt into his trousers. He stopped abruptly, as though surprised each time that Joe was there. The two men nodded to each other, looking into each other's eyes for a level, steady moment. At first it was gruffly, experimentally, but after a few weeks it was Pa who punctuated these greeting looks with a grin. And Joe grinned back, sharing the secret. Each time Pa shook off the grin with a snort, as though catching himself in a foolishness.

And, eating breakfast, Pa darted glances at Joe through his eyebrows, shyly. Then, "Sleep all right last night?"

Joe considered the question seriously. "Yup. Fine! Moved my cot on deck. Good sleepin' there."

Pa grunted approval. "I used to do that." Then a weighted silence as Martha took away the cereal plates and served the coffee. They busied themselves mightily with buttering the toast until Martha had retired to the sink again.

"Sand again today," said Pa. "There's three barges gotta go to the cement works up past Hell Gate."

Joe made a sound through a mouthful of toast, finally downed it. "Rough. 'Druther work on coal—plays easier."

◆

Then, wiping their mouths, still chewing, they scraped their chairs, stood up, stretched, and went quickly out. Martha listened awhile to the heavy shuffle of their feet on the stairs until all was quiet. Then, pausing always a moment before Pa's bedroom door, catching breath as a diver, she opened the door to the daily dread of Pa's cast-off clothing lying limp and sodden over the back of a chair.

And, working, she puzzled over the bond that had grown up between the two men in a few short weeks. They were of the same stamp, as alike and yet distinct, as irretrievably separate and yet of the same earth as adjoining mountains. She had not failed to note that Pa seemed more at peace these days, that his visits to the corner bar had become less frequent. She had noted, too, the shy delight of Pa's stolen glances at breakfast, and without knowing why there was a pang in the thinking of it—a funny pang, a strange mixture of guilt, of envy, of sympathy, of loneliness. She imagined the two of them working together, bending, swaying, sweating, bracing their shoulders against each other. She remembered the flicker of hurt in Joe's eyes, and in fantasy she put his mangled hand between her own two, soothing the hurt, smoothing the trouble from his forehead and eyes. But then the fantasy melted off into the odor of oil, of sweated wool, of Pa's tossed and dank bedclothes, and she shook off the fantasy, shocked at herself. She went to the window and looked up at the skies, at the clouds now like buffaloes, now like ships, now like feathers, at the fragrant ranks of sheets and underwear puppet-dancing on their lines.

More often now at night Pa abandoned his study of the ceiling to watch her. He nibbled at his mustache. "You're filling out a bit," he said once, very gently, and then turned quickly to the ceiling again. Her ears went hot and she bent over her book, feeling weight, feeling invaded.

So it went for a time that passed by quickly and yet seemed as long as the time of seeds in glaciers. Then, gradually, Joe began appearing for dinner as well. He stood, filling the doorway, twisting his cap. He was dressed with taut and painful neatness in a decent blue suit, white shirt, and tie. "Your pa asked me to come," he explained apologetically, and his shoulders moved up, half in a shrug, as though anxious for her to see that it was not his fault.

Pa came from his room, where he had been all evening; red faced and defiant in a clean white shirt and tie. "Come in, come in! Sit down!" he shouted, waving to a chair. "Supper will be ready in a minute, a minute. Have a shot!" With a great clatter he fished a whisky bottle out of the cupboard, found two glasses and filled them.

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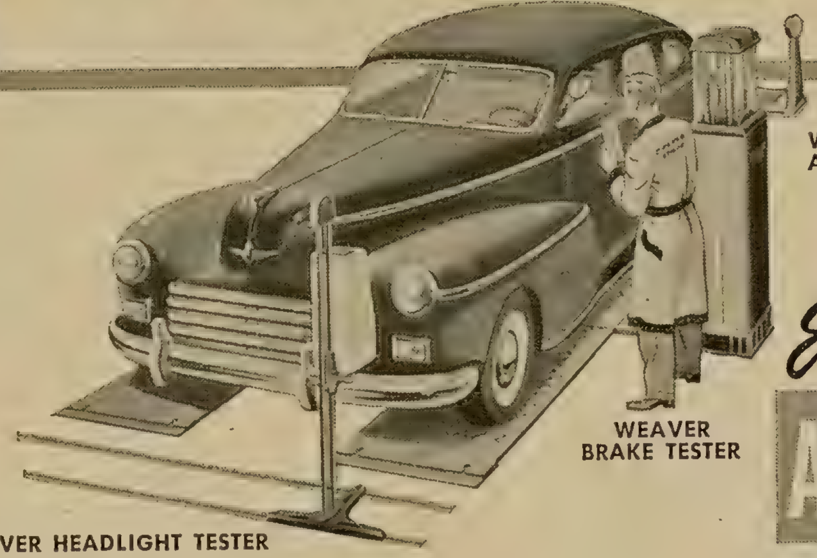

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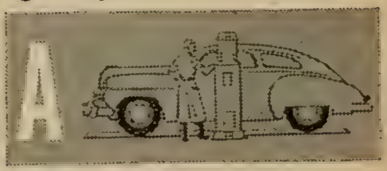

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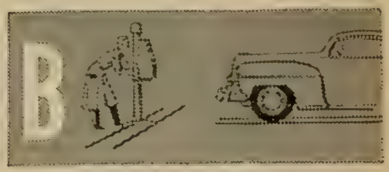

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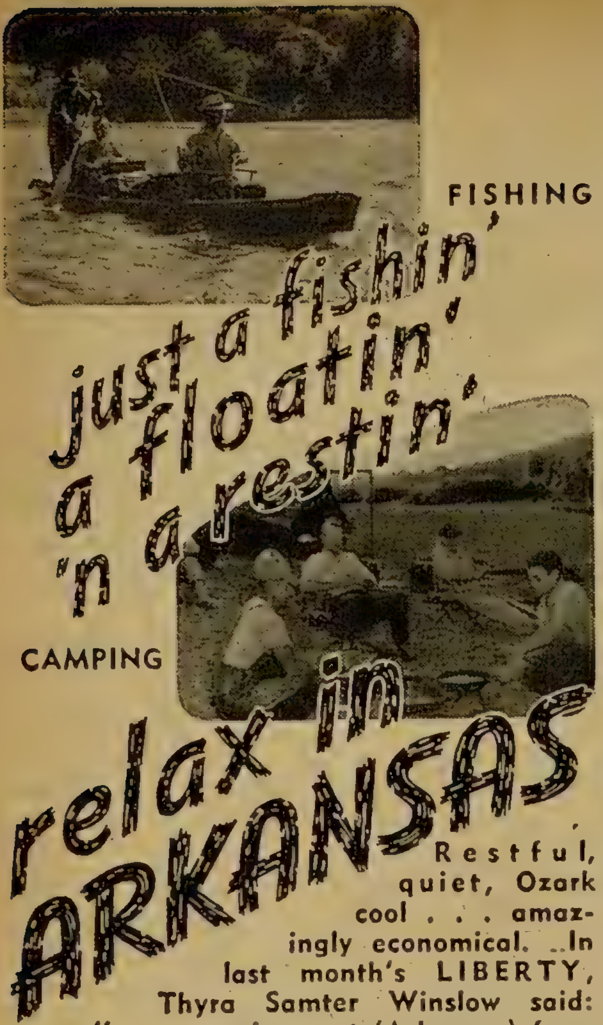

Restful, quiet, Ozark cool . . . amazingly economical. In last month's LIBERTY, Thyra Samter Winslow said: ". . . camping cost (Arkansas) from one dollar a night to $30 a week, with cooking facilities . . . swimming, hunting and fishing." Try Arkansas—for the vacation you dream about.

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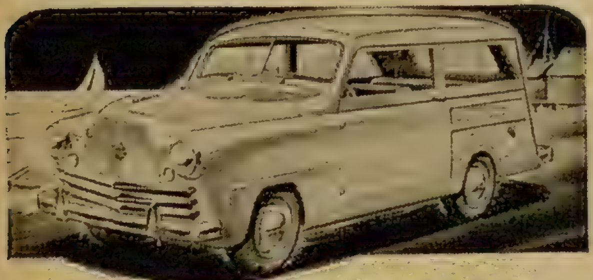

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The two men quickly dashed the whisky down. They smacked their lips, blew out their cheeks, shook their heads in appreciation. Religiously, Pa put the bottle away.

The men talked about tugs for most of the meal. Pa asked questions, probing the younger man about his plans.

"Soon," said Joe, "I'm gonna own my own tug. I got some money put by and I'm savin' hard as I can."

Pa's eyes darkened as though cast in shadow. He frowned. "Soon?"

"Well, not really. I need more money. I don't want to start broke, if you know what I mean. But in a little while I'll be lookin' around. I won't buy just any old boat. She's got to be one I like."

Pa ironed his hand over his face, rested it over his mouth, peered over it. "Like mine?"

Joe looked up quickly, smiling. "Ah, there's a boat!" There was an instant easy communication between them, a recognition in their eyes. Joe shook his head ruefully. "Yeah, a boat like that."

Pa got up abruptly, went to the cupboard and stood there facing it a moment, thinking. He took out the bottle of whisky, brought it to the table and poured drinks. "But it ain't gonner be for a while yet?" he asked, attentive to the pouring.

"Oh, no. Not for a while yet."

"Good!" Pa finished off his drink, took the bottle and put it back in the cupboard again. He sat at the table, nibbling on his mustache, tracing designs in the crumbs with his finger. A silence set in upon them and Martha began to clear the dishes. Turning from the sink, she caught her father gazing steadily at her. She felt his eyes upon her for the rest of the evening. She felt the dread again, the weight upon her, and she knew not why.

◆ Later, escaped to the roof, she listened to the rumbling male drone of their voices from the floor below and gazed out over the roofs. She pictured Joe with a mustache, many years older. She wondered. What was the quiet rock strength and the great dry deserts of silence that men barricaded within themselves? Yet how did communication, meaning, flow between them easily and eloquently without words? How, she wondered, how to crawl like a nesting thing into another mind and there find home? She listened to the caressing, giggling, teasing voices behind the chimneys and the skylights. "Do it my way. Please," she whispered.

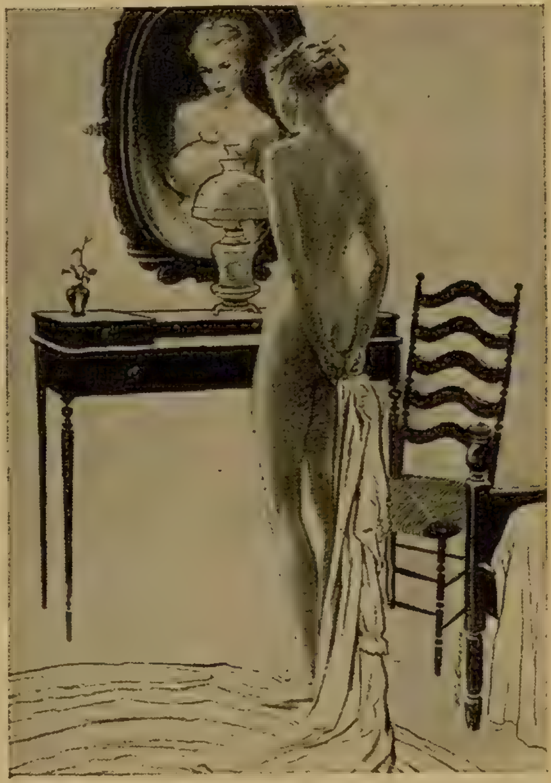
Later that night, at bedtime, Pa stood for a moment with his hand on his bedroom door, his newspaper trailing, his head lowered bull-like. "Why don't you ever wear lipstick?" he asked.

She shrugged.

He nibbled his mustache, nodded. "Yes," he said, "you're filling out." And he went into his room.

Martha went slowly into her own room and climbed thoughtfully into bed. She lay awhile wide-eyed at the ceiling.

Then she got out of bed, turned on the light, and stood before the mirror, clasping her hands behind. It was true.



◆ Joe came for supper on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, regularly. And as the weeks went by he became more restless. With Martha near, his unease was like a caricature of a ballet. He squirmed, sweated. He did not seem to know what to do with his hands or his feet, wanting to hide them. Always he wound up with his feet curled back under the chair, bowed over almost on the ankles, his good hand rubbing his knee nervously and his mangled one thrust out of sight. And Pa watched, seeing all, a man with his mind made up.

At last one evening she had left the men for her escape to the roof, had leaned against the fire escape for a time, listening to the grumbling of the city, when she heard the shuffle of feet on the sandy tar roofing behind her. She turned sharply. Joe stood stooped and shambling, apelike, near her.

"Your pa thought"—he began—"that is, I was—I mean, it was warm—" He shifted his weight miserably.

"It's cool up here," she said, her heart beginning to thump.

They stood side by side and looked west. The towers of the city raced each other upward, blinking square checkerboard patterns of light against the sky.

"The city," said Joe. "Sometimes I stand on the tug at night before I go to sleep and I stare for hours. Behind each one of them lights is people, walkin' around, like you and me, not knowin' about you or me or each other. Millions of 'em. There oughta be a way to tell 'em we're here."

She was sure he could hear her heart thumping.

Joe swallowed hard, tried to say something that got stuck. He coughed. Then he turned quickly to lean back against the rail, facing east to the river. Through a gap in the buildings the river could be seen. A tug, spilling yellow light from its cabin, pushed an inky swell of water and foam soundlessly up the middle of the river. "At night," said Joe, "we holler hello to each other across the water. Some guys I know, some I don't. No matter how long I'll be on the river, I dunno, I'll never get used to that, I'll always get excited like the first time."

She looked toward the river. Joe, she thought, Joe with his booming voice, spanning the East River with a yell.

Joe cleared his throat. He shuffled his feet. Then it came out, much too loudly. "Martha!" He stepped closer.

She looked up instantly to see the moon get blotted out by Joe's hulk. He put his great red paws on her shoulders, drew her up and kissed her. Not like that, she cried inwardly, not like that! She felt crumpled, suddenly gathered, as paper into a fist. His lips ground roughly into hers. There was the instant odor and presence of oil, of tobacco, of warm breath, of pungent male wool.

She struggled, cringed, tried to withdraw within herself, beating her fists against his chest. And at last the vise of his arms unfolded and they stood facing each other, panting.

"I—I don't know any other way, Martha."

◆

She began to walk toward the exit, numb, wanting only to get away. She still felt his mouth.

"Martha, please!" He came after her, laid his hand on her shoulder, stopping her. He turned her around to face him and she stood as though chastised. "Martha! What's wrong with me anyway? Can't we talk? Can't we get to know what we feel? What's wrong with me? Why?"

She looked up then, shaking her head, not yet knowing what it was she wanted to say. The urgent look in his eyes frightened her, and her gaze shifted down the length of his arm and rested at last on the mangled left hand resting now on her shoulder. And she cringed.

He took his hand away swiftly and put it behind him, pulling in his breath with a hiss. She turned and went down the stairs, trying to keep steady. Joe followed her into the apartment, where Pa sat looking over his paper at them. And in a moment Pa's eyes glazed over icily. She went to the sink and found some left-over dishes to wash.

Silently Joe walked over to the clothes rack, picked off his jacket, then stood bent a moment to think. Pa's eyes followed him. At last Joe turned resolutely and came to sit in the chair opposite Pa. He leaned forward, speaking earnestly:

"Mr. Tobarek!"

"Hah?"

"I—I want to quit!"

Pa flicked a look at Martha. A slight tremor, as of panic, shook his face for a flash. "How come?"

"Like I told you, Mr. Tobarek—I'm gonna buy my own boat."

"But you ain't got enough money yet."

"I got almost enough," said Joe. "I can borrow the rest."

"But, Joe, what's the hurry? Why so soon? Give yourself a chance."

Joe looked down stubbornly. "I want to get started right away."

◆

Pa got up and circled the floor a few times, running his hands through his hair. His face gleamed wet and red. Then he went over and stood before Joe. "Joe," he said brokenly.

Joe looked up, miserable.

"Joe, I'm an old man. I ain't gonna last too long. Maybe in a little while something will happen. You understand? My boat—I got nobody to take over. I always wanted—I always thought you—" he broke off.

"No," said Joe. "Please, Mr. Tobarek. You see, I just gotta."

Pa sat down and looked into Joe's eyes. "Soon?"

"A coupla days. A guy's been after me."

"You'll be coming around for supper, maybe?"

Joe was silent.

Pa repeated, "You'll be coming around?"

Joe twisted his head away and, though trying to prevent it, his gaze fell on Martha's bent back. Pa followed the look and the corners of his mouth twitched downward, wincing. "I can't," said Joe. "Please, Mr. Tobarek, I'd ruther not."

Joe got up, spent a needless time straightening his jacket over his arm, then backed tiptoeing to the door. He stopped, as though to say something, then shook his head and was gone.

CAREER WOMAN
Of the Month
by Selene Holzman

CLARA LANE

How often have you wondered what it'd be like to consult a social introduction agency—seriously, or out of sheer curiosity? The latter prompted me to visit the Friendship Center . . . and not only did I succeed in satisfying my editorial curiosity, but discovered a woman who well earns the title of "Career Woman of the Month." She's Clara Lane, director of Friendship Centers throughout the country.

In the course of my conversation with Miss Lane, I thought of my many unattached young and middle aged friends who somehow don't manage to meet enough people for the law of averages to bring about marriage . . . and yet they favor loneliness to what they consider the "embarrassment" of consulting an introduction center. Therein lies the irony of convention: dating a man one meets at a bus stop is passed off as "romantic" and the intelligent approach to meeting men via an expert on human relations is often called "undignified."

In meeting Miss Lane, I shed some of my deep-rooted ideas about introduction services, convinced that: cupid is not a plump little boy with an arrow, but a charming, intelligent woman with deep understanding of human relations —Clara Lane.

Every large city in the United States has thousands of men and women who want companionship, but try as they will, they cannot find friends. Society as a whole is doing nothing for these lonely people. It is only a person like Miss Lane who has grappled with this problem and succeeded in bringing happiness to these people. Thousands of discriminating men and women have found Miss Lane's introduction service the answer to their problems. . . .

•

FREE: The above is an excerpt from an article about Clara Lane appearing in MAYFAIR MAGAZINE. Write for a free reprint of the full length article. Miss Lane will be happy to send it to you, together with a reprint of "CUPID IS MY BUSINESS" which appeared in a foremost national magazine. Just write or call, or use the form below.

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H. Muddlecamp

LIBERTY

“Don’t interrupt when your mother’s interrupting!”

Pa sat stunned for several minutes. Then he got up and came toward Martha. She heard him coming and turned to face him. She wanted to tell him, Pa, not that way, not with a shock, with a suddenness. With gentleness, Pa, and gradually. I’m different. Perhaps in time—

Pa stood a few inches away, knotting his hands, seeming to grow. The twisted red fist of his face folded and creased. The storm raged against his eyes. He raised his hand.

Then, suddenly, he withered. His hand fell limp to his side, his shoulders slumped, the storm behind his eyes broke itself, went limpid. Pa turned and shambled to his chair. A great viscous tear rolled down the length of his nose, hung, dropped to a blob of wetness on his knee.

And Martha’s heart went hot and hollow. Watching her father broken and weak, a fear took hold of her that she had never known before. She could not tear her eyes away and yet could not bear to watch.

“Pa! Don’t!”

Pa seemed not to hear.

She almost screamed it again. “Pa! Don’t! Please!”

He looked at her dumbly, an old man. Another tear followed the track of the first. Then another.

◆ She couldn’t watch any longer. She felt that in another minute she would melt to nothing. She looked frantically about for an escape, went quickly out into the hall, started toward the stairs for the roof, then caught herself and went the other way, down to the street, leaving Pa behind.

She went quickly down the street, hugging her arms to her bosom. She turned into a square and sat down at last on a bench, taking deep breaths of the night air. And each breath rasped inside like paper edges.

Across the square some structures were going up. A small three-story house stood left alone, gasping, in a wasteland of rubble, its sides stripped naked and sheer where the great buildings that once loomed over it were torn down. I’m like that building, she told herself. Pa, too. Only herself and Pa, as buildings ruined and alone, hugging within themselves their hidden rooms, their speechless walls. There were a billion people in the world, a billion strangers, each unprobed, nothing, to the other billion less one.

Yet how to change that? Could it be changed?

She thought of Pa sitting there in his chair, rocking back and forth in grief, no longer terrible, and in her heart now there was a great eating sorrow. Sorry, sorry, sorry for Pa. This was new, changed.

Dimly, distantly, so that she would not yet be able to explain it if asked, she looked about her and sensed the mightiness and the thunder and the stunning concrete of the city, and she saw how Pa, alone and wrathful, a stranger feeling fear himself, had thrown himself upon it, beating lovelessly and without help against it. Had Ma lived! The ache in her heart twisted, turned over, the moth wing fluttered, and she knew, quite simply, for it was the only thing she really knew, that she had failed. Joe would not have failed.

She looked back down the street, picked out her own house among the shadowed walls, identified her window, yellow-patched with light, behind which Pa still sat grieving, alone, and she knew that, failing, she could not return.

She stood up, heart thumping, and turned to walk east, toward the river.

She stopped at a log embankment at the edge. The water wallowed black beneath. Lights skittered across its surface. She shivered. Her knees felt hollow.

A shaft of light stabbed across the splintered deck of the barge and a wizened little man with a tiny folded face leaned out of the open doorway of a shack. “Hey!” he said.

“The Tobarek. It should be here,” said Martha.

The man studied her, grinned. “Here,” he said, “on the other side of this barge. Cross over this way.” He chuckled and shut his door.

She stepped down onto the barge that creaked, elephantine, against the embankment. She felt the roll of the barge and almost lost her balance. She went around the shack, and there, moored, was the tug rising and falling as though breathing. She clambered over and stood for a moment before the cabin, taking breath, as a diver, before entering.

◆ Joe lay on a cot near the engines, a kerosene lamp on a table near by, awake and clothed and staring upward. He jumped to his feet and stared at her. “Martha!”

“Don’t leave Pa. Please don’t leave him.” She spoke quickly, trying to get it all out before the tears came to choke her. “He needs you. He planned on giving you the boat. He’s an old man; he’s lonely. Please don’t leave him because of me. I didn’t want to hurt you. I swear I didn’t. It’s just—I need time. I don’t understand. I’m afraid, I— I—” And then the tears were upon her.

She sat down on a tiny folding chair near the doorway, put her face in her hands, and wept. Through her wet hands she saw Joe’s feet move toward her, stop in front of her. Momentarily she expected to feel his hands upon her and she braced herself.

But Joe waited, rooted before her, until the tears stopped. She put her hands in her lap, her head still bent, her shoulders shaken with remnant shudders, and waited.

Joe squatted until his face was level with hers and only a few inches away. He spoke gently, with a husky kind of boyish wonder. “I imagine sometimes that you’re here and I’m drivin’ you up and down the river, showin’ you what the river’s like and what I’m like. I talk to myself out loud, pretendin’ it’s you I’m talkin’ to, tellin’ you about things—”

“Joe!” Now there was a slow sweet pain bleeding inside.

“—showin’ you how it is some mornings out here just before it gets light. Once I was to a show where they hung out a kind of blue gauze across the stage and put on the blue light behind. It's like that here in the mornings. You don't know where the water leaves off and the sky begins. The boats are black and real and they kind of float through the air. It ain't like the East River and it ain't like New York. I wanted you to see that."

She raised her head then, looking wonderingly at him.

He went on: "I get a kind of church feeling about you, like as if you'd break if I was to press too hard, or like if I stayed away too long you'd not be there when I came back. That ain't right. You're flesh and blood like me." He stood up quickly then and went to look out through the pane of window, gripping the iron rail before it.

"You won't leave?" she whispered.

Joe raised his fist and pounded it once, brutally, against the rail.

"You won't leave?" she asked again.

Joe turned at last. "No," he said. He came and stood above her. Meekly she waited, not fearing any more, glad inside.

"You'd better go home." He took her arm, raised her gently. He led her through the hatchway to the rail, and offered his elbow for support as she climbed over. And when she was down, on the barge, he leaned on the rail to watch her, spreading out his hands. She stood facing him, trying to find words.

They did not come. She leaned forward quickly, put her hand on Joe's mangled one. His hand went tense. She felt the hard clean nubs, she pressed gratefully, warmly, and then his hand, with a tremble, relaxed, and she turned quickly to make her way across the barge, the lump rising in her throat.

"Martha!"

She turned at the embankment. "Yes?"

"Martha, come with us on the river tomorrow."

"I will," she said.

"Good night."

"Good night."

She climbed the embankment and walked home, hearkening to the click of her heels in the peaceful quiet. She felt clean inside. She looked up at the sky. The moonlight lay along the lips of long flat clouds that were like silver reefs. Tomorrow there would be clouds, big clouds, clouds like buffaloes, clouds like fat cheeks. Tomorrow, on the river, she might even tell Joe about that. ◆ ◆

THE TRUTH ABOUT MARIHUANA

Continued from page 13 . . . .

The word "intoxicated" puzzled me. If marihuana only intoxicates—as too much alcohol might intoxicate—then what about screen star Robert Mitchum, who was sentenced to a prison term on a charge of conspiracy to possess the weed? Was he more sinned against than sinning? For if marihuana is a stimulant and not a narcotic, then why does it come under the narcotics act and why does the federal government try to protect us from using it? In other words, is legislation in regard to marihuana a waste of time and the taxpayers' money, in that it brands as a crime a matter that may be of trivial importance?

The truth, insofar as this reporter could determine, is that American-grown marihuana is not a narcotic but, for reasons that will be explained later in this article, the U. S. government is 100-per-cent right in making the possession of marihuana and the smoking or the selling of it a criminal offense.

The dictionary defines marihuana (pronounced mair-uh-wah-nuh) as "a type of hemp which produces a temporary feeling of exhilaration when smoked in a cigarette." But how long a period is "temporary"? A musician I know says, "That groovy feeling lasts twenty minutes." Another man put it at an hour, and medical reports claim two to three hours, three to five, even twelve. Clearly the effect of one smoke varies with the smoker himself and the potency of his cigarette.

The musician said, "Marihuana gives you what I call *false imagination*. It makes a musician *think* he's playing better music, but he's kidding himself; the whole while he's under marihuana he's not playing well at all. Why, after lighting up, I'd eat a big dinner and five minutes later I'd have forgotten I'd eaten it. I'd *think* I was hungry and eat another dinner right on top of the first one! That's why I quit smoking marihuana. I was afraid I'd go nuts!"

This is a fear that most *ex*-smokers of marihuana have. Said one, "I always heard marihuana is supposed to give you a lift, but right when I needed it most, when I was blue and depressed, it turned clear against me! It was a regular nightmare. You can take it from me, it was hell! You think you're gonna die or go plumb crazy!"

I persuaded the musician to take me to hear a band, some of whose

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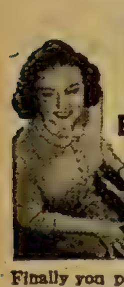

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members were marihuana smokers. He did not have to point out the users; you could detect them. The pupils of their eyes were dilated and their skins had an underdone-pie-crust pallor I have seen before in the air-hungry faces of the penitentiary lifers.

A girl who smoked marihuana told me how she reacted to the weed. She said, "I thought I was flying, so I walked on beds."

Another girl confessed, "I tried smoking it only once, but all that happened was I became sick at my stomach." Her reaction is not unusual, especially if the smoker has been drinking hard liquor. Many users find that alcohol and marihuana do not mix. Nausea may set in anyway because marihuana smoke smells sickeningly sweet.

As to the government version of what marihuana does to one who smokes it, an official related this story. "Four men wanted to enter a room. The door was locked. Three of the men—a morphine addict, a Heroin addict, and a cocaine addict—beat against the door. The fourth puffed his marihuana cigarette and asked, 'Why all the fuss? Why don't we just float through the keyhole?' "

The government official went on to explain that "Marihuana makes you think you're flying; it makes you think you're God. In short, it has no relation to reality. And a marihuana smoker talks more fully than he does in his normal state. He is intellectually confused and sexual ideas he would ordinarily hesitate to mention he discusses freely and publicly."

Sometimes smokers get laughing jags. One man told me: "Things *seem* funnier." In fact, a group of marihuana smokers were clinically observed listening to a Jack Benny radio program that normally furnished 42 studio laughs. The marihuana-influenced audience laughed 72 times.

◆

The marihuana cigarettes I saw were very thin, but they come in various sizes. Their price ranges with their potency: some are only three for 50 cents; some, 25 cents apiece. The most highly potent—"right off the boat"—from Africa, sell at a dollar each.

The medical name for marihuana is cannabis. Other names are muggles, reefers, weeds, tea, gage, and sticks. At a candy store next to a Boston school they called it "bananas."

Marihuana is frequently peddled in cheap bars and grills, often without the knowledge of the proprietor. The peddler does not frequent the bar but has a representative who works there in some capacity.

Marihuana is mostly smoked in "tea pads." These are rooms where people gather for the express purpose of smoking marihuana cigarettes, for the majority of muggleheads like to smoke in the company of others. The tea-pad lighting is dim, with blue the predominant color. There is usually an incense burner in the center of the room and sexy pictures adorn the walls. Confirmed smokers consume six to ten cigarettes a day. Afterward they experience a terrific yen for sweets. To "sober up" they drink soda pop and take cold showers.

◆

To the U. S. government, marihuana smoking, which came up by way of Mexico, has been a problem only during the past 25 years. However, man has known about marihuana for at least 3,000 years. It was called hashish. The Chinese found it valuable as an anesthetic, and as far back as the tenth century parts of Africa and Asia were using it for its intoxicating effects. A member of the Bureau of Narcotics says the word "assassin" stems from hashish and explained that in olden days, before sending men to kill, leaders would make them smoke hashish to give them false courage.

Marihuana is now found in all sections of the world. In this country it is grown lawfully in Kentucky, Illinois, Minnesota, and Wisconsin for cord, twine, and textile production. The growers regularly report to the government how much has been grown and where it is going to be used.

Illegally, marihuana grows everywhere in the United States. A doctor assured me he found it flourishing in New York City, right on Fifth Avenue! One of the musicians I interviewed used to cultivate it in window boxes! "People thought it was gray ivy," he said. And, mind you, to obtain the intoxicant from the plant one merely dries the leaves, crushes them, and there it is, looking like tea and ready to be rolled into cigarettes.

The marihuana from Mexico, Asia, Africa, and India *is far stronger* than the American-grown weed and it does act as a narcotic. This last information was disclosed some years ago in an investigation conducted in India by Colonel Sir R. N. Chopra. While the U. S. variety of marihuana is milder than the imported weed, it would not be feasible for the government to ban one kind and not another. Besides, the American weed definitely has its own particular peril.

One of the gravest dangers lies in the ease with which marihuana can be grown and in the fact that it sells so cheaply it often becomes a hazard to school children. That was the case in a New Orleans school where a peddler (before he was caught) sat beneath the stairs blandly selling marihuana cigarettes at two for a quarter, or the price of a sandwich.

The late Mayor F. H. LaGuardia of New York City once ordered an investigation of marihuana in Manhattan, including the use of the weed by school children. With the help of the New York Academy of Medicine, he named a special committee to conduct the investigation. While the committee, in a report made public in 1944, said that rumors of the wholesale use of marihuana in New York City were exaggerated, it did uncover a few isolated cases of marihuana smoking at schools.

The committee also found that marihuana when smoked causes the blood pressure and the pulse rate to rise and increases the sugar content of the body. It also was learned that a person under the influence of marihuana loses body steadiness, such as in the hands.

The report stated that some day doctors may be able to use marihuana in the treatment of mental depression, for stimulation of appetite, and for alleviating the intense craving that drug addicts experience when deprived of a narcotic. Thus, the investigators (nearly every one a doctor) found, as Dr. Kinsey originally had told me, no distressing abstinence symptoms such as occur when narcotics are taken from an addict.

Some authorities disputed the validity of the committee's findings on the grounds that it studied but 72 prisoners and five volunteers for a comparatively short period. It was clear that the dissenters were afraid the report might encourage people to try marihuana.

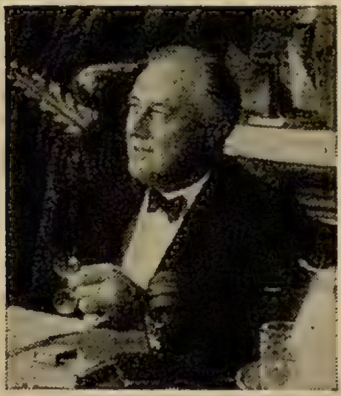
So I interviewed one of the psychiatrists who did considerable leading work on the report. He fully agreed that the federal government should continue to make possession, sale, or use of marihuana illegal. "Even if the American brand is less dangerous," he said, "marihuana's real danger is in its utter *UNPREDICTABILITY!* No matter what kind it happens to be, American grown or foreign, it affects the same person differently on different occasions."

In other words, marihuana might incite crime in one instance and not in another. As the U. S. Army claims: "It needs to be emphasized that the problem is not the drug, but the user of the drug."

Thus, when I asked one of the heads of the Bureau of Narcotics whether he had ever tried a marihuana cigarette, he promptly answered, "I wouldn't dare. I have a temper. I would have no idea how marihuana would affect it. I might even commit murder!" ◆ ◆

THEY'RE LYING ABOUT F. D. R.'S HEALTH

Contd. from page 18



Keen, at that stage, thought that the disease was not infantile paralysis; but Dr. Bennett, Louis Howe, and my mother had their doubts, and because the treatment prescribed by Dr. Keen differed in the early stages considerably from the treatment that would be prescribed if the disease were infantile paralysis, they insisted upon Dr. Lovett coming to Campobello. Dr. Lovett arrived on August 25 and in a letter to Dr. Bennett on September 2, 1921, he wrote as follows:

". . . Drugs, I believe, are of little or no value and not worth giving if they impair appetite. Bromide for sleeplessness may be useful. Massage will prolong hyperaesthesia and tenderness, and the high sensitiveness should be watched from this point of view. There is nothing that can be added to the treatment, and this is one of the hardest things to make the family understand. The use of hot baths should I think now be considered again, as it is really helpful and will encourage the patient, as he can do so much more under water with his legs."

His diagnosis of infantile paralysis and the prescribed care was followed until Franklin Roosevelt was removed from Campobello Island on a stretcher and taken to Presbyterian Hospital in New York City.

Following Dr. Wold's rather superficial and inaccurate coverage of the history of Franklin D. Roosevelt's recovery from infantile paralysis, he proceeds to detail the history of his health with no other information than that which can be obtained from any good newspaper file. His first departure from published information comes with his statement that: "In the late summer of 1938, while Roosevelt was visiting a son, James, at the Mayo

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Clinic in Rochester, Minn., the first of a series of strokes occurred. The attack was light and the hemorrhage evidently small because recovery was quick and complete." This statement is unsupported by any individual who was with the President on that trip. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester with James at the time of President Roosevelt's visit. The President made the trip solely because the operation upon James was described by the doctor as an extremely dangerous one.

My mother was with the President constantly from the time of his arrival, having met him at the train, until his departure. She has stated as follows: "Franklin's health at this time was excellent. He certainly did not have a stroke while I was with him."

◆ Admiral Ross T. McIntire, his personal physician, accompanied him on the trip and was with him on the train and at all times while at Rochester and on the return trip by train. He reported:

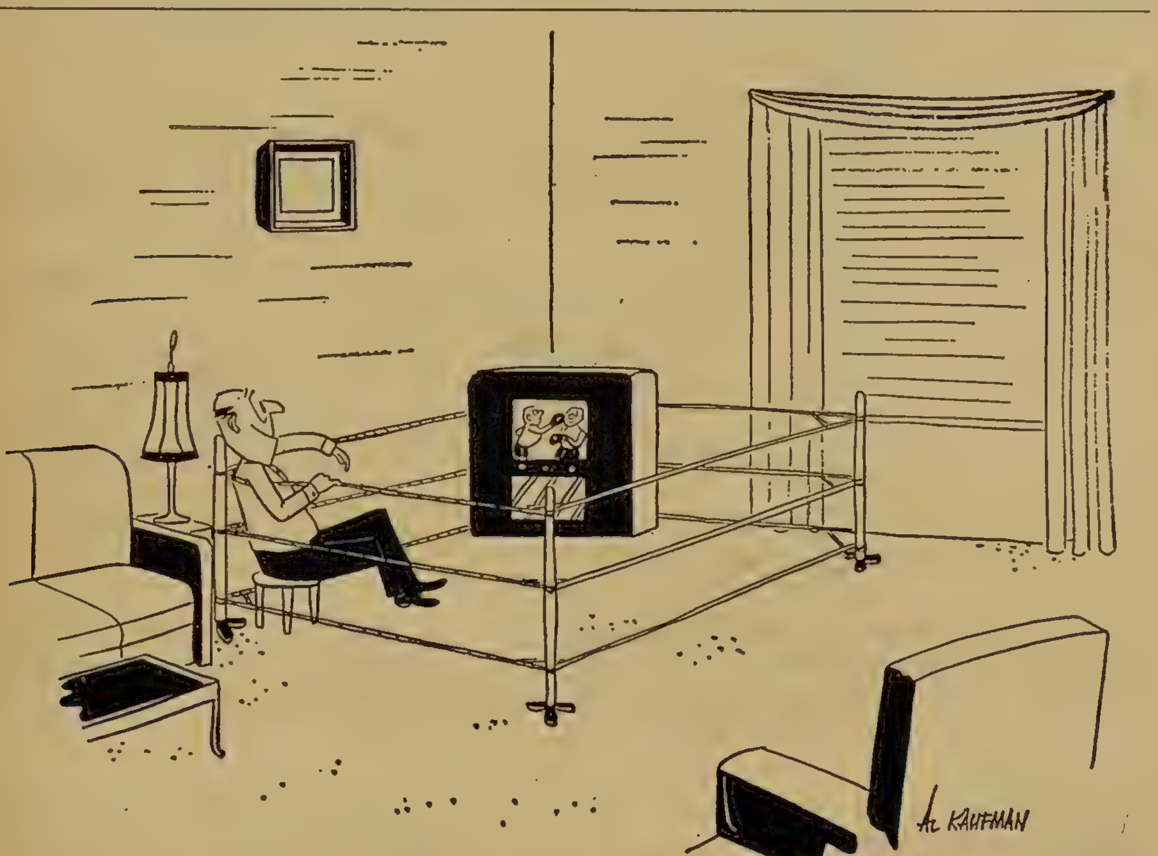
"His [the President's] activities during this period were absolutely normal. It would have been impossible for him to perform his duties if he had had the slightest attack."

I went further and contacted Miss Grace Tully, his personal secretary, on the theory that any stroke would be bound to have affected the ability of the man to carry out his normal business activities and would have become immediately obvious to his secretary. Miss Tully was not on this particular trip, having had to attend the funeral of Cardinal Hayes. But this is what she said: "Miss LeHand and Miss Roberta Barrows were with him on this trip and if anything had come up in the nature of a stroke, no matter how slight, it would have been immediately evident to Miss LeHand and Miss Barrows."

Miss LeHand is dead and therefore her corrobative evidence is not possible. However, Miss Roberta Barrows emphatically denies that it was humanly possible for President Roosevelt to have had a stroke at this time without her knowledge; and she stated that his health was excellent at this particular time in every respect. Charles Fredericks, who was the Secret Service man attached to the President as his bodyguard, was with the President constantly from the time he arose in the morning until he retired at night. I talked to him, and he states conclusively that the President did not have a stroke of any kind at this time. There is no record at the Mayo Clinic of such an attack during the course of this visit to Rochester. There is, therefore, only one conclusion to be drawn from this statement in Dr. Wold's article: It is completely false in every respect.

Later, Dr. Wold implies, as does the subhead inserted by the magazine, that the President suffered a second stroke following his trip to Cairo and Teheran in December of 1943. I talked to Dr. McIntire, who was in constant attendance during the President's trip to Cairo and Teheran and after the return to Washington, and asked him whether to his knowledge the President ever suffered anything remotely resembling a stroke between December, 1943, and March, 1944. He emphatically denies that this stroke occurred.

Mr. Fredericks corroborates the statement made by Dr. McIntire. Miss Tully, who was with the President constantly after his return from the Cairo and Teheran trip, also corroborates Dr. McIntire's statement. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, his daughter, who were with him during the period following this trip, also agree that no stroke occurred.



It was my privilege to have been with him on the trip to Cairo and Teheran. If he had had a stroke at any time prior to his return to the United States I certainly would have known about it. He had no stroke. Mr. Fredericks also corroborates the statements made by the above-mentioned people.

The next statement made by Dr. Wold is that in the fall of 1944 there were many rumors concerning the President's poor health and that New Dealers urged Mr. Roosevelt to make a public appearance to quiet these rumors. The doctor states that on the day set for the occasion the weather was raw and wet, and that President Roosevelt's family objected very strenuously to the trip because of the weather. The article further states that Dr. McIntire announced the President fit to make the appearance and the family was overruled. This is utter nonsense. No member of the family ever tried to dissuade Franklin Roosevelt from doing what he thought best, and certainly not because they feared the weather might have a disastrous effect on his health.

◆ At another point farther on a subheading announces: "Third Stroke, March 25, 1945." The article states that: "In January, 1945, United States Secret Servicemen were told by their superiors that Roosevelt was in seriously poor health and obvious precautions were taken. A bodyguard was chosen for Vice-President Truman and was told to stand by for a sudden call to duty. The call came on about March 1."

Mike Reilly, head of the White House detail of the Secret Service, directly contradicts this statement and says that Vice-President Truman was not given protection except as a matter of political courtesy. There was no discussion concerning the health of the President at any time; and if there had been any concern over the President's health, he would have known about it, as he was with the President constantly. He states further that he read this particular article in great detail and that, as far as he is concerned, the article was "made out of whole cloth," from his observation and knowledge of the President while head of the White House Secret Service detail.

Then the article states that Roosevelt suffered a severe cerebral hemorrhage at Hyde Park on March 25, 1945, and that members of his official family said they feared the end was near. I have talked to Miss Grace Tully, Miss Malvina Thompson, Miss Laura Delano, Charles Fredericks, Admiral McIntire, my mother, and Mrs. Boettiger, all of whom were with him constantly except when he was asleep. These people certainly would be classified as members of his official and personal family and they all deny that he suffered a cerebral hemorrhage of any kind at that time or that they feared the end was near. I have interviewed all available members of the household and secretarial staff who were at Hyde Park on March 25, 1945. These people certainly would have heard some rumor or had direct knowledge if the President had suffered a cerebral hemorrhage at the Hyde Park house on that date. They are all in agreement that no incident of this kind took place.

The article's account of President Roosevelt's death on April 12 contains no information that has not already been published.

◆ Throughout the article the author has referred to private opinions expressed by doctors who examined the President; such as the statement that a "parade" of doctors was called to the White House immediately after the trip to Cairo and Teheran in December. Dr. Wold writes that: "Everyone refused to talk for publication, but some of the physicians privately discussed Roosevelt's symptoms. They agreed that he had had a stroke and was suffering from general deterioration, and two of them doubted that he could live until July 1, 1944." If the doctor was being truly factual, why did he not name the two doctors and the others who felt that the President had suffered a stroke? Dr. Wold refused to divulge to me the names of any of these doctors.

I called Dr. Karl C. Wold on March 5, 1949, after first calling Dan Mich, executive editor of Look magazine, to obtain his address. I was informed that he could be reached at either the Miller or Ancker hospitals. He is listed in a foreword by the editors as being on the staff of the Ancker and Charles T. Miller hospitals in St. Paul. I called both of these hospitals and the telephone operators at these two institutions had never heard of him. I then obtained his telephone number through "Information" and got Dr. Wold at his office in the Lowry Medical Arts Building in St. Paul.

I told him I was interested in obtaining information regarding the sources from which he secured certain information contained in his article. I asked him if he was still a member of the staffs of the two aforementioned hospitals, and he said: "The article as it appeared in Look magazine has been highly sensationalized by the magazine and much of the material that appears in my book has been omitted, giving rise to a completely false impression as to the intent of my writings. The magazine was in error in stating that I was a member of the staff of these two hospitals. I have not been connected with the Ancker Hospital since 1935, but I am a staff member of the Miller Hospital and Bethesda Hospital here. I will be glad to co-operate in any way."

I explained that I was trying to find out where he learned of the three purported strokes that the President suffered. He referred me to the bibliography contained in his book and I asked him whether it identified the sources for the exact information with which I was concerned. He stated that it did not. He avoided answering me directly and urged that I write him a letter outlining the information I desired. He said that he was practicing medicine and didn't have time to dig back through his records to find out where he obtained the information on the specific points in which I was interested.

◆ Finally, after much insistence on my part, he said that he had a hazy recollection that he had received much of the information in a letter from Walter Trohan, a Washington correspondent who had been with the President on these occasions. I asked him if he knew who Walter Trohan was, and he said that he wasn't sure, except that he thought he represented a Chicago newspaper. He was right on that point. Mr. Trohan is the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, the most anti-Roosevelt newspaper in the United States. Mr. Trohan collaborated with James A. Farley in Mr. Farley's book attacking Franklin D. Roosevelt and his policies.

Mr. Trohan would hardly be regarded as a reliable source to obtain medical information on the state of President Roosevelt's health on the three occasions mentioned. Needless to say, he was at no time a White House confidant and wasn't regarded as an intimate of the President. Dr. Wold refused to divulge on the telephone any further sources from which he had obtained the erroneous information which he included in his article.

Again Dr. Wold states in his ar-

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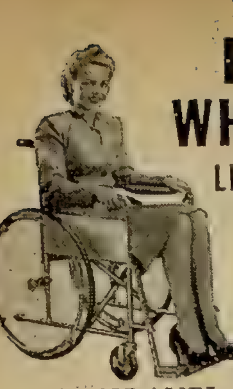
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ticle that: "(In June, 1944, one examining physician gave a private opinion there was a 50-50 chance that Roosevelt wouldn't live to end out his term—the third one.)" Why did not the author, if he knew this for a fact, name the physician who gave this private opinion so that the public could judge whether the man had a right to express such an opinion?

◆ This supposedly factual article goes on to report that there were several rumors in medical circles concerning the President's health, and reports that one of these was that he had had a mild cerebral hemorrhage on the day before he was reported to have left for South Carolina for his holiday at Bernard Baruch's plantation. All members of the family who were with him, and Admiral McIntire and others who were in constant attendance on the President, emphatically deny this rumor.

Another rumor quoted in the article is that he had suffered an attack of coronary thrombosis after Teheran. All those who were with him in Teheran, including myself, deny that story and claim it to be a complete lie.

Another assertion of this so-called "factual" article is that the President made a one-day trip to the Mayo Clinic where an examination revealed an inoperable tumor, possibly malignant, of the prostate gland.

The article goes on to state that: "His loss of weight, wan, haggard countenance and gradually increasing bodily weakness might have lent weight to this theory." In the first place, the President never went to the Mayo Clinic except to visit his son James at the time of the latter's operation, and he was never examined by the members of the staff of the Mayo Clinic. Secondly, after repeating these rumors and trying to imply that there was some substantiation for them, the article immediately follows with: "At least one recent and very thorough examination by a distinguished physician, in no way connected with the administration, established the fact that the President's health was good."

As for Look magazine's reproduction of newspaper pictures calculated to show Roosevelt as a sick man, anyone who knows anything about photography knows that it is easy to snap a photograph which shows one to bad advantage, either extremely tired, or in certain lights making one appear ill when such is not the case.

Franklin Roosevelt's health was no better and no worse than that of any man of his age when he took office. If he had not taken on the burden of the Presidency, there is no question that he would have lived to a ripe old age, barring accidents. There is also no question that, as President, his mind and body were subjected to unusual strains and that he aged much more rapidly than a man in a less responsible position. It is further true that the added burden of leading a nation in war contributed to aging him more rapidly. But there is no evidence of any kind, either in his medical history or in the knowledge of any member of his family or those who were close to him throughout his years in the White House, to support any theory that he had suffered from heart attacks or cerebral hemorrhages at any time before his death.

Admiral McIntire says that during the war years he watched over the condition of the President's heart with unusual care and that he took every precaution to see that no undue strain was placed on his heart, realizing that the combination of the strain of his office and his advancing years might bring on a heart attack. Dr. McIntire has no knowledge, and neither do we, the members of his family, of any such attack.

So I submit that Look magazine has been guilty of endeavoring to smear the reputations of those who were close to Franklin Roosevelt and, by inference, are endeavoring to smear Franklin Roosevelt's memory by insinuation that he sought the Presidency with full knowledge that his physical condition would not permit him to carry out his duties. I call this dirty journalism.

Furthermore, Dr. Wold has been guilty of publishing an article purporting to be a factual medical case history of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, but which is far from that. The chief points of his article are contradicted by a former Surgeon General of the United States Navy and by everyone who was closely associated with the President.

◆ The doctor concludes his article with an irrelevant statement regarding the evaluation of Franklin Roosevelt's place in American history. I agree with Dr. Wold that the final verdict—the completely objective evaluation of Roosevelt's contribution to the United States and to the world—must come from future historians. However, it is unlikely that those future historians will be influenced by such irresponsible and inaccurate statements as have appeared in Look magazine.

I hope this clears the record once and for all. ◆◆

FRIDAY FOR DEATH Continued from page 31

ninth—Frugi's floor. A few minutes later he buzzes me and I take him down. This other jerk is waiting in the hall."

"What did he look like?"

"Average guy. About your size and with glasses. He wants the ninth, too, so I ride him up. He stays up."

"In Frugi's apartment?"

"That's the gimmick," he said. "If he went to Frugi's, he must have been waiting for her up there in the hall, because she was out. You follow me? The doorman took her down and out when I was off having my java between three thirty and four."

"Do you remember where Frugi went when he moved out? He left a forwarding address, didn't he?"

"That's an easy one," he said. "Frugi went to the Beveret, downtown."

10.22 P.M. In the cab I struggled for calm. I was moving fast on a big black horse. But the horse ran on a merry-go-round, in a sick circle, at a monotonous pace, a speed calculated to promote dizziness.

Somebody had put me in the middle. Three times I had been told of "the man with the glasses," the mysterious subject who walked in freedom and laughed at me from the sea of fog beyond the merry-go-round. I could not bring him into focus. It would have been easier to make the locate on a fat man, a thin man, a man with a broken nose. But Mrs. Monati had only noticed the glasses. And Ken Sisley and the elevator boy added nothing to the picture.

The cab slid to the curbing. I got out under the canopy of the Beveret.

"How about hanging around, Monkowitz?"

"There'll be a slight deposit," Monkowitz said.

I gave him a fin.

"I'll be up at the corner," he said. "Coffee."

In the lobby an electric clock told me it was 10.31. The night man was half asleep at the switchboard.

I said, "Did Jake Frugi return yet?"

"Not in," he said. "Mr. Whatchamacallim just came in."

"Who?"

"The little fellow. Messenger."

"I'll go up and wait."

"Six oh two," he said, and carefully replaced his chin in his palm.

I crossed the hall and took the small elevator to the sixth. I pressed the buzzer. The door opened immediately. A man gaped at me. He was high enough to reach my elbow. He had a small lump on his back that added an animal quality to the tilt of his head. He held the door half open.

I said, "I had a date with Jake Frugi," and leaned into the door.

He let me in. He said, "Listen, mister. I just came up here to deliver. You follow me? I didn't have nothing to do with this—"

I whistled. Jake Frugi's living room had been turned upside down —a desk unstuffed, a cabinet agape, the pictures on the wall awry, on the flat green of the rug a thousand and one scraps of paper.

"I didn't do it," he was pleading. "This is the way I walked into it, mister, so help me. I come up from Jersey, you understand? I'm Louis Sliger, one of Jake's leg men. I'd never—"

I continued to whistle, staring at him as though he were Jack the Ripper. He wilted under my gaze and a little tic appeared under his left eye.

"Look—I didn't do it, mister." He ran into the hall. He returned with a small black bag. "I'm delivering, you understand? The way I always do. I got my key. I walk in. Done it a thousand times before. You follow me? I just open the door and lay the bag on the desk when he ain't here. Then I lock up and go back. That's what it was today—a minute ago—just before you came. I seen this and I'm about to call Jersey—"

"Relax," I said, easing him back to the one chair left standing. "I'm going to see Jake in a little while. I know who did this job."

◆

He let me light a cigarette for him. His hands were jittery on it. He was a rat in a maze. We were brother rats.

I said, "Take a look at this dame," and showed him Gwen's picture.

"No!" he said, his mouth agape. "No fooling? Jake will tear her apart for this. Jake will slap her pretty puss in. What was she after?"

"Maybe she wanted that little black bag. Maybe she had it timed wrong." I began to think out loud. "Jake told me she had a key to this place. He expected her up here tonight. Jake's crazy like a fox. We had it planned for her. But she came up too early."

"You're a dick?"

"Private."

"Terrific," he said and slapped his knees and laughed until the tears came, enjoying the sudden relief from his private worry. "Jake hires a private eye to catch her. Wait'll I tell the boys back in Jersey."

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"You want to keep your mouth shut, Louie. Jake doesn't want this spread around. I haven't got her yet. I've got to get her for Jake."

"Where is he?"

"In Westchester," I said. "At the new place."

He swallowed it. "I didn't know about the new place."

"You're supposed to be dumb, Louie. You just sit there and wait. You hold the bag on your lap and play nursie."

"That babe isn't coming back, is she?" he asked in a whisper.

"You're afraid of her?"

"I don't want any part of her," he said. "She's a terrific fem, that dame. I saw her in action once. It was down at her apartment—"

The story he told sickened me.

I said, "Which apartment was that? The one in the Village?"

"The Village? How many apartments did Jake keep for her?"

"You know Jake. He spreads the dough around. He had her set up in the Village, but that might have been her old dump. Where's the new one?"

I had thrown it at him too soon. His little eyes changed suddenly.

"You should know, mister," he said. "You should know."

◆

I went over to him and caught him high around the collar, both fists gripping him, pulling him close to me. "If I don't get that dame for Jake, I lose money. Where's the other apartment? Jake forgot to tell me about it."

"It's 1956 West Seventy-eighth. Top floor," he told me.

"Phone?"

"I don't know."

"When were you there last?"

He rubbed at his head vaguely. "Few weeks ago."

"With Jake?"

"With Jake."

"You never saw her alone?"

His hands came up desperately but weakly. "Mister, you don't think I was in with her on this, do you?"

"Who else? Which one of Jake's pals would try it with her?"

"I don't know. Maybe Wagner."

I said, "I don't get this at all. If she came up here for the dough in your little black bag, why did she wreck Jake's place?"

The phone sat on a small modern table near the white oak desk. I thumbed the pages of the little red book. There were many names here, written in an almost boyish hand.

I found nothing until the page tabbed "H." And then I paused. "Gwen Hibbs" was written here. And alongside her name was her phone number. Our phone number! On the line beneath he had written again, another number, an uptown number for her other home—1956 West Seventy-eighth Street. I stood there, fighting off my disgust, trying for intelligent thought, battling the sickness inside of me. And the hate for her shook the little red book.

LIBERTY

"Amusing, Spencer, but not very sporting."

Louie Sliger woke me. He hit me with a small lamp. It crashed against my head and there was a flash of pain and then he was on me and over me, kicking out at me as I fell against the wall. When he fell on me, I reached out and found his wrists and gave him a small lesson in judo, my army lesson. He screamed weakly and rolled back, kicking and kneeing. I bounced his head against the floor once, twice, three times. He lay quiet after that. I lifted him under the arms and dragged him through the living room and through the hall and into the bedroom. I stored him in a large closet. I threw the little black valise in with him and locked the door.

In the bathroom I washed the blood from my face. He had scratched me, a short scar over the right eye.

I listened at the closet. Louie Sliger moaned softly.

11.03 P.M. Monkowitz greeted me like an old friend. I told him to drive to the Village.

At the first red light he said, "You want to put a hunk of tape over that cut. It's bleeding bad."

"It'll stop," I said. "Cut myself while shaving."

He nodded at the road. "Happens to me all the time."

Jake Frugi's phone book had sharpened me. I was suddenly more objective about my dilemma.

The horror in my apartment came back to me. I began to relive my part in the tragedy, remembering every word of dialogue in the room, the defiance of Jake Frugi, the bitter scorn in Gwen's eyes. And then I remembered the new paintbox. If the police came, they would find it. They would trace it to the storekeeper who sold it to me.

"You know Mario's?"

"Sure. I've had beer there."

"Go there by way of Bleecker."

We made the turn into Bleecker Street and my mouth went dry. There was a police car before Mrs. Monati's. My eyes found the windows upstairs and they were bright with light. My hand was shaking when I tapped Monkowitz on the shoulder urgently, too urgently. He slowed down.

"Don't stop," I said. "I just wanted to ask you a favor. There'll be a girl in Mario's, a girl and a man, in the back of the place. You can't miss them."

"You want to stay in the cab?"

"I can't get out, Monkowitz. I want you to get the girl out for me. Tell her Steve's outside."

"Steve's outside," he repeated.

◆

He was gone for only a minute. But he came out alone.

"She's not there," he said. "There's nobody there but a couple of fat tall cops, drinking suds and talking about a murder." He said it deadpan. "Seems they found a couple of stiffs down the block—a dame, almost naked, and this guy on the floor with his face kicked in. The way they talked it, it was a stabbing. Some nut busted in on them. They expect to pick him up any minute. A young guy—the dame's husband." He was fussing with the dashboard compartment.

I said, "Sometimes they figure it dead wrong. What else did they say in there?"

He found what he was looking for in the compartment. "Mario said that girl left a message for you, boss. He said the girl wants you to go to her apartment." He held out a tin of adhesive bandages. He looked at me and smiled at me. "Wipe off that face, boss. Put one of these on. That's a stinker of a cut you got there."

"Mario's a good boy," I said. "Did he say how long ago they left?"

"Not too long. Just before the cops came in."

"Nothing else?"

"This Ken Sisley," Monkowitz said. "Mario said there was a guy in this place, looking for him, asking about him. Mario figured you ought to know."

"Who was he?"

"Mario didn't know him. He just

walked in and walked out, is all. A little while ago."

I said, "I need you like my right arm tonight, Monkowitz."

He started his cab. "Where do we go from here?"

"Twenty-second and Tenth."

Now Monkowitz drove fast. Now the surge of traffic became a background for my personal terror, my flight from the pursuing hounds. They would be rifling my apartment and tracing my place of business. The alarm would be out. They would find my picture on Gwen's bureau, the shot I had taken while in service, the simpering youth with the boyish grin. Early morning papers would tag me as "The Veteran Killer."

They would put the finger on Jake Frugi quickly. They would have him on cards and in files down at headquarters. I remembered, suddenly, Jake Frugi's face. Would they recognize him through the blood and grime, the broken bones, the awful mutilation? There was hope of delay with Jake Frugi. His clothing had yielded me nothing—nothing but two ticket stubs.

I took the ticket stubs from my wallet. They were for a movie, a theater in the upper eighties. He had taken Gwen there. I tore them up and threw away the pieces.

Monkowitz said, "Here we are. I'm going to park on the corner—at the hack stand. The number you want is down the block a bit."

◆

I ran down the street. Linda's house lay in the deep shadows. I took the steps to the hallway three at a time and tried the door and opened it.

"Steve!"

It was a whisper from the landing. She had been waiting for me and I blessed her for it. When we were inside her small apartment she said, "How is it going, Steve? I had to get out of Mario's."

I didn't release her hand. I said, "Where's Harvey?"

"I don't know. When I came in I heard the phone ringing up here from the downstairs hall. It must have been Harvey. He's probably having trouble, somewhere on the road from Connecticut. I ran upstairs, but the phone died before I could pick it up. He'll be here."

"I need him. Badly. You got out of Mario's in a hurry. You brought Ken with you?"

"He got terribly drunk down there. I've put him downstairs in Gloria Baran's apartment. Thought it would be safer that way. Gloria won't be home until Monday. He won't wake up till late tomorrow."

She sat me on the couch and joined me there.

I said, "The police are in my apartment."

"I know."

"How?"

"At Mario's," she said. "Somebody came in off the street with the news. That was why I left there with Ken. They might have picked him up." She didn't release my hand. The warmth of her, the closeness of her, fought my sudden fear.

"Let me make you a cup of coffee, Steve. You're as nervous as a cat."

The phone rang. She lifted it and smiled at it and handed it to me.

"Harv!" I shouted. "Where in hell are you?"

"The damned car broke down again," he said. "I'm up in the Bronx, about to step into a cab. Listen, Steve, give me what you've got. They've put you on the air. We've got to work fast."

◆

I told him what I knew. I held Linda's hand as I gave it to him. There were three of us fighting my fight now.

"You're moving right," he said. "But we need more background on Frugi. I'll get it. Right away. I'm going to call William Brush, my newspaper pal on the Leader. He'll pull what we need out of the morgue. You didn't pick anything up in Frugi's apartment?"

"All I got was general stuff and the lead to Wagner."

"He may fit," Harvey said. "You've got to get up there next. You were invited by Consuelo. Get him alone and pump him. Use force if you have to."

"I'll go," I said. "What else? I'm afraid of a police visit here."

"Relax," he said. "They won't get Linda's address until they've been through the office. It may take hours just to identify Frugi. You're sure there was nothing on him—no papers? No cards? Nothing?"

"He was clean."

"Forget him. We've got to find Backer. You weren't wise, fighting with him that way. He'll smarten up now. When you finish with Wagner, I want you to go back to Consuelo's and make the locate on Backer and hold onto him. We need him." He was talking fast now, thinking it through, adding it up for us. "One thing more—and an important item, Steve. Ken Sisley. You say he's with you?"

"He's on ice until tomorrow."

"Good. Tell Linda to get started for the Seventy-eighth Street place."

"What is she looking for?"

"Anything and everything. Gwen must have plenty up there, Steve."

"Where will we meet you?"

"When you've finished, go back to Linda's. I'll be there. I'll give you

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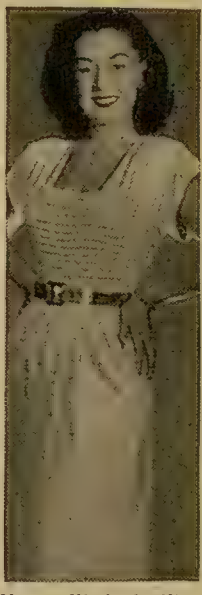

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the sign if everything's clear. Drive by in a cab. Let Linda come up alone. Tell her to put a sign on her door, a handwritten sign saying, 'Away until Monday.' She can leave her key in an empty mailbox downstairs. I'll find it. Check?"

Linda wrote the sign and tacked it to the door. It was a relief to get out in the open again.

Monkowitz shot into gear as soon as we entered the cab. I told Linda what Harvey had directed.

She said, "Did he reach any conclusion about the glasses?"

"How could he? Some of my best friends wear glasses. Any amateur murderer might wear glasses as a simple disguise—for identification purposes only. Forget that clue. It's worthless because it's obvious."

"I don't think it's worthless. You wear glasses. It could be that the subject might want to be identified as you. We've got to give him credit for brains, Steve. After all, he chose a peculiar spot to kill Frugi. He picked your apartment, didn't he?"

I could have kissed her for her effort. But this was no time for love-making. I squeezed her hand. I said, "Tell me more."

"The apartment," she said. "Your apartment. Was it rifled, too?"

◆

I thought back. "He might have searched through Gwen's stuff," I said. "But it wasn't frantic. Or maybe he had found what he wanted by the time he was ripe for the murders. He might have found what he was looking for at Frugi's or Consuelo's."

"If he went there first," Linda said thoughtfully. "But he didn't go to Consuelo's first. The elevator boy testified that she was in her apartment all afternoon, isn't that so?"

"She left around four."

"We'll assume, then, that the murderer visited her apartment after he killed Frugi and Gwen. We've got to, unless Consuelo did the job."

"Or Backer. Harvey seems to think he's an important link."

She gave Backer some thought. "It doesn't jell. He was Consuelo's boy friend, that's all."

"He was fishy when he walked in on me up at her flat. I mean the business of pretending not to see the upheaval."

"That might have been your imagination."

"Harv doesn't think so," I said. "I'm going back there, after Wagner's."

"Be careful," she said. "What else did Harvey say?"

"You're on your way to Seventy-eighth Street—Gwen's apartment. It might give us a lead to another man."

She pressed my hand again. "Where will I meet you?"

"Come back to Wagner's. Wait for me. We'll go over to Consuelo's for a minute—and then back to your place."

I got out at the darkened end of the huge apartment house where Wagner lived. I said, "Take good care of her, Monkowitz. She's my right arm."

"I thought you said I was your right arm?" he grinned.

"I'll need three of them tonight."

"You've got three of them," he said, and slid off down Park Avenue.

11.46 P.M. Nobody saw me enter Mark Wagner's party. But that was because nobody saw much of anything at Wagner's. His cocktail affair had reached brawl proportions. He had a penthouse, but the noise was bottled up within its walls.

A tall redhead bounced up and grabbed my arm. She was dressed in a yellow gown cut low enough for embarrassment. She tugged me toward the side of the room and pressed a small liquor glass into my hand.

"Cutcha face," she said. "Putsomelikka on it, big boy. Antiseptic."

A flat-footed butler offered me food.

"Mr. Wagner," I said. "Haven't seen him. Where is he?"

He looked down at me as though I had come in by way of the servants' entrance.

"You can see him if you stand up, sir. At the piano, of course."

Mark Wagner was not drunk. He sat at the piano as though he were a paid performer, his face a mask of detached calm. He was the aesthetic type, high in the forehead and thin-nosed.

A very young-looking girl squirmed through the group around him and whispered something to him. She leaned over him and he kissed her and smiled at her and got up.

Standing, he was a short man. He had an arm around the girl now and the gesture seemed boyish and almost effeminate. I tapped his arm as he passed me.

I said, "Mark? Can you give me a minute?"

He stared at me, not certain that he knew me, then pointed toward another room, smiling tolerantly.

His library was a decorator's dream. He sat behind a long desk that followed the curve of the wall and filled half the room. There was a drawing board near the window, and on it a bright sketch of a woman of fashion.

He reached into a cabinet in the wall. "What were you drinking, chum?"

"I've had enough, thanks."

He shrugged again. It was a delicate gesture. "You don't mind if I have another?" He poured. "Can't seem to recall your name."

"You don't know me," I said. "I'm a friend of Consuelo's."

"Oh?" he said, sipping his drink. He put the glass down and I saw his hand slide along the under side of the desk slowly, casually. My hand was in my pocket, on Louie Sliger's gun. But he stood suddenly and walked away from the desk, frowning a little. "I didn't see Consuelo tonight. She couldn't come?"

"She's indisposed."

"A good girl, Consuelo."

"You should know."

"I don't quite follow you."

"I mean you're an expert, aren't you? With women?"

"You didn't want to talk about fashions, did you?"

"Indirectly. You remember Gwen Hibbs?"

He toyed with it for a moment. "Of course. A striking girl, Gwen."

"She worked for you?"

"For a while," he said.

"I'm looking for her. Jake Frugi wants her," I said. "Right away."

"And Jake Frugi doesn't know where to find her?"

"Jake doesn't know a lot of things."

"About Gwen? I don't quite follow you, Mr.—"

"McGrath," I said. "I'm working for Jake."

"You don't look the type, McGrath."

"Tell that to Jake when you see him." I showed him Louie Sliger's gun.

"I'll make a note of it," he said.

LIBERTY
"I did play for marbles first, mother."

I had reached him. "I haven't seen Gwen Hibbs since the day Jake Frugi met her up here. Jake knows that. Or doesn't he?"

I stabbed. "You saw her after that. Jake knows, because I told him, Wagner. I've been tailing you for weeks."

◆

That did it. He came toward me stiffly, his eyes burning. "The dirty dog. What was the big idea?"

"You'll have to ask Jake that one. All I want is the answer to my first question. He's interested in making a locate on Gwen. Do you see?"

"I warned him about her, but he wouldn't listen," Wagner said. "She's the most evil woman I ever knew. I told him to be careful with her. He knew what she tried to pull with me."

"She isn't at Seventy-eighth Street. Jake says maybe you set her up yourself somewhere."

"I wouldn't give her the right time."

"You did once."

"That was different. I gave her a job. I tried to do something for her because of Consuelo. It didn't last long. After Jake met her, she tried to blackmail me. She invited me up to Seventy-eighth Street, but I didn't stay long enough to suit her. She wanted to put me in the middle, between her and Jake. But it didn't work because I was too clever for her. I've told Jake all about this. He warned me to stay away from her, and I have, until last week. You must have seen us in the restaurant, eh, McGrath? Well, you saw that I left her after lunch."

"Why did you meet her for lunch?"

"She forced me to see her. She wanted money. She was blackmailing me. That was the last time I saw her, believe me."

"Sure, sure," I said. "I believe you, Wagner. All Jake wants to know now is where in hell she went. Did she talk about any other sucker? She might be working this routine with an assistant, a smart apple who's feeding her the moves."

"I've thought that for a long time," Wagner said. "Gwen Hibbs has a conniving mind, but she's not very intelligent, really. She's the lure, really, not the promoter."

"An interesting idea," I said. "And what would she promote?"

"Anything. I wouldn't put mayhem past her."

"She'd even rob Jake Frugi?"

"I can believe it."

"Can you believe she'd rifle his apartment?"

"Don't make me laugh," he said. "Gwen isn't active enough. But her boy friend might try. There must be buckets of cash there."

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"And suppose her boy friend wasn't interested in cash?"

"An intriguing speculation," Wagner said, and toyed with his drink. "Did you ever think of the business of I O Us? She might have brought her partner into the casino after hooking Jake. She might have tried for a big win out there." He smiled at his fingers. "And her man might have failed, you know. Jake Frugi is a fussy man. He is particularly fussy about gambling debts."

"You're sure she has another playmate?"

"How else could she keep the Seventy-eighth Street place?"

I toyed with an answer for that one. I had assumed Frugi paid the freight on Seventy-eighth Street.

"That's the question Jake Frugi's asking," I said, "and I'm getting paid to answer it. She's hit him for plenty and he wants the bright boy who guides her. Bright boy's been playing burglar — at Jake's place."

I watched him for reaction. I got nothing but perplexity. "He got the casino money?"

"He wasn't interested in money."

"I don't begin to understand it," he said. "You'll have to catch her boy friend. He must be a clever chap."

"I think I've got a line on him."

I saw only sudden interest. No guilt. He said, "You have?"

"A jerk named George Backer."

"Oh, please," he laughed faintly. "Not Backer! Gwen could stuff him in a corner of her intellect."

"She must be quite a dame," I said, and started for the door. "One more item, Wagner. Were you in your store all afternoon?"

"I have dozens of witnesses to prove where I was all day." He approached me sadly. "I'm a little disappointed in Jake Frugi. We were always good friends, Jake and I. It was only after he met her that he went sour—completely sour. Maybe he'll go back to Consuelo now. If I can do anything to get them together again—"

"I'll tell him what you said."

He took me through the living room. The party was manic now. In the hall he said, "I wish you luck, McGrath."

"I'll need it," I said. "That Hibbs doll is a queer one."

"You'll never know how queer she is until you meet her."

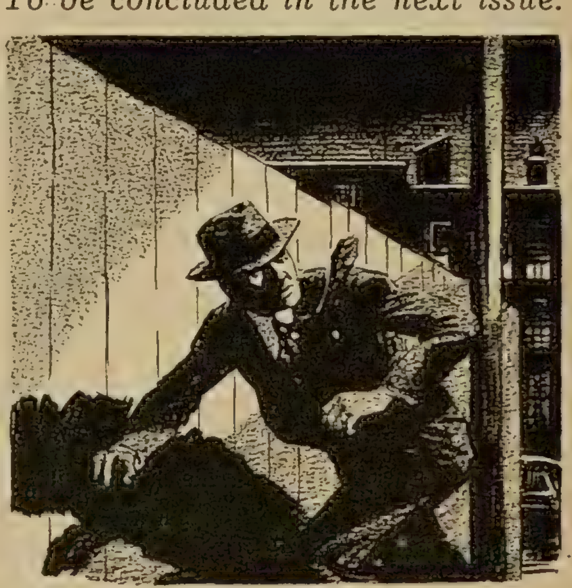
I shook his hand and went down in the elevator. I knew now that the same man had robbed Frugi and Consuelo. He had entered both places on the prowl for something that belonged to Jake Frugi—something Jake Frugi prized.

The automatic door slid open on the main floor. I caught a glimpse of the front entrance. There were two men talking to the doorman. One wore a uniform. They had their backs to me. In the electric moment I reached for the button and pressed. The door slid back torturously slow. I was moving down at a cloying speed. Then I was out in the dimly lit catacombs of the giant cellar. I was running, stumbling over crates, picking my way around wooden partitions. Ahead in the gloom a small red bulb glowed over a steel door. This was the exit. I opened the door tentatively, staring down the gray corridor of the alley. They had missed seeing me upstairs or they would be out there. I was free of them for the moment.

I climbed a fence and crept through the next alley and emerged on the side street.

I ran desperately when I hit the pavement.

To be concluded in the next issue.



SHORT LINE

Continued from page 23

equipment was made for the Charleston Exposition of 1902 and the Jamestown Exposition of 1907.

When President Truman ordered the army to seize the railroads in May, 1948, Colonel Springs, himself a director of the Southern Railway, volunteered his services as sergeant to Southern's president, Ernest E. Norris, commandant of the Southeastern District. However, the L. & C. has no need to look outside for military or naval aid—for among its vice-presidents are many well-known ex-warriors.

There is Colonel G. E. Buxton, who led Sergeant York, and was later chief of staff to Colonel Donovan of OSS. There is Colonel Harold Fowler, who commanded the American pilots on the British front in World War I, and got himself smashed up in Africa during World War II. There are Colonels L. K. Callahan and J. C. Stanley, who received wounds and decorations in both wars, and ran the staff of the Eighth Fighter Command in the last one. There are Lieutenants Clayton Knight and R. A. Kelly and Captain S. B. Eckert of the American section of the RFC. There are Colonel Robert T. Stevens, Captain W. J. Hunter, Lieutenant D. A. Embury, and Private Charles MacArthur, Captain R. A. Springs of the Burmese ATC, and Lieutenant Charles D'Olive of the Spad Theater.

In case anyone should launch torpedoes against the Catawba River bridge, there are Admiral Halsey, Lieutenant Malcolm Stevenson, Lieutenant R. J. Reynolds, and Lieutenant H. W. Close, Jr., to man the gunboats. If a foreign legion should be organized to protect the export shipments, there are Air Marshal Bishop, Colonel Peter Gething of Australia, Lieutenant Harry Bruno of the RFC, and Lieutenant F. P. Goodrich of the French artillery.

The historical section is headed by Samuel Hopkins Adams, who can demonstrate the tactics of the Spanish-American War. The surgical staff is composed of Captain Robert McKay, Lieutenant H. H. Gile, both of whom are still overweight from the Kaiser's lead, and Colonel George Benet, who restrung both doughboys and G.I.s.

The attorneys are Major Robert T. Jones, Jr., and Charles Norfleet. Sergeant J. C. Hubbard is treasurer, Lieutenant Colonel C. N. Rice, assistant treasurer, Lieutenant Jackson P. Dick is superintendent of motive power. Other good fighting men among the vice-presidents are William Seeman, James Montgomery Flagg, Hammond E. Fisher, W. F. Cutler, H. R. Rice, John T. Stevens, Fred L. Emerson, L. W. Robert, Jr., S. P. Hutchinson, Jr., James I. Bush, G. N. Tower, and H. A. Ley.

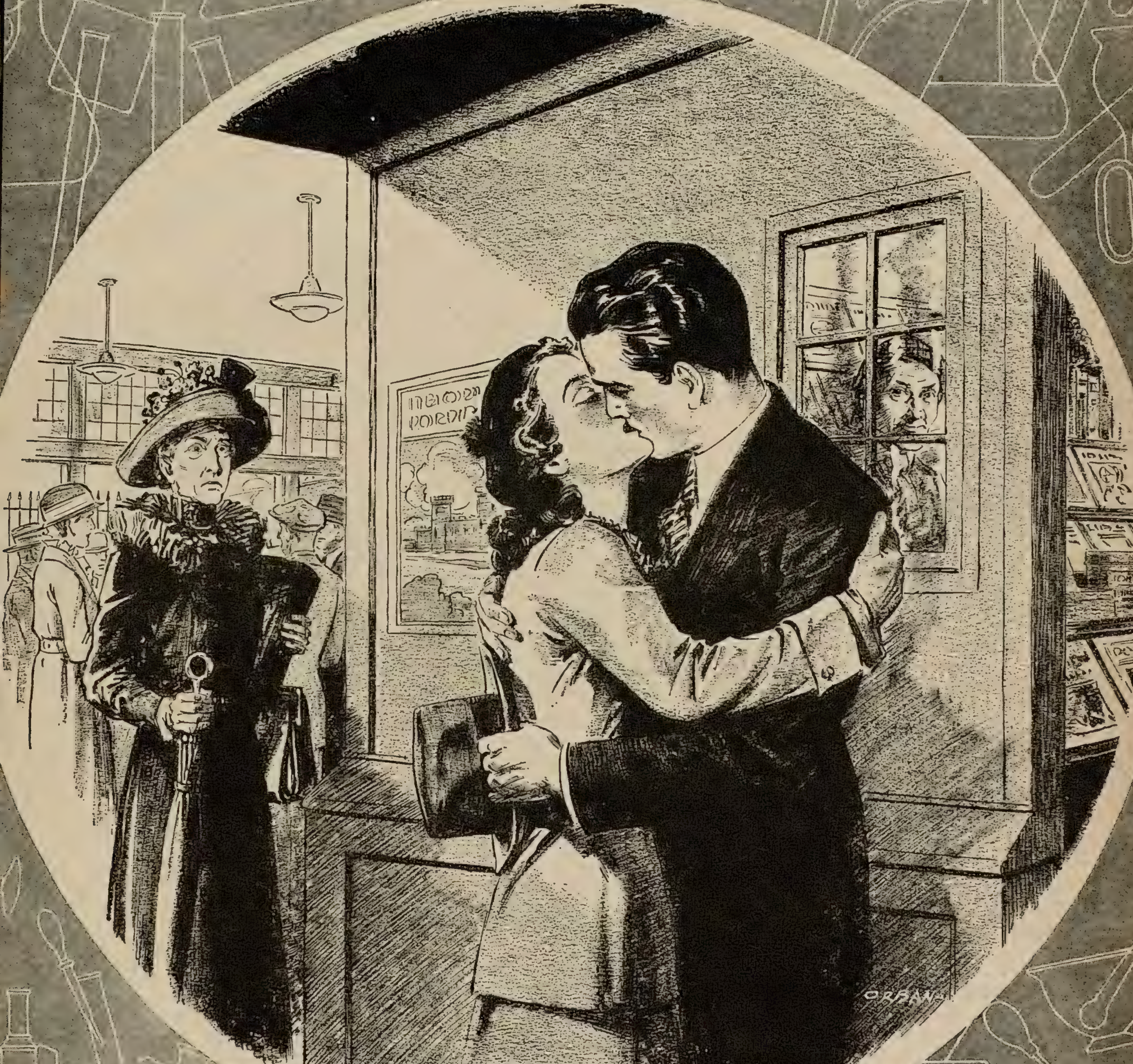
Louis R. Wasey is publicity manager; Ernest F. Domoney, eastern traffic manager; E. Stuart Merrett, Canadian representative; Leroy Butler, consulting physician; A. Z. F. Wood, secretary; W. H. Gladden, comptroller; J. U. Bell, auditor; W. S. Darfield, superintendent; and R. L. Senter, master mechanic and operator of the Miniature Division. Clair Maxwell, due to his experience on Life magazine, is the news butcher.

On the distaff side the WAC and WAVE Department is staffed by Margaret Stanley, Beverly Davisson, Evie Roberts, and Mary Williamson. ◆◆

liberty book condensation

SHANNON'S WAY

PART ONE



READING TIME—
ONE EVENING

By A. J. CRONIN

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL ORBAN

Liberty book condensation

ON a damp evening in December, the fifth of that month, in the year 1919 — a date which marked the beginning of a great change in my life—six o'clock had struck from the University tower and the soft mist from the Eldon River was creeping round the Experimental Pathology buildings at the foot of Fenner Hill, invading our long workroom that smelled faintly of formalin, and was lit only by low green-shaded lamps.

Professor Usher was still in his study. Surreptitiously I glanced at the two other assistants who, with myself, made up the Professor's team. Directly opposite, Spence stood at his bench, racking culture tubes, awaiting the arrival of his wife. She called for him regularly, every Friday night, and they went out together to dinner and the theatre. A slanting beam drew a cruel caricature of his broken profile upon the wall. In the far corner of the laboratory Lomax had knocked off work and was idly tapping a cigarette upon his thumbnail. Presently, in a bored manner, surrounded by a languid cloud of smoke, he stood up, adjusting the wave in his hair at the mirror he kept over his sink.

"Let's go somewhere tonight, Shannon. Have dinner with me and we'll take in a cinema."

The invitation was flattering but this evening I declined it.

"How about you, Spence?"

"I'm afraid Muriel and I are going out."

"This is a beastly unsociable town," Lomax complained.

Neil Spence hesitated, almost apologetic, covering his chin with his left hand, an instinctive gesture which seemed to give him confidence and which always touched me, increasing the sympathy and deep affection which I felt for him.

"Why don't you come along with us?"

"I shouldn't want to butt in and spoil your evening."

"You wouldn't."

Just then there came the sound of a motor horn, and almost at once Smith, the attendant, entered and announced that Mrs. Spence had arrived and was outside.

When they had gone, Hugo Usher came out of his office. His exits and entrances, indeed all his movements, had a slightly theatrical quality, which fitted his severe figure, iron-grey hair, and cropped imperial. Despite his well-controlled expression, it was not difficult for me to read disapproval of my failure, during the past six weeks, to evince enthusiasm for the research he had compelled me to take up.

He laid upon my bench the typewritten sheet which earlier that day I had presented to him. "I regret that I cannot accept your suggestion. The work upon which you are engaged is of very considerable importance. Impossible . . . to allow you to discontinue it. You know I particularly want our paper ready for the Spring Congress. It is imperative you press forward with all possible speed."

When I did not answer, his half-frown deepened.

"Good evening, Shannon." With that formal withdrawing bow he had picked up abroad, he went out.

I sat still for a long moment.

"I'm ready to close up, sir."

Smith, the attendant, was watching me, the same Herbert Smith who, when I first entered the Zoology laboratory six years before, had damped my youthful enthusiasm with his pessimism. Now he was head attendant in the Pathological Department, but the attainment of this better position had not changed him, and he displayed towards me a morose suspicion which my few successes, including an honours M.D. and the winning of the Lister Gold Medal, had increased rather than dispelled.

Without a word I shrouded my microscope, put away the slides, took my cap, and went out. My thoughts were bitter as I walked down the dark dripping avenue of Fenner Hill and entered the drab district of Kirkhead. Here, terraces of old-fashioned houses, clinging desperately to respectability, raised their tall grimy fronts. At Number 52, which bore on the fanlight the polite name ROTHESAY, I mounted the steps and went in.

My room was small, almost an attic, furnished sparsely.

For this accommodation, with two meals a day, I paid the Misses Dearie, co-owners of the establishment, the moderate sum of thirty-four shillings a week—which, I must at once acknowledge, was quite as much as I could afford. The money I had inherited from my grandfather, "to put me through college," had no more than fulfilled its purpose, while the honorarium for my assistantship, and for extra work, amounted to one hundred guineas a year. In brief, I was outrageously poor, compelled to wear my obsolete navy uniform because it was the only suit that I possessed. However, I regarded my present state as purely transitory, precursor of a splendid future.

When I reached my lofty garret, I stood for a moment in determined thought, studying the paper which Usher had restored to me.

"You'll be late for tea."

With a start, I turned to the intruder who stood diffidently upon my threshold. It was Miss Jean Law, my next-door neighbour in the corridor. This young woman, one of the five medical students who lodged at Rothesay, was taking my Bacteriology class, and all through the present session had made me the object of her neighbourly attentions.

"The gong went five minutes ago," she murmured, in her Northern accent; and, observing my irritation, she had the grace to blush—a warm, modest flush which suffused her fair skin yet did not cause her to lower her brown eyes. "I knocked, but you didn't hear me."

I crumpled up the paper.

"I've asked you, Miss Law, not to disturb me when I'm busy."

"Yes . . . but your *tea,*" she protested, more than ever rolling her *r's* in her confusion.

"All right," I consented, imitating her tone. "I'll come this very minute."

◆

We went down together to the dining-room, an appalling chamber, furnished in worn red plush. Miss Beth Dearie was presiding at the mahogany table covered with a mended but clean white cloth. Opposite me sat two other medical students.

Miss Ailie Dearie entered from the kitchen, silently, in her broken-down felt slippers, bearing the "crystal," the glass dish of stewed but stony prunes which, on "kipper nights," with the inevitability of death, terminated our grim repast.

When nothing edible remained on the table, the meal ended with Beth Dearie rising like the chatelaine of a castle who had dispensed a banquet. We then dispersed.

"Mr. Shannon." Hastening after me, Miss Law breathed my name. "I'm not sure of the paper I've written on *Trypanosoma gambiense* . . . you know, the question you set us today. It's so specially interesting to me . . . Would you . . . could you be so terribly good as to look it over?"

Although harassed and preoccu-

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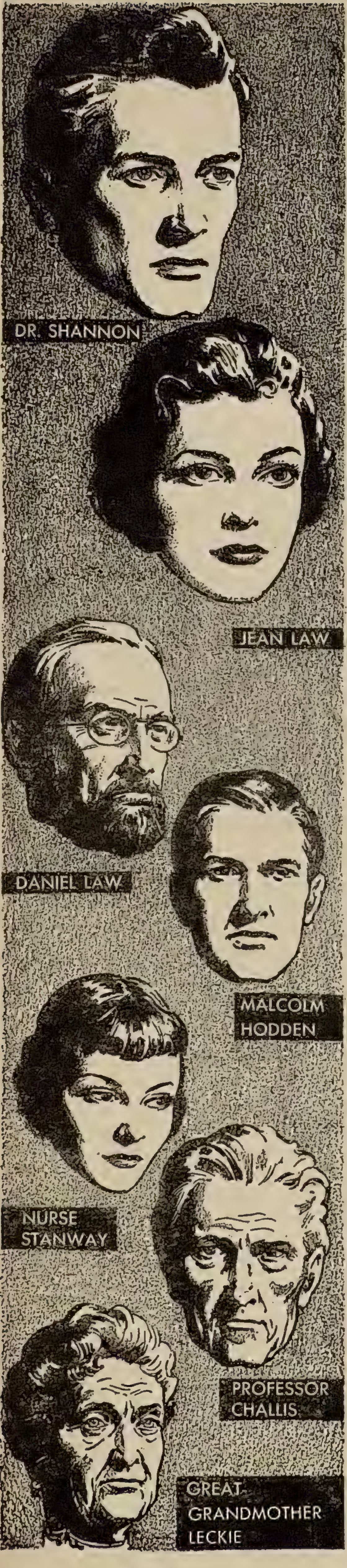


pied, I had not the strength of will to refuse. Five minutes later, sustained by the broken springs of the one chair in the conservatory, I read her paper, while she sat very erect on the edge of a stool.

"This is well above pass standard," I said. "In fact, it's extremely good."

A warmth crept into her soft cheeks.

"Oh, thank you, Dr. . . . Mr. Shannon. That means everything, coming from you. I can't tell you how much we students respect your opinion . . . and your . . . Yes, please let me say it, your brilliance . . . And of course I know what a hard time you had in the war."

I was not constitutionally a liar, yet under that starry trustful gaze, some devil, perhaps inherited from my incorrigible grandfather, had begun, in these past weeks, screened by my thoughtful, even melancholy visage, to play outrageous pranks. I had confided in her that I came of a wealthy and aristocratic Levenford family, but that, being left an orphan and preferring medical research to the career mapped out for me, I had been cut off and forbidden my ancestral home.

For the four years of the war I had led an uneventful, dreary existence as the surgeon of a light cruiser detailed for duty with submarines in the North Sea. But for Miss Jean Law I had invented a new and more picturesque adventure, from which I woke up in a South American hospital.

During my present silence she had apparently been nerving herself, and now her eyelashes began to flicker, always a sign of her inner stress.

"I've been thinking . . . I was wondering if, some Saturday, you would care to come out to my home at Blairhill. Of course," she added hurriedly, "we're very simple folk; not like you. My father"—she flushed—"is not a very important person. He is . . . a baker; works in the bakehouse with my young brother and another man. So, although you are so well-connected, please don't look down on us."

"Good Lord, what do you take me for?"

"Then you'll come." With a pleased expression she rose, took up her paper from the arm of my chair and stood looking at it. "I'm most grateful for your help. Tropical medicine interests me so much." My inquiring glance provoked a final confidence. "You see . . . we belong to the Brethren in Blairhill . . . and . . . immediately I get my degree . . . I am going out as a doctor to our settlement . . . at Kumasi, in West Africa."

"It all sounds very noble," I said slowly. "I wonder if you really know what you'll be up against."

"I ought to." She smiled calmly. "My sister has been out there as a nurse for the last five years."

She paused at the door and with a smile slipped from the room. I shrugged my shoulders and, with compressed lips, turned to the consideration of my own situation.

◆

The next day, Saturday, was my weekly holiday, and at six o'clock in the morning I set out from the sleeping house to walk to the village of Dreem, some twenty-six miles away. When the sun broke through, I had passed the outskirts of Winton and was in open country, with the broad estuary of the Clyde reaching away to the sea before me, a luminous familiar vision which always lifted up my heart.

Towards noon I ate an apple which Miss Ailie, daring her sister's displeasure, had slipped in my pocket the night before. As I approached my destination, the purpose of this journey, naïve though it might be, dominated my mind. All that year, since the University Senate, following my demobilization in 1918, had awarded me the Eldon Fellowship, I had been employed by Professor Usher upon a routine investigation of certain opsonins, a subject interesting to him but regarded by me as of slight importance—indeed, the entire opsonic theory was already being discredited by advanced scientific workers.

Perhaps I was prejudiced by my deep regard for the previous head of the Department, Professor Challis, who, at the University, had taught and inspired me: a fine old man, now retired, at the age of seventy, to the obscurity of private life.

I had been seeking, with pathetic eagerness, a really significant subject for research, a broad, original thesis so unmistakably momentous that it would influence, or even alter, the course of general medicine. A tall order, naturally. But I was young, only twenty-four, passionately bound up in my work, burning with the painful ambition of a silent and retiring nature; longing, in my poverty and obscurity, to astound the world.

During that autumn a number of rural areas all over the country had been stricken by a curious epidemic loosely classified as influenza. The death rate of the infection was high and its incidence wide. As I studied the symptoms I began to feel that here was a new and different disease. My interest in this matter was further heightened by the fact that one of the main local centres of the epidemic was the neighbourhood of Dreem. And now I trudged into that little village and went immediately to Alex Duthie.

He was in the cottage, seated, pipe in mouth, in his cozy kitchen, while Simon, his five-year-old boy, played at his feet, and Alice, his wife, a sedate, matronly woman, rolled out a pastry at the table.

◆ Alex was a short steady-looking man of thirty-five. He greeted me with an impenetrable motion of his head, a flicker rather, of his features, so faint as to be almost invisible, yet which somehow had more welcome than the longest speech. He took in, not without irony, my tired and dusty appearance.

"Did you miss the bus?"

"No, Alex. I wanted the walk. I hope I'm not late. Did you . . . make the arrangements?"

"I managed. We'll drop down to the Institute now."

"I'm a confounded nuisance to you, Alex," I said as we walked down the road. "I wouldn't have asked you to do this if I didn't think it was important."

"Ay," he agreed wryly. "Ye're a bit of a bother, Rob. But as we happen to be fond of ye, we maun put up wi' it."

Before the war, as a lonely student at the University I had forsaken my books to indulge my passion for fishing. On the river bank, one evening, Alex had helped me to land a tremendous fish; and the seeds of enduring friendship had been sown. Although a working man, being employed as head herdsman by the Dreem Farms Company, Duthie was locally a highly respected figure and for several years past had been elected to the office of "provost" of the little community. Since the village was too remote to possess a resident doctor, it was to him that I made my present unorthodox request.

The Institute was a small brick building, recently erected by the Farms Combine, and containing various clubrooms and a library. Alex led the way into one of the rooms off the main corridor where about thirty persons were gathered.

"Well!" Alex exclaimed. "Here's Dr. Shannon. Most of ye know him as a pretty fair fisherman. But forbye, he's a sort of a professor at the University, and he wants to find out about this damn 'flu that's laid us out here. He's come to ask a favour of you."

Several of the people smiled, though many of them still looked pale and ill. When I thanked them for coming, I explained what was wanted. It was a simple operation to obtain from each a small blood specimen, and their friendly patience made things easier.

At last my final subject had rolled down his sleeve, shaken hands with me, and gone out. Then, as I looked up from my notebook, I saw Alex, seated on a near-by bench, watching me. I had already told him what was in my mind.

Duthie came over and gripped me by the hand. "Ye're a clever chap, Rob, and I'm sure I wish you luck. If I can help again in any way, just let me know." A dry smile wrinkled the corners of his eyes. "Meantime, come on back to supper. Alice has a grand steak-and-kidney puddin' for us."

I smiled back at him. "You go ahead, Alex. I'll join you when I finish off my notes."

When I left the Institute a clear darkness was falling and a thin moon with its attendant star had risen in the frosty sky. The lightly textured air was cold and still, and suddenly my mind lifted in a surge of exhilaration at the prospect which lay before me, this voyage of discovery.

Outside Alex's door I paused. While I stood listening, as the last whisperings of the earth died in the boreal stillness, I felt the mantle of an external solitude enwrap my spirit. I knew then what I was, and must always be—alone, one against the world.

◆ On the following Friday Professor Usher made a little tour of the laboratory and finally, having cleared his throat, faced us with a confidential smile.

"Gentlemen, as you are no doubt aware, I have been honoured with an invitation to act as chairman of the advisory committee for the coming Pathological Congress, a distinction which obliges me to make a tour of the various universities. Mrs. Usher and I leave for London tonight at six. We shall be away for eight weeks. I know, of course, that in my absence the work of the Department will proceed smoothly and expeditiously, in accordance with the best traditions of research."

I could scarcely contain my emotions as the door swung shut. What could I not accomplish in that time?

Lomax was glancing across at me with his fatigued smile. From his locker he now produced, with an amused air, a bottle of Benedictine.

"Let's mark the occasion. Immediately." He drew the cork and poured generous measures.

Neil Spence, the third member of Usher's team, came over sociably and joined us.

"It's extremely nice," he said in his quiet voice. He glanced at his watch.

"Nearly six o'clock. Muriel ought to be here any minute."

He took his handkerchief and began, surreptitiously, to remove the moisture that escaped from the corners of his lips. In a trench near the Marne, Spence's lower jaw had been shattered by a burst of German shrapnel, and although the plastic surgeons had patched him wonderfully, the result was a sad distortion of the human face.

Muriel could be regarded as the alleviation of his misfortune. Before the war he had been engaged to her, and when he returned, she had stood by him, resisting the pressure of her family and his own efforts to give her back her freedom.

As I approached the familiar boardinghouse that evening the door of Rothesay opened and there appeared Harold Muss, accompanied by Miss Law, both bearing skates.

At the sight of me she drew up. "You know you promised to come out to Blairhill. I go home tonight. Do visit us tomorrow."

Gazing into her soft brown eyes, my powers of invention seemed suddenly to fail me. Finding no excuse, after a moment, lamely, I muttered, "All right, I'll come."

◆ The train bumped into Blairhill, and there, waiting on the platform, rising a little on her toes, scanning eagerly with bright eyes the curved flank of the train, was Miss Jean Law.

"Oh, Mr. Shannon," she exclaimed happily. "It's so nice you could come. I was almost afraid . . ."

She broke off, but I finished the sentence for her.

"That I would let you down."

"Well . . ." She coloured, as she did so easily. "I know you're a busy man. But you're here anyway, and it's a lovely afternoon, and I've so much to show you."

As we were walking together up the narrow main street, she paused suddenly, opposite a little low-browed building.

"This is our bakehouse, Mr. Shannon. You must come in and meet my father."

I followed her beneath a low archway into a little cobbled yard, down through a narrow doorway, between piled sacks of flour, into a dim sweet-smelling earth-floored basement lit by the dull red radiation of two charcoal ovens.

Gradually, as my eyes became accustomed to the dark interior, I made out two shirt-sleeved figures.

Daniel Law was about fifty-five, of medium height, pallid from his occupation, yet vigorous-looking, with a sturdy frame. Despite his steel spectacles and the close black beard which somewhat masked his features, he had a frank, earnest expression.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir. My daughter has told me of your great kindness to her at the coll-edge. Any friend of my daughter is welcome here."

His deep voice had a patriarchal quality. He called over his shoulder, "Luke! Step up here a minute."

The young lad of seventeen who advanced bore a close resemblance to his sister, having similar colouring of complexion and eyes. He had a warm, cheerful, human air which made me take to him at once.

Outside, and continuing our way to the outer fringes of the town, past fewer houses, we approached a small stone villa, neat and unpretentious, with a trim privet hedge in front and an iron gate bearing, on a brass plate, the name Siloam.

The front door opened and a slight woman, silver-haired and comely, with a delicate transparent skin, her figure shielded by a black alpaca wrapper, appeared to greet us. Making no effort to conceal the feather duster in her hand, she turned upon me the scrutiny of her confidently tranquil eyes.

"You caught me before I got changed, Mr. Shannon. I was just finishing my parlour when I happened to see you walking up the avenue. Come in and sit down."

"No, Mother," Miss Jean protested quickly. "We're going out to make the best of the afternoon."

"Are you taking Malcolm with you?"

"Of course not, Mother," her daughter answered a trifle fretfully. "You know he's away this afternoon."

Who was Malcolm? I wondered absently.

"Well, well . . . off you go, then," agreed Mrs. Law. "But be sure you're back for supper. Good-bye for just now, Mr. Shannon."

Miss Jean Law took me out, into the back garden.

"Of course it's very tiny . . . suburban you might even say. I'm sure, Mr. Shannon, it's nothing like your home."

Affecting not to hear the mildly searching lift in her tone, I pointed hastily to the toolshed, where a red motorcycle was propped upon its stand.

"Luke's." She answered my unspoken inquiry indulgently. "He's mad on motor engines and knows a lot about them, too—although Father doesn't approve."

Never was there a more scrupulous sight-seer, a more devoted cicerone—that I am prepared to swear—than this pretty daughter of the baker of Blairhill.

"We can't miss the White Cattle," she declared at length, adding primly, as though quoting from a guidebook: "They are unique."

To view these fabulous animals, we entered an extensive demesne known as "the High Parks." But Miss Law could not find the cattle.

"I'm afraid . . . Mr. Shannon . . . they must be 'in' for the winter. I'll show you them another time."

"Do," I said. "Meanwhile let's sit down."

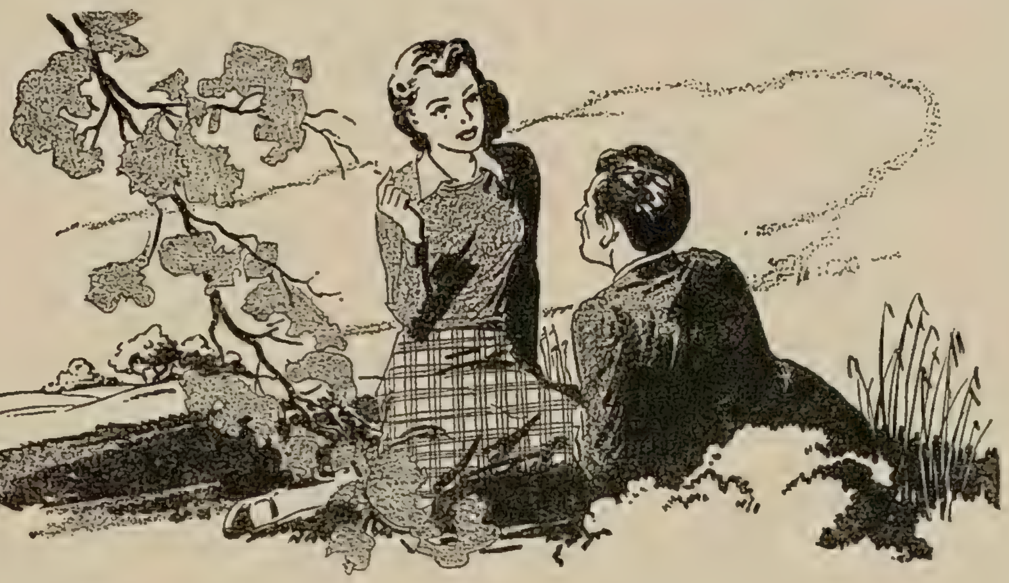
The afternoon was extremely calm, warm for the season, with the sun, partly veiled, diffusing an amber light, which seemed to steep the landscape in the stillness of an undiscovered world.

Beside me, chewing a blade of the brown tussocky grass and gazing straight ahead, Miss Jean Law sat erect, still nursing her discomfiture, and as I rested on my elbow, I began, unconsciously, to study her. She had, especially in this setting, a striking, youthful freshness. Her brown eyes, hair, and skin matched the woodlands, as did her firm little throat and chin. Her teeth, as she munched the wiry grass, were white and wholesome. Observing from underneath, one could almost see the flow of warm blood through the soft curve of her upper lip. But, more than anything, she looked, and smelled, so extraordinarily clean.

◆

She turned her head and met, unexpectedly, my examining gaze. Then her modest eyes fell and a slow sweet flush spread all over her cheeks. There was a strained pause, a silence that was part, somehow, of the greater surrounding stillness of Nature, and which, as though inviting a word, an action upon my part that did not come, was filled with an almost painful expectation. Then, almost angrily, she glanced at her round silver watch, jumped quickly to her feet.

"It's time we got back. You must be starving for your tea."



Her eyes fell and a flush spread over her cheeks. There was a strained pause.

When we reached Siloam the entire family awaited us in the immaculate back parlour. There was also present another guest, introduced to me as Mr. Hodden, who answered, with an agreeable smile, to the name Malcolm, who at once attached himself to Jean, and who was indeed on terms of devoted intimacy with all the family. He was a correct dependable-looking young man of about twenty-five, dressed with methodical neatness in a brown tweed suit and a high stiff collar. I soon learned that he was a teacher in the Blairhill elementary school.

Since supper was ready, we took our places at the table. Daniel gravely repeated a lengthy grace. Then Mrs. Law began generously to portion out the large cut of boiled salmon that stood before her. Sharp set, I fell to with the appetite to be expected from one of Miss Dearie's boarders. The simple goodness of the meal would have delighted a palate far more expert than mine.

Head of this household, preacher at the Meetings, Daniel Law was accustomed to hold forth, and now, at the table, he sounded me out.

"Of course, Doctor, you follow a noble profession. To heal the sick, what could be more meritorious? It was a proud and happy moment for me, sir, when my daughter decided to dedicate herself to that great and splendid work."

I kept silent, since I could not well advise him that it was my intention never to practice but to devote myself exclusively to the pursuit of pure science.

"May I ask, sir, what is your persuasion?"

◆ I knew enough of these small-town interdenomination feuds to realize what a commotion I would cause if I spoke the naked truth—that I was a Catholic, who had strayed occasionally into the less dark corridors of scepticism, but who still, at heart, clung to his first belief.

"Well, sir," I said, with a fluency which shocked me, "I must confess that my biological work has somewhat restricted my opportunities for churchgoing. But I was brought up, in Levenford, in an exceedingly strict Nonconformist atmosphere. In fact"—I improved modestly upon one of my grandmother's less credible boasts—"a great-uncle on my mother's side was one of the Covenanters who gave testimony, with his blood, on Marston Moor."

"Do you tell me!" Daniel inclined his head with excusable interest. "You should be proud of such a forebear, Mr. Shannon. And," he added with gentle cunning, "I hope in future you'll mind his good example."

When eight o'clock struck, I rose to leave amidst protests and cordial handclasps. Darkness had fallen as Luke and his sister escorted me to the station. On the way down, Luke generously offered to lend me the motor bike whenever I could use it. As the train gathered steam, Miss Jean Law walked along beside my window.

"I hope you enjoyed your visit, Mr. Shannon. I know we all did, very much."

Alone in the compartment, I subsided in a corner, exhausted. I felt cheap and shabby—yes, for some reason I felt a regular sneak. And suddenly I had a vision of Jean Law's face as, innocently, she blushed with downcast eyes, beside me, in the High Parks. I had slight experience of women, and in this respect was entirely without conceit. But now a thought went through me like an arrow.

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed aloud. "She couldn't . . . she can't . . . It would be too absurd."

◆ For over a month now I had flung myself, with complete abandon, into my own work. Naturally, Lomax and Spence noticed my activity, but Smith, although I occasionally caught him staring at me and biting the ends of his ragged moustache, could not guess what I was up to.

Professor Usher had written that he would return on Monday, the third. On the preceding Wednesday evening, shortly after nine o'clock, I felt that, at last, my cultures were ripe for examination and I smeared and stained a microscope slide. Holding my breath, I placed the slide under the oil immersion lens; then, as the dark forms leaped up against the shining background, I gave a sharp involuntary gasp. The field was loaded with a small comma-shaped bacillus which I had never seen before.

For a long time I sat immobile, gazing at my discovery. At last I opened my notebook and began, with scientific accuracy, to write a specific description of the organism. Suddenly my concentration was broken by a flood of light through the workroom fanlight. A few seconds later I heard steps in the passage, the door opened, and, while I turned cold with consternation, Professor Usher walked into the laboratory. He wore a grey suit with a dark cloth cape thrown across his shoulders. I saw he had just come off the train.

"Good evening, Shannon." He advanced slowly, in a measured fashion. "You show remarkable industry. What's this?"

Utterly unnerved at being caught, I was silent.

Suddenly, behind Professor Usher, I saw that bird of ill omen, Smith. I realized, then, that I would have to tell him.

When I finished, Usher's face was wintry.

"Do you mean that you have deliberately shelved my work in favour of your own?"

"I'll resume the counts next week."

"I especially told you I wished our paper finished by the end of this month. Yet the minute my back was turned . . . Why? Why?"

"I have to find out about this . . ."

"Indeed." Even his nostrils turned white. "Well, sir, you will abandon it at once."

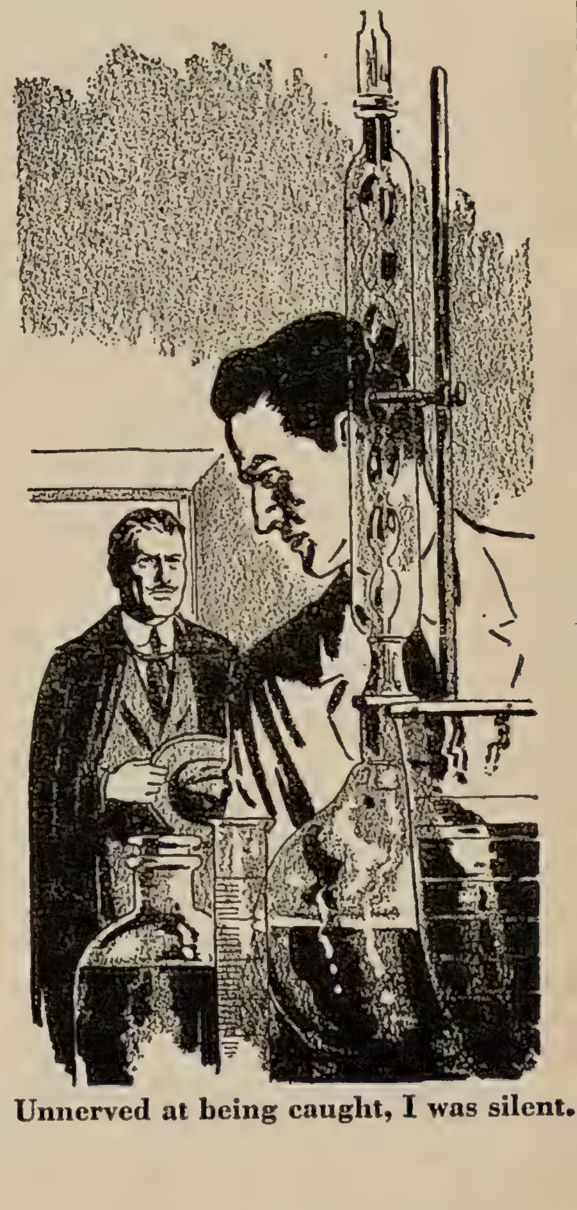
A reddish haze swam up before me. "I can't give up this investigation. I consider it of far greater importance than the opsonin tests."

In the background Smith swallowed suddenly, as though relishing a savoury morsel. Usher drew himself to his full height, his lips wire-thin.

"You are a singularly graceless fellow, Shannon. Unless by Monday you hand me a written apology for this almost unpardonable lapse, I must ask you to leave my Department."

A dead stillness followed.

"Seriously, Shannon, for your own good, I advise you to take yourself in hand. In spite of everything, I am reluctant to break up our collaboration. Now, if you will



Unnerved at being caught, I was silent.

excuse me, I have not been home yet."

With a matador-like sweep of his cape, he spun round and went out. Smith began to whistle softly under his ragged moustache and, not looking at me, to make pretense of cleaning out Spence's sink.

"Well," I said bitterly, "I suppose you think you've queered my pitch."

"It's no fault of mine, sir." He swabbed at the sink with a defiant smirk. "I only done my duty."

"I congratulate you."

I put away my cultures, set the regulator of the incubator to the requisite temperature, while he stared at me sideways, in an odd manner. Then I took my cap and went out.

Sick with resentment, I walked down Fenner Hill in the darkness. To clear my head, I stepped into a cabman's shelter and ordered a mug of coffee. As I sipped the dark gritty fluid, a new fear entered my mind. I raced back to the Department, thinking with increased foreboding of that last gleam in the attendant's eye.

The place was in total darkness when I got there. Hurriedly I opened the side door, went into the laboratory. I switched on the light above my bench and opened the incubator. Smith had thrown out my cultures, the flasks stood empty on the bench, and weeks of my hardest work had gone to waste.

◆

Upon the following morning I made my way, after breakfast, to Parkside Crescent where, in a quiet and unobtrusive terrace overlooking Kelvingrove Gardens, Professor Challis lived in retirement. I felt sure I should get advice and help from this good old man who had so often encouraged me in the past. But he had been taken by some friends upon a trip to Egypt for his health. He would be away all winter.

Most of the day, which was grey and overcast, I walked aimlessly about the city. I came back to the boardinghouse and, more from habit than anything else, drifted in to tea.

Out of the corner of my eye I noticed that Miss Jean Law, who had been away—where, I did not know—for the past three days, was again in her usual place. I thought she looked queer, quite ill, in fact. She left the table early. However, when I went upstairs ten minutes later, I found her standing, erect, in the corridor, with her back to my door. She addressed me in a stiff, unnatural tone.

"Mr. Shannon, I should like a word with you."

"Not just now. I'm tired. I'm busy. And my room's in a mess."

"Then come into mine." Her lips became resolute.

She opened her own door, and before I could protest I was in her small room, a model of propriety.

"Sit down, Mr. Shannon." As I was about to rest on the window ledge she interposed with a sudden quiver of irony: "Take the chair, please . . . it's much more suitable for a gentleman like you." She was trembling. "I've been visiting in your part of the country. Every year my father goes to speak at the Tent Meeting and, though it may amuse you, I go with him. This year the Tent was pitched at Levenford."

"I hope it didn't blow down on you."

"No, it didn't," she answered hotly, "though I'm sure you wish it had. We had a splendid mission. There are some good people in Levenford, you see. I met one of them. A fine old lady . . . Mrs. Leckie."

◆

I flinched. Although I had not seen her for more than twelve months, I had every reason to remember this indomitable woman, the support yet flail of my childhood, this paragon who wore six petticoats and elastic-sided boots; now—I computed rapidly—eighty-four years old. She was my great-grandmother.

"Naturally, in your native place, we spoke to her of you. My father inquired, in fact, if some of your wealthy relatives might not be induced to support our cause. She stared at us, then she laughed."

I felt myself redden.

"Yes, she told us all about you. She exposed all your beastly lies. She told us you were never wrecked on a raft in the war. 'You'll not drown that one,' she said, 'he's like his wicked old grandfather.' Yes, she even told us"—her voice broke—"what church you go to."

I jumped furiously to my feet. On top of all my troubles, this was the last straw.

"What right have you to preach at me? I only did it for a joke."

"A joke! That makes it more shameful."

"Oh, be quiet!" I shouted. "I wouldn't have done it at all if you hadn't run after me, imposed yourself on me at every turn with your blasted medical papers and your . . . your inane white cows."

"So that's the way of it." She bit her lip fiercely. Then suddenly, passionately, unrestrainedly she gave way to sobs. "I never want to see you again, never, never, as long as I live."

"That suits me. I never wanted to see you in the first place. And for all I care you can go to Blairhill, or West Africa, or Timbuktu. In fact you can go to hell. Good-bye."

I walked out of the room and slammed the door.

◆

To display myself to advantage in a crisis was a feat beyond my powers. When I entered the laboratory next morning and saw that the entire staff was present, I felt that I was pale. Everyone was watching me. I went to my bench, opened all the drawers and began to empty them of my books and papers.

Professor Usher approached me as though my submission were understood. "When you're ready, I'd like to discuss our scheme of work."

I took a quick breath, striving to keep my voice even.

"I can't undertake that work. I'm leaving the Department."

Usher was frowning in a provoked fashion. I saw he had not expected this.

"Very well, Shannon," he said severely. "You are acting with extreme stupidity. But if you persist, I can't stop you."

He shrugged his shoulders and, turning towards his office, left me to gather up the remainder of my notes. Only Spence showed evidence of concern, and as I passed his bench he said, under his breath, "Anything I can do, let me know."

I felt oddly lost to be going home in the middle of the forenoon. I went upstairs, washed my hands from habit, sat down at my table and stared at the dingy wallpaper. What was I to do? Before I could answer that question the door opened, and Miss Ailie, carrying a broom and dustpan, came into my room.

"Why, Rob, what's the matter? You're not sick?"

"I've chucked my job, Miss Ailie."

"Well, never mind, Rob. You'll get another." As though wishing to distract me from my own misfortune, she added, "It never rains but it pours. Miss Law left us this morning. Quite unexpected. Such a nice lass too. She's going back to work for her examination at home."

At the end of the month I felt in my bones that presently I should find myself upon the pavement outside Rothesay with no other lodging than the sky. Then one Saturday I was called to the telephone by Miss Ailie. Spence's voice came to me over the line.

"Are you fixed up yet, Shannon?" While I hesitated, ashamed to confess my defeat, he went on. "If you aren't, I've just heard of a vacancy at the Dalnair Cottage Hospital. It's a small place, for infectious fevers, and the doctor there is leaving rather unexpectedly. You'd have plenty of spare time. I thought it might interest you . . . especially as it's down Levenford way . . . in your part of the country."

While I began to thank him he rang off.

With much heart-burning, I composed a letter to the one man upon whom I knew I could depend. Then, as twilight began to fall, I shrouded my microscope in its green baize cover and carried it across the Park to the pawnshop behind the University. Here I pledged my instrument for eight pounds, fifteen shillings. It was a Leitz and probably worth twenty guineas, but I was no haggler.

I placed seven pounds, four weeks' rent, in an envelope to give to Miss Beth. Five shillings, the price of a return railway ticket to Levenford, I stowed securely in my top waistcoat pocket. This left a balance of thirty shillings which, as a wave of recollection of my month's privations swept over me, I resolved recklessly to spend, immediately, on a dinner at the neighbouring Rob Roy Tavern.

◆

As I came out, already licking my lips, I suddenly discerned a solitary female figure approaching, weighted slightly to one side by her textbooks, descending the path towards the tramway terminus slowly, with a peculiar air of reverie and sadness. Miss Jean Law did not see me for some seconds; but when about twenty paces distant she lifted her clouded eyes—which instantly encountered mine.

She started. Her dark eyes, compelled against their will, remained upon me while she approached. Now we were so close that the scent of Windsor soap struck upon my nostrils. At that instant of near contact a sudden palpitating surge gathered and broke within my breast. Then she had passed me, head rigid in the air.

As I went uphill, through the narrow old streets behind the University, I came upon the Church of the Nativity, which in my early student days I had visited every day, and where, still, despite the damaging conflicts of my mind, I attended Mass.

Now, caught by an irresistible impulse, I hurried. There, at the door, hastily, as though committing a crime, I stuffed my three crisp ten-shilling notes into the padlocked iron box marked in grey letters St. Vincent de Paul, and without even looking at the altar, stalked out.

"There!" I prayed without satisfaction to whatever saints observed me. "Do without your dinner, you blasted fool."

◆

Next afternoon, at two o'clock, I arrived in Levenford. Often I had promised myself a sentimental pilgrimage to this Clydeside borough where I had grown up. Yet, somehow, I had not found the occasion for this indulgence. I walked up the High Street towards the office of Duncan McKellar. When I was seated before his broad mahogany desk, he began gravely to stroke his full underlip and contemplate me.

He had taken my part when I was a boy, had administered the money left me for my education, a very watchdog of probity, and, as a sort of unofficial guardian, had advised and encouraged me during my student days.

"Come on. Let's have it, lad. What do you want?"

"Nothing," I answered, "if this is how you feel about it."

"Tut, tut. Don't be a young fool. Out with it."

Suppressing my sense of injury, I told him as best I could.

"You see how important it is. If I'm to go on with this research, I must get a hospital job. Dalnair isn't a big place, but that would give me all the more spare time to do my own work. You're treasurer to the County Health Board. You have influence. You could get me in."

McKellar studied me again, his brows contracted.

"Just look at you, man. After all that's been done for ye! Ye look like a tramp. When I think on the career ye've had, on the way ye've taken medals and honours and fellowships, and then, after folks have built on ye . . . to come to *this*. . . . Oh, man alive, it's fair deplorable."

"All right." I stood up. "I'll say good-bye. And thanks."

"Sit down!" he shouted.

There was a pause. I sat down.

With an effort he mastered his feelings and, in a constrained voice, remarked, "I just cannot carry the sole responsibility any longer, Robert."

He pressed the bell upon the desk, and a moment later Miss Glennie, his faithful servitor, respectfully ushered into the room a figure wearing her historic black-beaded cape and elastic-sided boots.

◆

Great-grandmother Leckie seated herself, very erect, with a prim bow to McKellar, who had half risen in his chair, then turned towards me observantly.

"Well, ma'am," said McKellar, formally, "here we are."

The old woman inclined her head and, as though in church about to enjoy a sermon of excellent severity, she took from her bag a peppermint imperial and placed it austerely between her lips.

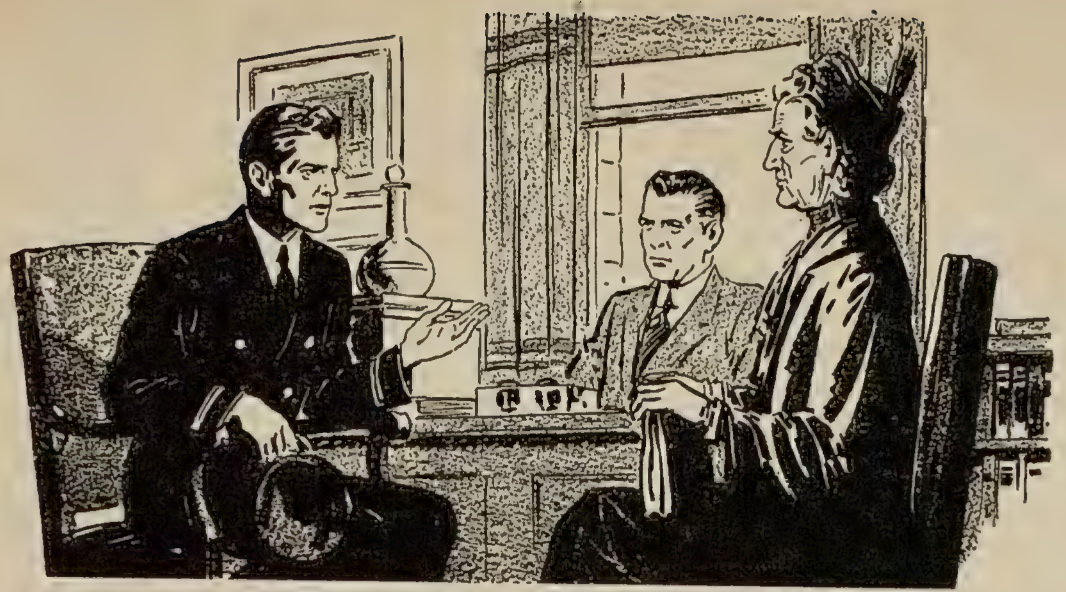
"The position simply is," the lawyer continued, "that Robert here, with everything in his favour and the best prospects in the world, is sitting before us without a curdie in his pocket. He ought," McKellar reasoned, getting warm again, "he ought to be in his own practice. Here, in Levenford, he could earn his thousand a year in good hard siller. He could settle down, get married to a decent lass, and become a solid and respectable member of the community, like his friends have aye wished him to. But instead, what does he do? Starts out on a wild-goose chase that will never put a farthing in the bank for him. And now, here he is, begging me to get him a job in a poky, outlandish fever hospital, with no more nor a hundred and twenty pound a year!"

"You're forgetting something," I said. "In this hospital I'll be able to do the work I want to do, work that may take me out of the wilds, and by your own material standards, bring me far more recognition than I could ever earn as a general practitioner in Levenford."

"Tch!" McKellar dismissed my argument with an angry shrug. "You're too impractical for words."

"I'm not so sure!" The old woman gazed at the lawyer inscrutably. "Robert is still young. He's trying for big things. If we make him a general practitioner he'll never forgive us."

McKellar, who had clearly banked on her strong support, gazed towards her with a fallen expression.



"Help me get this job," I said. "If I don't succeed, I'll do what you ask."

I took advantage of the silence. "Help me get this job at Dalnair," I said. "If I don't succeed in what I'm after and have to come back to you for help, I give you my word I'll do what you ask."

"Hmmm!" McKellar hummed and hawed, with a mixed expression, through which, however, there predominated a reluctant respect. "So be it. Mind ye, Robert, I can't promise you the post, but I'll do my best. And if I get it for you I'll expect you to keep your side of the bargain."

We shook hands and, after some further conversation, I went out of the office. I wanted to leave before the old woman could get hold of me. But as I swung into the street I heard her close behind me.

"Give me your arm, Robert. First thing we do is get that old uniform off your back. We'll go up the town to the Co-operative Stores and get ye into a decent homespun suit. Then we'll put a new pair of shoes on your misguided feet. Ay, ay, my man, I'll have ye half-human again, before ye're an hour older."

Leaning closer, exhaling a powerful odour of peppermint, she breathed warmly into my ear: "Now tell me everything, Robert, about this young woman Law."

◆

I was met at Dalnair village station by Peter Pim, the hospital chauffeur and handyman, with an old brass-bound Argyll ambulance, rather like a hearse. We laboured to the summit of a narrow lane and swept into a circular gravel driveway giving access to a little group of trim brick buildings. Opposite the largest of these we drew up. A short, swart-complexioned woman in uniform, whom I guessed to be the matron, was standing upon the steps and radiantly smiling her welcome.

"Dr. Shannon, I presume. Delighted to make your acquaintance. I'm Miss Trudgeon."

Almost before I knew where I was, she had shown me to my quarters: sitting-room, bedroom, and bathroom in the central building. Then, bustling me along, she took me proudly round the entire institution, coming finally to a room with a long wooden counter into which were set gas and electricity fittings and two porcelain sinks.

"This is our test room," Matron remarked.

I knew at once that I had found the ideal place for my laboratory.

Back in the main building, Miss Trudgeon insisted on giving me afternoon tea in her own parlour, an airy, charming room facing to the front, with a bow window, chintz-covered chairs and sofa.

"I'm glad you approve of our little place, Doctor," she said. "It's a bit out of date, of course, but I've worked hard to bring things to their present state. Yes, I've really put my back into it."

There came a discreet tap upon the door, and in answer to Miss Trudgeon's "Come in," the handle turned noiselessly and a tall, thin, red-haired Sister appeared upon the threshold. Upon seeing me, she started, and her pale green eyes, fringed by straw-coloured lashes, sought out Miss Trudgeon's with a deprecating humility which brought to the matron's face an indulgent smile.

"Doctor, this is Night Sister Effie Peek. She usually has tea with me when she gets up in the afternoon. Sit down, my dear."

Modestly Sister Peek entered the room and, seating herself on a low chair, accepted the cup which was offered her. In a few minutes she rose and, with a fawnlike glance towards the matron, glided from the room to begin her night's duty. I did not long outstay her. Having expressed to Miss Trudgeon my appreciation of her welcome, I excused myself on the grounds that I must unpack.

"That's all right, Doctor. We ought to rub along together. I'm an old-timer here." Bouncing to her feet, her large face wreathed in smiles, she gave me, for an instant, a penetrating glance, adding, with jovial emphasis, "I think you'll find that my ways are the best."

◆

By mortgaging my first month's salary, I redeemed my microscope from Hillier's and began again to try to cultivate my bacillus. I took care, of course, to perform my official duties scrupulously.

One evening I stood staring out of my window when a burst of rapid reports struck my ear and a red motorcycle swung round the drive and came to rest outside my room. The bareheaded rider was Luke Law.

I opened the window, and he came into the room by the simple expedient of sliding over the sill.

"I've brought you the bike," he announced. "You remember? I said I would lend it to you for a spell."

"Don't you want it yourself?"

"No." He shook his head. "Not for the next few weeks anyway. I'm going to the Tyne Home Bakery in Newcastle to learn how they fire stone-milled flour. Father knows the manager."

I had not expected this kindness, but Luke brushed aside my protests with the most natural air in the world and, stretching himself out in a chair, lit up one of my cigarettes.

"Yours truly isn't allowed to smoke." He grinned. "You've no idea what a sell it is, being held in at every turn. I want to be like the other fellows." After a pause he threw me a glance. "We're a little under the weather at home, Robert. It's Jean . . ."

To hide my feelings I bent forward and took a cigarette from the box. The very mention of that name had sent a wave of feeling over me.

"Hasn't she been well?" I asked cautiously.

"She's been awful!" he exclaimed. "At first she went about raging at the terrible scoundrels and blackguards in the world." He chuckled. "That was you of course. Then gradually she fell into the dumps. And for the last few weeks she's done nothing but cry."

"Perhaps she's worried about her

exam," I suggested. "Doesn't she sit the final this summer?"

"No exam ever upset Jean like that." He paused and added in a confidential, man-of-the-world tone: "You know what it's all about as well as I do. Here!"

After some fumbling in a pocket he produced a folded slip of paper, which I accepted with a curious acceleration of my pulse and opened.

Dear Mr. Shannon,

Having discovered, by the merest chance, that my brother proposes visiting you on some business of his own, I take the opportunity of sending you these few lines.

The fact is that I have something to say to you, something quite impersonal and unimportant, and if you should, by any chance, be in Winton next Wednesday, I am wondering if you would care to have tea with me at Grant's in Botanic Road, about five o'clock. Probably you have something better to do. Possibly you have forgotten all about me. In which case, it does not matter. Please excuse my presumption.

I am,
Yours as always,
Jean Law

P.S. I was walking alone in the High Parks last Saturday and found out why we did not see the White Cattle. There has been an outbreak in the herd and a number of them have died. Isn't that a shame?

P.P.S. I know I have many faults but at least I speak the truth.

"You'll go?" asked Luke.

"I suppose so," I answered in a voice which, despite the beating of my heart, I tried to make prosaic and mature.

"Women are a nuisance, aren't they?" Luke said with sudden sympathy.

◆

Upon the following Wednesday, then, with a strange mingling of eagerness and apprehension, I arrived at Grant's. I had decided to take all the afternoon off work, for I had a special errand which I wished to do in connection with my research. I was early for my appointment, but even so, Miss Law was earlier. As I sat down silently beside her I observed that she was pale and definitely thinner.

"Lemon or cream?"

These were her first words, and she made the inquiry in subdued tones without daring to look at me, while the waitress stood over us.

I ordered lemon tea, adding, "Of course this is my treat."

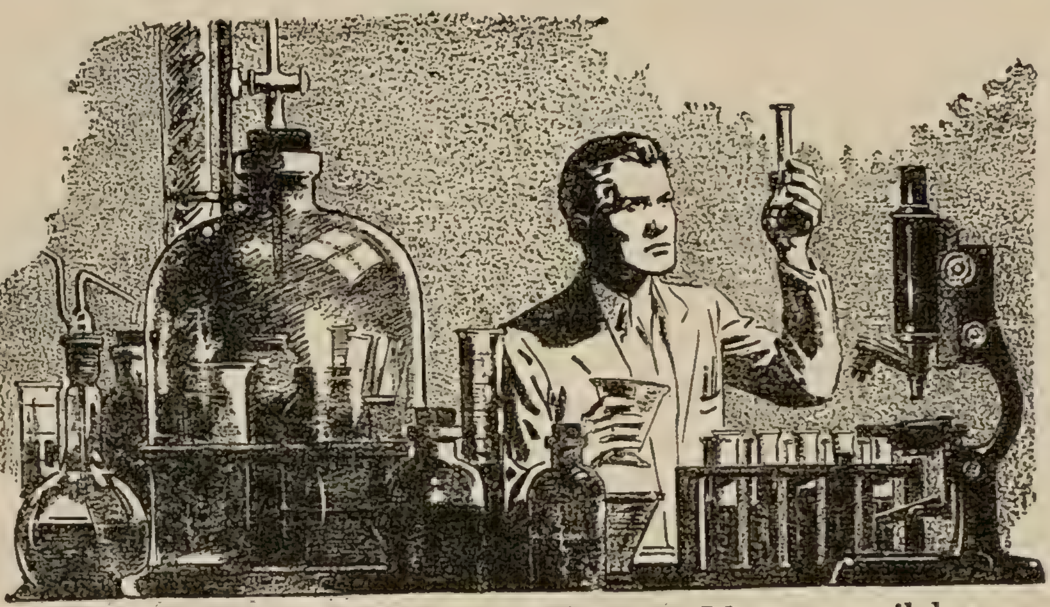
"No," she answered with quivering lips but a firming of her chin, "I asked you."

We sat in silence till the waitress returned, then in silence began our repast. Then, nerving herself with a sip of tea—and I noticed that her hand shook—she turned to me with a look of serious intentness.

"Mr. Shannon, I've been wondering if, after all, it would be possible for us to be friends."

While I stared at her, nonplussed, she went on, her colour coming and going, her voice breaking occasionally.

"Friendship is such a wonderful thing. And one meets it so seldom. It was stupid of me to take things so much to heart. Now I see I was very childish about it. It would be a great pity if we stopped being friends . . . and drifted apart . . . when we could be meeting often, that's to say, once in a while, as friends . . ."



Every evening I was hard at work. Sometimes I kept on until dawn.

"Well," I said doubtfully, "it's a little difficult, isn't it? I have my work and you're studying hard for your exam."

"Yes, I know you're busy. And I suppose I have to keep at it, too." She added quickly, "It's impossible to work all the time."

Her flush, her lowered lashes, throwing a soft shadow upon the soft bloom of her cheek, gave her a sensitive, yes, a quite angelic air. Nothing, not her prim black kid gloves, nor the absurd hard little hat, could spoil the stinging charm of her beauty.

I found myself answering, with an air of logical decision, "I daresay we could see each other once in a while."

Her face lighted up. "I'm so glad. I was afraid . . . I mean, it's such a sensible way to look at things."

Spurred by some incomprehensible impulse, I gazed into her shining eyes. "What are you doing this evening?"

"Well . . . I am going to see the Miss Dearies. Then I'm taking the six-thirty train home to Blairhill."

"Come to the theatre with me instead. I have some business that will take about an hour. Let's meet at the Theatre Royal at seven."

"Mr. Shannon, I've never been to the theatre in my life. Of course Father doesn't exactly forbid us . . . but we just never seemed to think of it."

"Then it's high time you thought of it now. Why," I spoke largely, "the theatre is one of the greatest cultural influences in the world. Mind you, I don't think too much of the play tonight, *The Only Way*, but it'll do for a start."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Shannon, I couldn't go."

"Well!" I exclaimed in annoyance. "If that isn't the limit. You waste half the afternoon trying to convince me that we ought to spend some time together. And when I offer to take you out to a classical performance, based on a famous novel by Charles Dickens, you flatly refuse to come."

"Oh, Dickens . . ." she murmured faintly, as though partly reassured. "He was a very worthy writer. Very well, I'll come."

I paid the check—an action which now she did not dare dispute—and escorted her to the street. As we said good-bye, I addressed her in a friendly yet warning tone:

"Seven o'clock at the theatre. Don't be late."

"Yes, Mr. Shannon," she murmured submissively, and with a last quivering glance, she swung round and went off.

After standing a moment, I departed for the Pathology Department.

As I had hoped, Spence was alone, bent in close study at his bench. I was at his elbow before he became aware of my presence. Then I saw, with some surprise, that he was examining a photograph.

He looked me over rather heavily. "I've missed you. How goes it?"

"Pretty well," I answered cheerfully. "I've cultured my bacillus again—a pure strain. How is Lomax?"

"Handsome and dashing as ever. Quite pleased with life . . . and himself. Well, it's good to know you're getting ahead. I had your letter. I can give you all the glycerine medium you want."

"Thanks, Spence. I knew I could count on you."

He made a deprecating gesture. There was an odd silence. He handed me the photograph. It was the pleasing likeness of a youngster with well-cut features and a clean, vigorous air.

"Could you believe it?" he said. "That's me."

I glanced at him uncomfortably. He was so unlike his usual mild and quiet self.

"Yes, I was like that at eighteen. Extraordinary how important a face is . . ." He suddenly jumped up and went over to the storage shelves. "Come along," he said briskly. "Let's pack up your stuff."

◆

When I met Miss Jean at the theatre, her dark irises held a sparkle of excitement.

"I've been looking at the posters," she said, as we entered the foyer. "I can see nothing wrong in them whatever."

As the orchestra began tuning up, my companion gave me a glance of communicative ardour and burrowed into the programme which I handed her. Then she took off and entrusted to me her wristlet watch.

"Please keep this safe for me. It's loose and has worried me all afternoon."

At the first interval she relaxed slowly with a sigh.

"It's splendid, Mr. Shannon. I can't tell you what a treat it is for me."

As the last act got under way a strange phenomenon occurred. How, I could not guess, her hand, small and rather damp, became entangled with my own. As the noble Carton made the supreme sacrifice, I felt a convulsive tremor pass through my companion's body, which was very close to mine; then her warm, tender tears fell upon the back of my hand.

"Oh, Robert, Robert," she whispered when we reached the street. "You can't believe how much I've enjoyed myself."

It was the first time she had used my Christian name.

We walked to Central Station in silence, and since her train, the last of the day, did not leave for fifteen minutes, we stood somewhat self-consciously together under the bookstall clock.

"My watch!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, of course." I smiled. And I felt in my jacket pocket.

But I could not find it. With growing consternation I began to fumble in my waistcoat pockets. Chancing to glance up, I caught on Miss Jean's face the look of a pure young woman who finds, after all, that she is indeed dealing with a blackguard.

"Good Lord!" I shouted. "Do you think I've stolen the blasted thing?"

By way of answer she broke down completely. Then, as she opened her handbag to find her sodden handkerchief, I remembered that while she sat entranced—fearing, indeed, that I might lose the thing—I had slipped it for safety in her bag.

"Oh!" she gasped, petrified at the discovery. "Oh, dear, goodness . . . how can I . . . ever apologize . . . for doubting you?"

Stony silence on my part. From behind us came the shrill blast of a guard's whistle.

"Robert!" she cried wildly. "Oh, my dear, what can I do?"

I gazed upon her coldly. Her train was beginning to move. For an instant she hesitated, then, with a little moan, she turned and ran.

That I was a bit of a fraud I fully realized; but somehow, like Sydney Carton, I had acquired a halo, at least for the time being, and I rather liked the cozy feel of it.

◆

I got back to the hospital shortly before midnight and Miss Trudgeon bore in upon me.

"Dr. Shannon. On my monthly inspection today I went into the test room. I found it in the most atrocious disorder, littered with all sorts of rubbish. Is it your doing?"

"Yes."

"You had no right to do such a thing, no right whatsoever. You should have asked me first."

"I have my rights, as well as you. I happen to be doing some important scientific work at present. That's why I took the test room."

"Then you'll kindly give it back. It's used at this time every year for my nurses' lectures."

Much as it galled me, there was nothing for it, at present, but a strategic retreat. But the next evening, when it was dusk, I got Pim, the handyman, to help me move my gear to the old smallpox pavilion. It took two more nights to restore the ruinous place to a sort of order. Sister Cameron, who was in charge of the scarlatina ward, made for me, from old bed-jackets, three curtains of red flannel which, rigged up behind the shutters, permitted not a blink of light to escape. A new lock gave to me the sole right of entry and of egress. And by running an invisible wire from the bell-push on the door of my living quarters, Pim had arranged an indicator which would give me warning when I was wanted. I had, in short, a secret laboratory, a fort, an arsenal of research. Every evening I was hard at work by nine o'clock. Sometimes, in the absorption of my quest, I kept on until dawn.

◆

I progressed rapidly, but this constant application was taking toll of my nerves, and in the afternoons I began to make use of Luke's motorcycle. And the bike, as though imbued with a homing instinct, bore me always past the gate of the villa Siloam.

One afternoon I slowed down, ran the machine up the little back lane, and stopped behind the garden wall. I scaled it easily. And there, in the latticed summerhouse, almost at my feet, sat the daughter of the baker of Blairhill, a medical textbook and a paper bag of plums before her. Glancing up suddenly, she caught sight of me upon the wall. She started, and almost swallowed a plum stone.

"It's all right," I said. "I haven't come to steal anything."

"Oh, Mr. Shannon . . . I'm so glad to see you . . . I was just thinking . . . about our awful misunderstanding . . ."

"I have Luke's bike here. Will you come for a spin?"

Her eyes sparkled. "I should love it."

She got to her feet and, reaching down, I helped her, quite unnecessarily, for she was light and agile, to the top of the wall. We dropped down on the other side. The next minute she was seated on the pillion, I had kicked at the starter, and we were off. More and more I became conscious of the circlet of her arms about my waist, the light contact of her form behind me, the pressure of her cheek against my ribs as she burrowed for protection against the wind.

About five o'clock we swept over the crest of Markinch Brae; and there before us was Loch Lomond. Upon the nearer shore there was clustered a little clachan of white-washed cottages, embowered in honeysuckle and wild dog roses. This was Markinch, the most favoured of all my boyhood haunts.

At the end of the short village street I drew up and we detached ourselves stiffly and somewhat self-consciously from the machine.

"Well . . ." I said, finding it strangely difficult to meet her eye after the close communion of our journey. "That was a glorious run. I expect it's given you an appetite."

We were soon seated before new-baked scones and home-churned butter, boiled fresh eggs, heather honey in the comb, and strong black tea. Jean said grace gravely, with closed eyes, then, naturally, and with good appetite, she began the wholesome country meal. How pretty she was, wind-swept and glowing, virginal and sweet.

I heard myself saying, independent of my own volition, "Shall we take a stroll? It's not late yet."

"For a little way," she consented in a low voice.

We set out slowly over the narrow pathway to the winding shore of the Loch. Twilight was beginning to fall, a crescent moon swung high in the eastern sky. In silence we followed the muted water's edge until, reaching a little sandy cove, we stopped suddenly, and turned towards each other. An instant of expectation. Her lips were warm and dry, parted as though in sacrifice. I held my breath, my heart was beating in my breast as though fearful of a kind of death. But no, the enchantment was prolonged, there was nothing but that sweet, that single kiss.

As we walked back slowly, a pure white mist crept over the water like a breath upon a mirror. Strangely, my dear companion shivered.

◆

On the afternoon of September 29, in my laboratory daybook, which I used as a diary and a record of my work, I made this entry:

> This morning at 2 A.M. I finally identified Bacillus C.
>
> It is none other than *Brucella melitensis*, an obscure coccobacillus which David Bruce isolated in 1886 during an outbreak of fever in Malta caused by the milk of infected goats.

I was meeting Jean in Winton at three o'clock, and glowing with excitement, I could scarcely wait to give her my wonderful news.

All that lingering summer, which, by the dreamlike beauty of its days, conspired to defeat the force of reason, we had drawn more closely to each other. More than once she had, with tears, protested that our relationship was impossible. But when, after a sad good-bye, I returned to Dalnair, the telephone in my room would ring and her voice would tremble across the wire:

"Oh, no, Robert, no . . . we can't give each other up."

◆

From the train I hastened to the quiet café which we had discovered near the Central Station. She was already there.

"Jean," I exclaimed, going forward and taking both her hands, "I've got it at last!" Seating myself beside her, I poured out the account of my success.

"Cow's milk, cheese, butter, all dairy produce . . . the most generally used foods in the world . . . that's how this germ is transmitted. I telephoned Alex Duthie this morning. He told me they had a lot of trouble with their dairy herd just before the epidemic. If they get another sick animal at Dreem, Alex's going to let me have milk samples. If there should be a connection between the two . . ."

"I'm so glad, Robert." She hesitated and her smile became subdued. "I wouldn't mind if they gave me that question at my exam tomorrow."

I had actually forgotten that it was the eve of her degree examination, and her anxiety was now so apparent it awakened in me a sudden stab of contrition. I had, it is true, from time to time, at Dalnair, taken her over certain subjects which I thought likely to crop up in her papers. Yet could I not have coached her more thoroughly, more patiently, instead of proving a perpetual distraction?

"Jean," I said in a low voice, "I've been a selfish brute."

I bent forward and pressed her fingers tight. She whispered, "At least we have each other."

On my way I had observed in the windows of an antique shop a green necklace, extremely simple but pretty, and genuinely old. On our way to the station I asked Jean to wait, went in and purchased it. As we stood at our usual place of leave-taking, I gave the beads to her.

"That's for good luck," I said. "Green is my lucky colour."

She flushed with surprise, and her face, losing its despondency, slowly lit up with pleasure. I had never given her anything before.

"They're beautiful," she said.

"No, no. They're nothing. But let me put them on."

I took the beads and fastened them around her neck. Then, carried away by this new tenderness, I held her in my arms and kissed her.

She had to leave immediately for her train. As I turned away, I suddenly caught sight of a tall and ladylike figure, her eyes fixed upon me in a shocked and unbelieving stare. I took a step towards her, but she had begun already to move away. It was Miss Beth Dearie.

For the rest of that week, according to our arrangement, I made no attempt to communicate with Jean. But on the following Monday morning, I rose early and hurried down to the lodge to get the Herald before it was sent into Miss Trudgeon's parlour. The medical passes appeared always at the top of the last page, and, standing in the drive in my pyjamas and overcoat, I ran my eye hastily over the printed list.

Jean's name was not there. She had failed.

◆

All that day I laboured under a dismal oppression. After supper, when seven o'clock struck, I was preparing to restore myself by my nightly session in the laboratory when Daniel Law was shown in. He sat down, very formal in his best dark suit, and laid his hands upon his knees.

"Doctor," he quietly began, "it was not an easy step for me to come to you like this. Before doing so, I wrestled long in prayer." He paused. "You have been seeing much of my daughter lately?"

I turned extremely red. "I'm afraid I have."

"Might one ask why?"

"Well . . . as a matter of fact . . . I'm very fond of her."

"We are fond of her too, doctor. You will appreciate, therefore, how great was our disappointment when we learned today that she had failed to obtain her medical degree. And I fear the main reason was that, instead of working, she was wasting her time in frivolous pursuits.

"Of course," he went on, with a visionary air, "she will be sanctified by this affliction. She will try again, after some months of uninterrupted study. What concerns us is a much more serious issue. I do not know how far your acquaintance has gone, Doctor—I can get no word of this from my daughter and am indebted to Miss Dearie for the little information I possess—nevertheless, I fear you must agree that, under the circumstances, it has gone far enough."

"I don't understand," I said quickly. "Why do you object to my knowing your daughter?"

"Doctor, I hope my daughter will marry. But she will never find happiness except with one of her own religious persuasion. There is, in our communion, a ministering brother to whom she is virtually affianced. I refer to Malcolm Hodden. By every affinity of mind and spirit he has shown himself worthy to lead and guide her along the pathways of this earthly life."

He seemed to wait for me to speak, but as I said nothing, he rose.

"Doctor, we must all learn to submit to the Lord . . . to come to a true knowledge of His will . . . In parting, I commit you to His care."

With that air of serene and steady discipline he passed from the room.

Full of hurt and angry love, I thought of Jean. I set my jaw firmly. At least I had not promised not to see her.

On the following afternoon, the moment I was free, I set off upon the motorcycle for Blairhill. For almost half an hour I hung about Siloam, but I was not rewarded by a glimpse of Jean. Suddenly Luke's figure swung into view in the avenue. I came forward.

"Luke!" I spoke with painful urgency. "I must see Jean at once."

He shook his head. "She was sent off last night to our Aunt Elizabeth in Bethnal Green. She's to stay there, studying, for the next four months, until she sits her exam again. And Mrs. Russell, that's our aunt, has instructions to open all her letters."

Bethnal Green, a suburb of London, more than three hundred miles away — destination impossible of achievement by the villain Shannon.

I lifted my bowed head. "You want your bike back."

"Ah, there's no hurry."

"Yes, you must." I saw he was protesting only for politeness' sake. "I took good care of it. Here's the key."

He shook my hand with a kind of melancholy comradeship. I set out to walk to the station.

◆

Shortly before midnight on the third of November—this exact and fatal date is inscribed indelibly upon my recollection—Alex Duthie carried his son, all bundled up in blankets, in his arms, into the hospital reception room.

When he had deposited the boy upon the couch, where Sister Peek began to prepare him for examination, Alex wiped his forehead with the back of his hand and stood aside in silence, fixing upon me a look of haggard inquiry.

"I just had to bring him over. We have faith in you, Rob. Take a look at him, for pity's sake."

As my gaze fell upon the livid child who, with closed eyes and clutching hands, was fighting for every breath, I received a painful shock. Silently I went on to examine him. The child was clearly *in extremis,* already almost moribund.

"You should never have brought him out. He's desperately ill."

"What like's the matter?"

"Laryngeal diphtheria. The membrane is blocking the windpipe . . . keeping him from breathing."

"Can't anything be done?"

"Tracheotomy . . . and at once. But we can't do it here. We've no theatre, no facilities. I'll ring up the Alexandra now and make arrangements to get him in at once."

I had begun to dial the emergency number when suddenly the child began to crow, a thin, desperate stridor.

Alex pulled at my arm.

"We'll never get him to another hospital. God knows it was bad enough coming here. You do what's necessary yourself."

I had the most limited experience in the practice of medicine, and had never attempted a serious operation in my life. I groaned inwardly.

"Get Matron up." I turned to Sister Peek. "And move the patient over to the side room at once."

Six minutes later Miss Trudgeon, Sister Peek, and myself gathered round the plain deal table upon which, in a clean hospital nightdress, lay the gasping form of the unconscious child. It seemed to me that I stood there, with the knife in my inept and nerveless hand, for a timeless eternity.

"We're all ready then, Doctor," the matron reminded me and, believe it or not, there was a firm encouragement in her tone.

I took a deep breath, clenched my teeth, and, holding the skin tense, made an incision in the child's throat. The blood oozed thick and dark, obscuring the wound. I swabbed again and again, and cut deeper.

◆

Sim was unconscious and felt nothing, I am sure; yet at every touch he writhed and squirmed in a kind of feeble agony. At the same time there came, intermittently, that frightful heave for breath. I tried to get a retractor into the opening. It went in, but immediately fell out and went clattering to the floor. I couldn't use the lancet any more. One false snick and I would sever the jugular vein.

As I worked, seeking desperately for the trachea, Sim grew almost black in the face. There were long intervals when he didn't breathe at all.

The perspiration burst in great beads upon my forehead. I felt so sick I thought I was going to faint. Oh, God . . . help me find that trachea.

"No pulse now, Doctor." It was a soft reproachful bleat from Sister Peek.

Suddenly, as by a kind of magic, there sprang up in the wound, thin, white, and shining, like a silver

We stopped and turned towards each other. An instant of expectation.

reed, the object of my blundering search. Dashing the perspiration from my eyes, I slit the exposed trachea. Instantly there was a whistling inrush of free air. Once, twice, the starved chest heaved deeply, to its full extent. Again and again, in a kind of ecstasy of relief. Then the moribund child began regularly to breathe.

The dusky tinge faded from his skin, the bluish lips slowly turned to red, he ceased to struggle.

I slipped in the double tracheotomy tube, sutured a few small bleeding points, stitched up the wound and bandaged it so that the narrow metal orifice of the tube protruded. I stood limply by, damp and dishevelled, with bloodied fingers, while Matron expertly tucked Sim into the side-room cot, with hot bottles round him and his head well pillowed.

"There now," Miss Trudgeon remarked at last. "He ought to do very nicely. You'll take over this case, Sister, and special on it all night."

As she swung round to go out, she gave me a quick half-glance, as though to say: It was touch and go, but you came out of it better than you deserved. For the first time we understood each other.

From sheer exhaustion the boy had begun to drowse, but suddenly his eyes opened and encountered mine. For an instant the shadowy suspicion of a smile faintly moved his lips. Then his lids drooped and he was asleep.

"I'm going now, Sister," I said in a matter-of-fact tone. "You know what to do?"

"Oh, yes, Doctor."

When Alex had gone I heard the clock in the vestibule strike one. I made my way rather dizzily to my bedroom. There was a queer peace in my heart. I fell asleep almost at once, thinking, of all things, of Sim's smile.

◆ I must have slept for about four hours when I was again aroused, and forcibly, by someone tugging at my arm. I opened my eyes to find the light full on and Sister Peek at my bedside, with a stricken face, exclaiming hysterically, "Come at once . . . at once!"

She almost pulled me from the sheets and I struggled into my coat and slippers. As I set out beside her, half running towards Ward B, she kept repeating, like a lesson she had learned, while she scurried along, "I didn't do it. I didn't do it."

Sim was lying back upon his pillows, propped up as I had left him, very peaceful and quiet. Yet he seemed unnaturally still, and as I knocked the shade off the night light and peered closer I saw, with a start, that the tube was no longer in his throat. Hastily I snatched up a pair of forceps and cleared the plug of mucus from the wound, then, taking hold of his slack arms, I began to apply artificial respiration.

I worked on Sim like one demented for over an hour. But even before I arrived, he had been dead, quite dead.

Suddenly, as I straightened out the bed, I uncovered, in a fold of the wrinkled sheets, the tracheotomy tube, all choked and foul with membrane. I turned towards Sister Peek, who had remained pressed against the door.

"It's blocked," I said in a tone of wonder. "He must have coughed it out."

Another thought struck me. I walked slowly past her into the ward kitchen. Yes, on the table—that same deal table on which had been fought out the battle for Sim's life—there stood a teapot, a plate of sardine sandwiches, and a cold half-finished cup of tea.

"Oh, Doctor." She had followed me, wringing her hands. "I never thought . . . he was sleeping so comfortable . . . I only left him for a minute."

I thought my heart would burst. I went out of the kitchen, through the ward, and into the open. Outside, the few stars were fading and the first faint fingers of dawn had erased the darkness from the eastern sky. I reached my sitting-room, where I fell into a chair by the table. What burned and rankled in my breast and poisoned all my being was the senseless turning of victory to defeat, the selfish, criminal waste of life.

I was still there, in my overcoat and my pyjamas, when Katie, the maid, appeared at nine o'clock to lay the breakfast table. Although I needed food, I could eat nothing, my stomach revolted even at a few sips of coffee.

A knock on the door. Miss Trudgeon came into the room, composed, as usual, but showing in her eyes some signs of strain.

"Sister Peek has been to see me." Her voice was serious and restrained. "I know how you must feel, Doctor. But these accidents do occur, and, in a long experience, I have found that there is only one thing to do about them. Overlook them."

"You can't overlook this. It was a case of gross negligence, which must be punished. She's a bad nurse and she cost that child his life."

"I understand your point of view, Doctor. And I sympathize with it. But . . . in this hospital . . . there are other considerations of a practical nature to be borne in mind."

"She can't be allowed to stay here to do the same thing again."

"She won't," Matron said quickly. "This will be a lesson she'll never forget. I'll guarantee that."

There came a subdued knock upon the door and Katie again presented herself.

"Mr. and Mrs. Duthie waiting to see you, in the reception room, sir."

I felt myself turn cold as I went out. When I faced them I felt that I was going to break down and cry....

They looked at me, at first amazed, then with concern, finally in sharp anxiety.

"What's like the matter?" Alex said. "Is our boy bad again?"

I nodded my head, blindly. I couldn't look at Alice; the sight of Alex's face, emptied of its light, turned grey and pitiful, was as much as I could bear.

"God in heaven," he said in a low extinguished tone. "It's not *that.*"

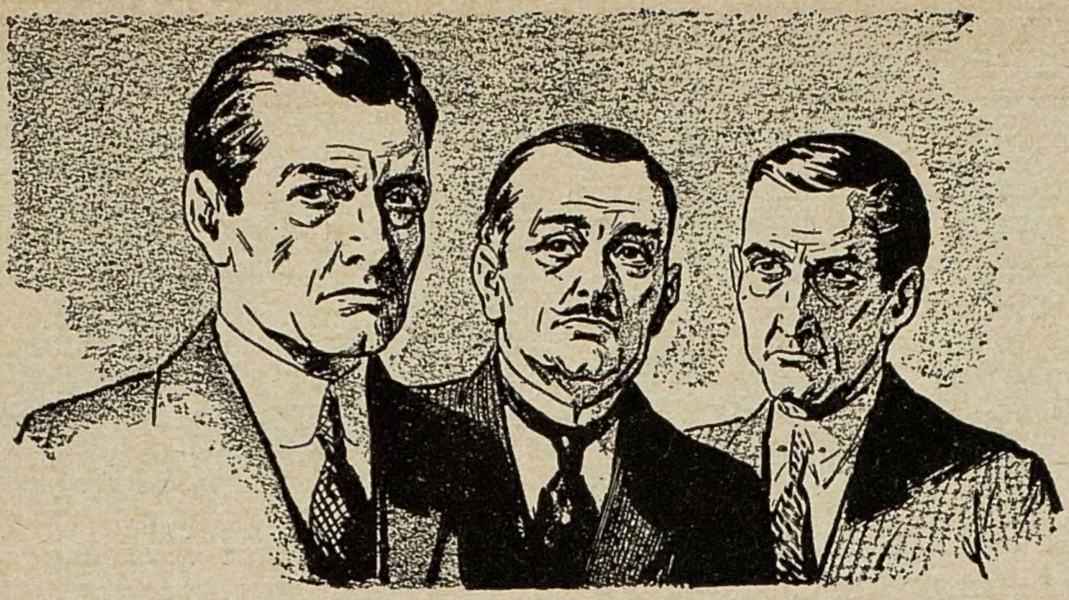
◆ There was a long silence, how long I don't know. Alice was weeping and Duthie had his arm around her. When at last he did speak, his voice was cold and hard.

"This would have come easier if last night ye hadna let me think ye'd saved our boy. I never want to set eyes on ye again."

When they had gone, everything boiled over inside me. I swung round and went down the corridor to the Sisters' sitting-room. Sister Peek was seated in a comfortable chair before a good fire, her eyes red, but her expression vaguely relieved. She had just finished her lunch, that early meal which she took before retiring, and on her plate I made out two chop bones, picked clean.

A spasm of rage, of wild and senseless fury, choked me.

"You cheap, useless, callous slut! How dare you sit there, swilling and guzzling and warming yourself, after what you've done? Don't you understand that your selfish carelessness cost that poor kid his life?"



All three of them pushed forward and stared in an outraged fashion.

She slid from the chair and retreated to a corner of the room. I followed her, caught her by the shoulders, and shook her till her teeth rattled.

"If you stay on here, I'll see you get it in the neck. You ought to be hanged for what you've done. Think that over the next time you want to slink away from your patient for a cup of tea."

She did not attempt to answer. As she cringed there, limp and shaken, her green eyes glinted up at me.

◆

Three weeks later, while we sat drinking our coffee after lunch, Miss Trudgeon, with a companionable air, produced a letter.

"We'll be having our annual visit from the management committee this afternoon."

I did not give much heed to the impending visitation. I was still oppressed and suffering from reaction, and only recently had begun to pick up the thread of my research. No word at all had come from Jean, and two letters which I wrote her had been sent back, redirected in a strange hand.

At half-past four a closed car drove up to the front door, and after a few minutes of conversation and laughter in the hall, Matron appeared, all smiles, in her best uniform, bringing into the room the members of the committee.

"Dr. Shannon . . . this is Mr. Ben Masters . . . Mr. Hone . . . and Mr. Gloag."

She introduced me with a genial sparkle in her eye, almost coyly, as though we had never been anything but the best of friends and had always lived together in perfect harmony. Then she immediately began to pour out for the newcomers large tumblers of whisky which, with an air of dignity and responsibility, they accepted as their due.

The leader of the party, Mr. Masters, was a tall, spare, rough-looking man of about fifty, with hard, weather-beaten features, deep-set eyes and the loud, harsh voice of one accustomed to shouting orders in the open air. He looked to me like a gang foreman and was, I afterwards discovered, a jobbing builder and contractor in the near-by town of Prenton. As he drank his whisky, listening without comment to the matron's stream of small talk, I felt him gazing at me speculatively over the rim of his glass.

Meanwhile I had been buttonholed by the second member of the committee, Mr. Hone, a plump, natty figure, with a waxed moustache, a tight blue suit, and spats. He seemed fussy and loquacious, yet his manner, though commercial, was agreeable.

"You know, Doctor," he confided in me, "nothing fits a man better than to serve his fellow creatures on a hospital committee. It takes time, mind you, and time's money these days, especially when you have your own business—I'm in the drapery and upholstery line myself—but look at the good you accomplish. . . . Thank you, Matron, I don't mind if I do. The labourer is worthy of his hire. Very fair whisky this. I wonder what it costs us. . . . And the interest, Doctor, you've no idea the things I've learned about medicine. Only the other day the wife showed me a rash on our youngest—a bonny baby, though I say it as shouldn't—and when I told her not to worry—it was only from the blood, you understand—why Albert, she says, I have to compliment you, even though you are my husband, you know all the fevers, you're as good as a doctor any day! I'll leave this card with you, Doctor." Producing a trade card from his top waistcoat pocket, he pressed it confidentially into my hand. "As you observe, I do a little undertaking on the side. In case any bereaved relatives of your better-off patients should require assistance, it's nice to be prepared. We do everything very dignified, Doctor. And reasonable."

So far, Mr. Gloag, the last member of the party, a small sharp-eyed man of middle age, had remained dumb. Nevertheless he had a way of cocking his head towards the conversation as though determined to let nothing go past him, and from time to time, as a sign of his agreement with his colleagues, he emitted a half-grudging exclamation of assent.

"Well, gentlemen," Miss Trudgeon remarked, in her most dulcet tones, "I hope you've brought good appetites. Shall we sit in?"

Our guests showed little hesitation in accepting the invitation. They had undoubtedly come prepared to do justice to this annual free repast, and although occasionally Mr. Masters, at the head of the table, threw out a rough witticism, for most of the meal nothing was heard but the clink of knives and forks and the steady grinding of jaws.

Yet, at last, despite Miss Trudgeon's hospitable pressings, the efforts of the committee flagged and failed. After a pause, Mr. Masters pushed back his chair and rose to his feet, dusting crumbs from his waistcoat with a businesslike air.

"Now, Matron, if convenient we'd like to go around with you. And the doctor."

◆

His official manner set the general tone as they began their tour of inspection, and I soon perceived, from the matron's air of tension and slightly heightened colour, that this was rather more of a trial than she had been prepared to admit to me.

In the administrative building the visiting members systematically viewed the office, the laundry, and the kitchen, where Mr. Gloag in particular showed a remarkable talent for prying into cupboards, sniffing in dark corners, and lifting the lids of pots and pans to sample the flavour of the staff's supper.

Next our party passed to the wards, where, facing their main task, the committee-men began a slow and almost royal progress. Determined to miss nothing, Gloag went everywhere, even peering under the beds in his efforts to find illicit dust. Once we lost him in the lavatory of Ward B, but he reappeared with an expression of defeat, having found everything in working order.

Masters was equally thorough, interrogating the patients, inquiring of each in hoarse whispers which could be heard all over the place if there were any cause for complaints.

Perhaps I was prejudiced, and the committee was carrying out its task from the highest motives, yet I couldn't suppress the thought that these three were uninformed and ill-mannered busybodies.

At last their tour of inspection was over; we emerged into the crisp November air. Suddenly Masters exclaimed:

"Now we'll take a look at Pavilion E."

"You mean the old smallpox ward?" Matron asked in a doubtful tone.

"What else?" Masters replied testily. "It's part of the hospital buildings. I want to see it, like the rest." He hesitated for a moment. "I'm thinking we might reconstruct it."

I allowed myself to be swept forward with the others, at a loss as to how this had been sprung upon me. From her ill-concealed surprise and annoyance, I was perfectly convinced that Matron had no hand in it.

Masters was at the door now. In a tone of discovery he exclaimed, "This is a new lock . . . a brand-new lock." He straightened himself. "What's going on here?"

I saw then that I had to face it. I did not wish Pim to be involved, and Matron was looking worried, so I fumbled in my inside pocket and brought out the key, unlocked the door, and switched on the light.

◆

All three of them pushed forward and stared in an outraged fashion at my equipment.

"Damn it!" Masters exclaimed. "What's all this?"

I smiled at them propitiatingly.

"It's very simple, gentlemen. I am doing some research work, and as this pavilion was completely unoccupied, I ventured to make use of it as my laboratory."

"Who gave you permission?"

"Was it necessary to have permission?"

Masters's brows drew down. He glared at me.

"Don't you realize that you are responsible to the committee for everything? You had no right whatsoever to take such a liberty."

"Am I taking a liberty in applying myself to scientific research?"

"Certainly you are."

Hone coughed gently behind his hand.

"May we inquire whose time you utilized for this so-called research of yours?"

"I worked at night, when my official duties were over."

"Your official duties are never over," Masters cut in rudely. "We pay you to be on your toes twenty-four hours of the day, not to sneak off and shut yourself up with a lot of germs. What the hell have you been doing with them?"

"What the hell d'you think I've been doing? Keeping them as pets?"

Genuinely shocked, Hone interposed.

"Insolence won't help you, Doctor. Most improper. Who do you think pays for the electricity you burn, and the gas to light these burners? We represent the ratepayers of the district. You can't run a private business on public time and public money."

"We'll have to report the whole thing to the main committee," Masters declared. "I'll bring it up myself."

"Uh-huh," added Gloag.

I bit my lip impotently. The grain of truth in Hone's remarks made them even more unpalatable. Although I had never dreamed that it was necessary, I saw now that it would have been wiser for me, in the first instance, to have secured permission. I could only grind my teeth in silent rage as I followed the others to the main building.

Their leave-taking of the matron was cordial, but they barely said good-bye to me, and that with the chilliest of glances.

Glumly I wandered back to my room. My ill-luck was colossal; still I couldn't believe that they would come down upon me severely. It wasn't a crime I had committed, and when in calmer mood they considered the matter they must surely see the honesty of my motives. Resolved to leave nothing to chance, I went there and then to my desk and wrote them a full account of all that I was attempting in my research. I felt more confident when I had posted it.

That night, when I returned from my last round, I met Sister Peek in the corridor. Apparently she had been waiting for me.

"Good evening, Dr. Shannon. I hope you enjoyed yourself this afternoon." Her voice was strangely shrill. "It must have been nice for you when they walked into the isolation pavilion."

I kept watching her face. It surprised me how much she hated me.

"Oh, yes indeed, my fine Dr. Shannon, I'm not the one that's going to be kicked out. So there! Perhaps that will teach you not to insult a lady. For in case you may not know it," she gulped with fearful triumph, "the chairman of the committee, Mr. Masters, is my brother-in-law."

Before I could speak, as though afraid I might strike her, she swung round and scuttled off.

I stood quite still . . . long after she had gone.

Now everything was clear—the last thing in the world I had ever dreamed would happen. At one time I had feared that Matron might report me, but never, of all people, never Effie Peek. On her night duty she had seen me leave the pavilion and after further spying had informed on me to her worthy relative. It was a sweet revenge.

When my first wild fury died, I felt sick and helpless. How could one fight a thing like this? I had outraged her shrinking sensibilities beyond forgiveness. It wasn't ordinary vindictiveness or spite, but something more. She was probably the victim of a neurotic compulsion. She could not help herself. Yet I had no redress. And after this, I hadn't a spark of hope.

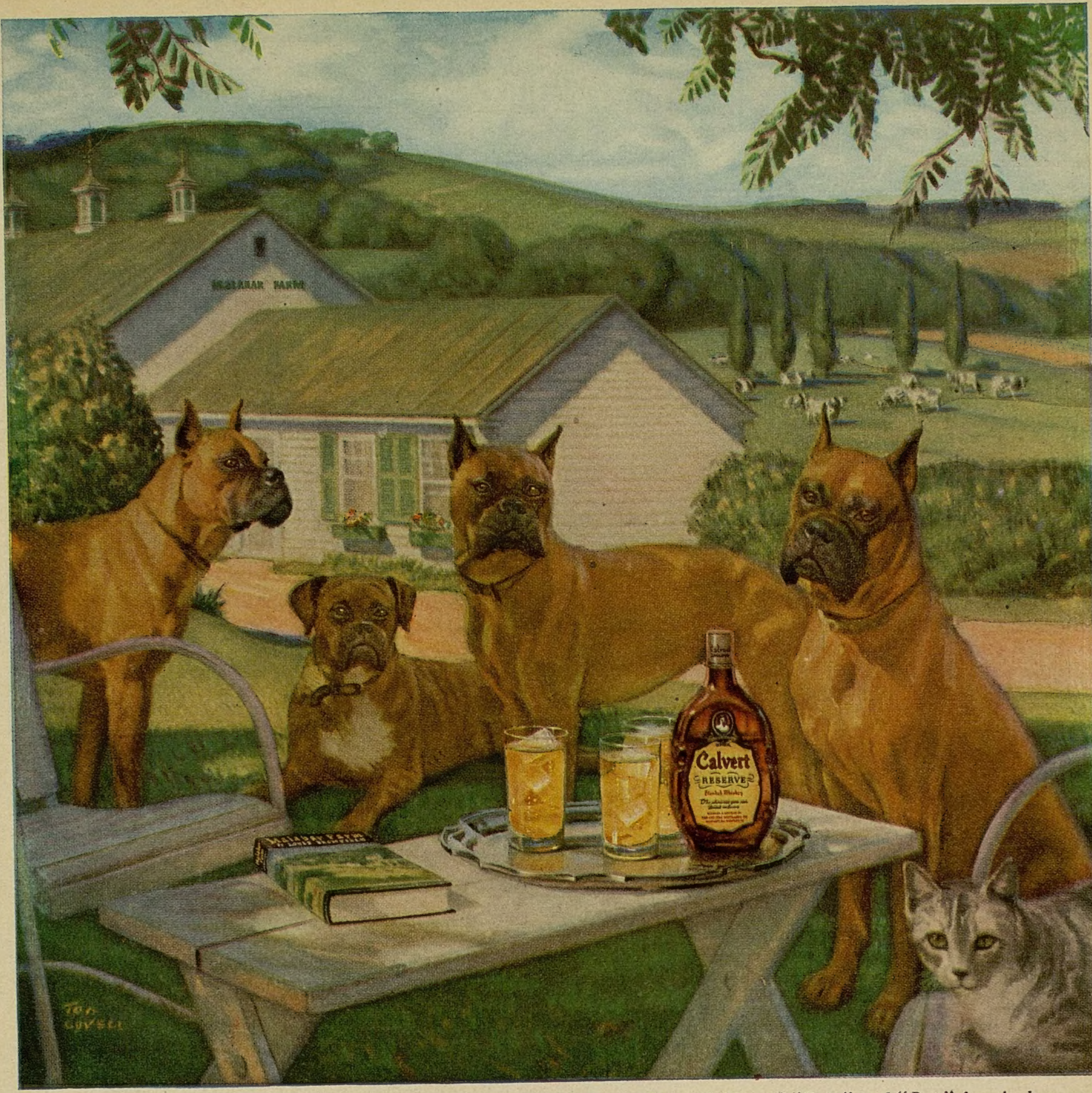
◆

On the last day of the month I received an official communication from the committee of management, signed by Ben Masters, requesting my resignation from my position as medical officer at Dalnair Hospital.

The staff were very sympathetic about it. Headed by the matron, they got up a subscription and, at a little ceremony, after several agreeable speeches, presented me with a nice umbrella. Then, with an air of melancholy justification, Pim took me to the station in the aged ambulance.

I was loose again in the world, faced with the prospect of conducting my experiments in the street. And for a start, as I walked blindly from the platform at Winton station, I left my new umbrella in the train and lost it.

The conclusion of Shannon's Way will appear in the next issue.



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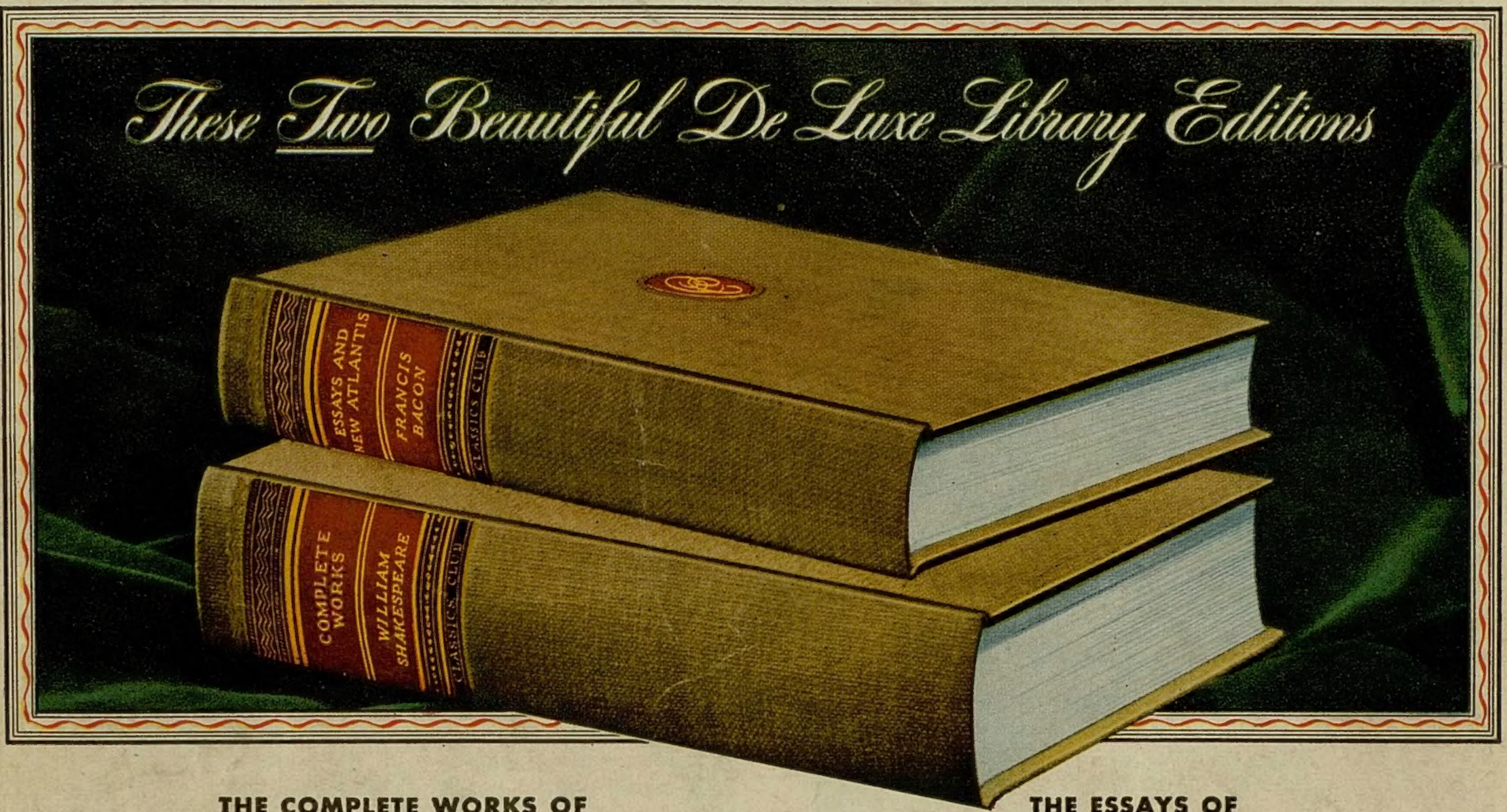

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